THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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In This Number

George Wharton Pepper—Irvin S. Cobb—Holworthy Hall—Peter B. Kyne—Kennett Harris
Charles E. Van Loan—Eric Fisher Wood—Ring W. Lardner—Samuel G. Blythe—Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Expressing the Judgement of Millions of Motor Car Owners

I BOUGHT a Flanders car in 1910 and have been running it ever since. It has been used in a variety of ways—in touring, in heavy hauling and service work and also as a jitney bus. After over 115,000 miles of travel, the bearings are still in fine shape. Naturally, from this, I could have only the highest estimation of the value of Hyatt bearings.

L. N. Burnett,
Dallas, Texas.

I AM the owner of a new Hudson Super-Six. Previously I drove a Hudson Thirty-three which I still own. The service of the bearings in this first car has been so remarkable, that recently, when I tore the old car down, I found the Hyatt Bearings still in perfect condition. That, as I understand it, is just about the acme of bearing performance.

C. H. Taylor,
Alma, Michigan.

I AM now driving my third Paige motor car. In common with other parts of the Paige car, Hyatt bearings have given me absolutely no trouble or annoyance. I am sure that they are partly responsible for my record on my recent trip, when I carried seven passengers over 106 miles of Illinois roads with only 5¼ gallons of gasoline.

F. T. De Long,
Chicago, Illinois.

I HAVE a Paige car, purchased in 1915. I never have experienced any trouble with the Hyatt bearings in it and I consider Hyatt bearings the best on the market. I wish the entire car were equipped with them.

Henry Pollard,
3916 N. Kostner Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I BELIEVE that my Overland car, which I bought in 1913, has seen the hardest service of any car turned out. I never touched the bearings until a short time ago when I took the rear axle apart to refill with grease. The Hyatt bearings were in perfect condition.

W. L. Jones,
659 Fourteenth St., Douglas, Arizona.

MY OAKLAND car has been running since the spring of 1911 over the worst kind of mountain roads. The Hyatt bearings in the rear axle have never been taken out. The only Hyatt bearing I have examined is on the front end of the clutch shaft and is in good shape.

C. H. Eby,
Sheridan, Wyoming.

THE E. M. F. car I purchased in 1910 has been driven 80,498 miles, actual speedometer record. The Hyatt bearings have not been out of the housing more than half a dozen times and then only on account of general overhauling. At the last inspection the Hyatts were perfect.

J. E. Roberts,
Bayonne, New Jersey.

I OWN a Model "T" Ford which has covered upwards of 171,000 miles and is still in operation from early morning till late at night, delivering groceries. It still has the original Hyatt bearings that came with the car. The bearings have never given a second's trouble, although the car has certainly had rough usage.

Earl G. Druding,
Ellsworth, Wis.

I PURCHASED my Buick car in 1908 and have travelled over 139,000 miles with only one examination of the bearings. These eight years of constant service with so little attention, say more for the worth of Hyatt bearings than I could put into a million of written words.

John Frazer, Jr.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

I HAVE used my Hudson car since 1910 in connection with my business as an automobile salesman. In covering my route, I have averaged 450 miles per week for over six years. The bearings in my car have had to stand all kinds of abuse, yet they have never caused me the least trouble. My next car will be equipped with Hyatt bearings.

J. W. Hines,
Minneapolis, Minn.

MY CAR, an Oldsmobile, was purchased in 1902 and was the first gasoline motor vehicle owned in this city. I have had no trouble with the Hyatt bearings and the old relic can still do 15 miles per hour on level roads. Hyatt bearings are good enough for me.

George J. Edwards,
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

I BOUGHT my car, a Maxwell, in 1910, drove it in races and have used it as a "trouble" car. It is natural, I guess, for me to think Hyatts are far ahead of any others, because not once have I had to change a bearing.

O. H. Sappington,
Paris, Texas.

MY CAR, a Cadillac, in 12 years has run upwards of 100,000 miles. The Hyatt bearings have never caused a minute's trouble. Don't sell anybody Hyatt bearings if you ever expect to sell them any more, as they never wear out.

M. N. Satterby,
Mapleton, Kansas.

I BOUGHT a Ford car in September, 1913, and have used it every day in my laundry business. The Hyatt bearings have never been out of my car since it left the factory. I have driven something over 50,000 miles.

Thomas L. Jones,
2102 N. Bronson Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

HYATT
ROLLER BEARINGS

Men Send from Every Quarter of the World for Royal Tailored Clothes

THE SUN never sets on the Royal Tape Line.

In this morning's mail, for instance, there is an order from a member of the American legation in Switzerland for a Royal Tailored frock coat.

Another, from a civil engineer in Argentine Republic, South America, for the latest-cut lounge suit.

Another, from a dry goods merchant in Fairchild, Alaska, for a sprightly Royal Tailored Spring overcoat.

And still another, from a theological missionary in distant China, who seeks the evening luxury of Royal Tailored Full Dress.

T·R·T

And so it goes—more than 2000 orders pouring into our New York and Chicago plants each day from every nook and corner of the universe, where good-dress ideals prevail.

In North America alone, more than ten thousand merchants, in more than ten thousand cities and towns, make it a part of their livelihood to take measures for Royal Tailored Clothes.

Surely there must be something beyond the usual in this clothes service, when men will pass by the scores of tailors and clothiers in their own ample, home business-districts, to have their clothes made and shipped by our New York or Chicago shops.

T·R·T

Yet, there is, after all, no great inconvenience in ordering a Royal made-to-your-measure suit. You simply anticipate your clothes needs a week or ten days—or two weeks at the most.

Royal clothes are built on six-day schedule. The order that reaches us on Monday is tailored and finished and on our shipping platform the following Monday. We forfeit a dollar a day, when a Royal garment is not ready on schedule time. There are no disappointments or uncertainties in Royal Service.

Indeed, since there are no "try-on" bothers in Royal Service, it is often quicker and easier to have a Royal suit made to your order in our Chicago or New York plants, than to have it made up for you in a local tailor shop.

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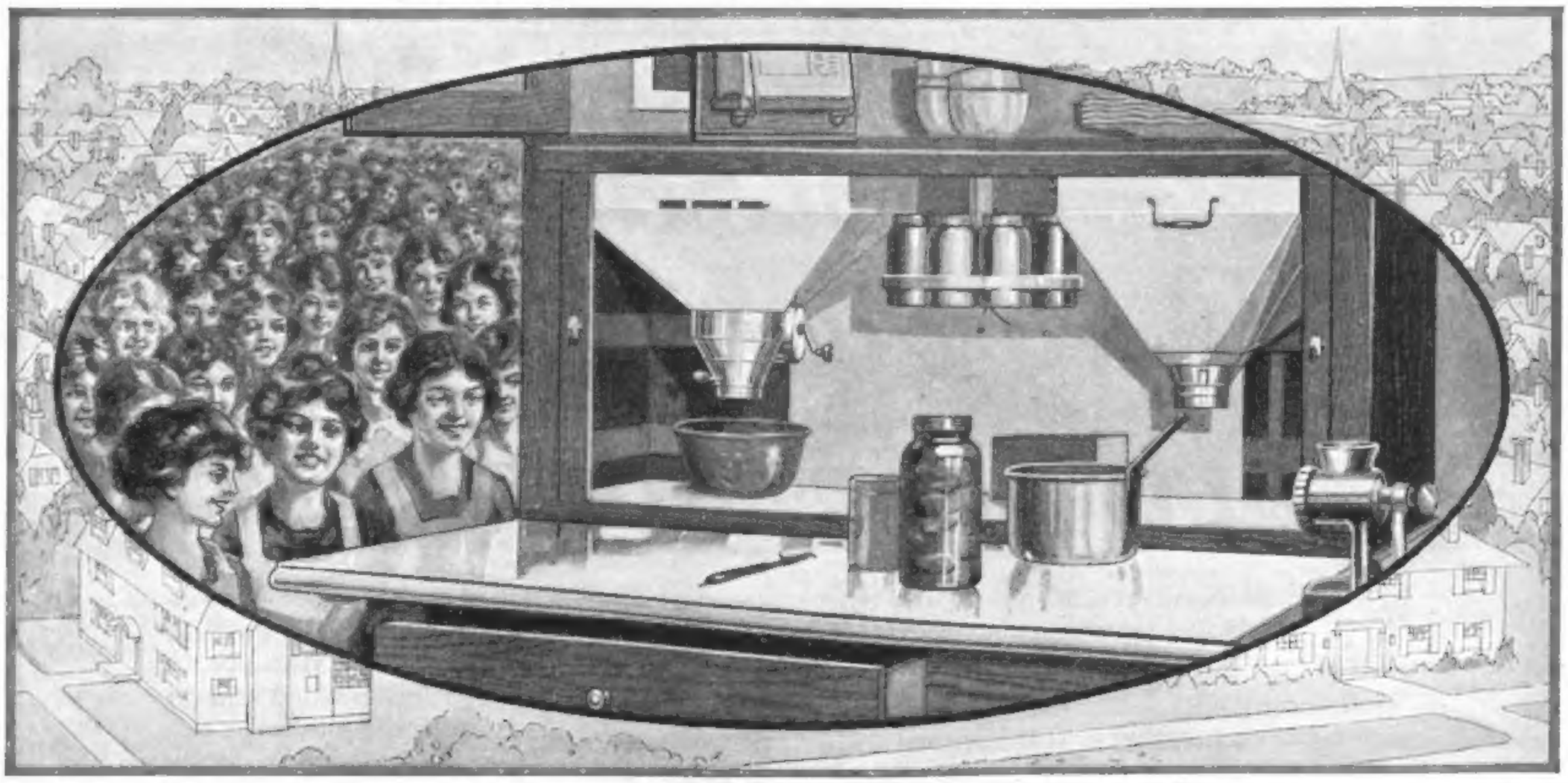

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We know of no other invention in all the world that saves the housewife so much time, so many steps and so much energy, *every day in the week!* It is first of all a *labor-saving machine.* It brings you 40 work-reducing, time-saving inventions—each like a willing hand to assist you.

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Hoosier's arrangement is an 18-year development. Domestic science experts experimented thousands of times to perfect these kitchen short-cuts.

HOOSIER "BEAUTY"
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Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
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THE PRUSSIAN PARANOIA

By Irvin S. Cobb

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IN THIS war upon which we have just entered our chief enemy is a nation firmly committed to the belief that whatever it may do is most agreeable in the sight of God. It is firmly committed to the belief that the acts of its Kaiser, its Crown Prince, its government, its statesmen, its generals and its armies are done in accordance with the will and the purposes of God. And, by the same token, it is committed, with equal firmness, to the conviction that the designs and the deeds of all the nations and all the peoples opposed to their nation must perforce be obnoxious to God. By the processes of their own peculiar theology—a theology which blossomed and began to bear its fruit after the war started, but for which the seed had been sown long before—God is not Our God but Their God. He is not the common creator of mankind, but a special Creator of Teutons. He is a German God. For you to say this would sound in American ears like sacrilege. For me to write it down here smacks of blasphemy and impiety. But to the German—in Germany—it is sound religion, founded upon the Gospels and the Creed, proven in the Scriptures, abundantly justified in the performances and the intentions of an anointed and a sanctified few millions among all the unnumbered millions who breed upon the earth.

Now here, by way of a beginning, is the proof of it. This proof is to be found in a collection of original poems published by a German pastor, the Reverend Herr Doktor Konsistorialat D. Vorwerk. In the first edition of this book there occurred a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, of which the following are the last three petitions and the close:

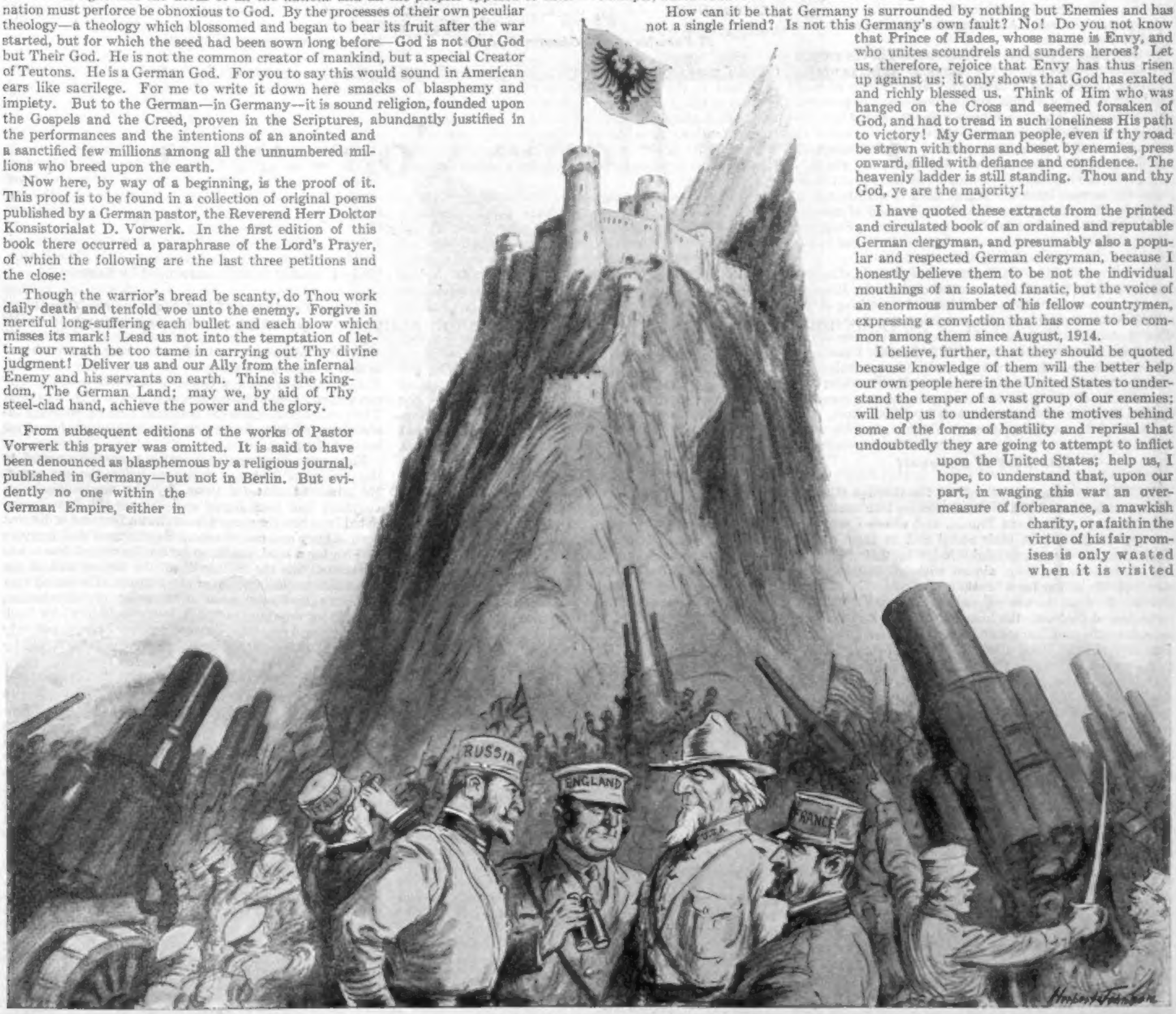
Though the warrior's bread be scanty, do Thou work daily death and tenfold woe unto the enemy. Forgive in merciful long-suffering each bullet and each blow which misses its mark! Lead us not into the temptation of letting our wrath be too tame in carrying out Thy divine judgment! Deliver us and our Ally from the infernal Enemy and his servants on earth. Thine is the kingdom, The German Land; may we, by aid of Thy steel-clad hand, achieve the power and the glory.

From subsequent editions of the works of Pastor Vorwerk this prayer was omitted. It is said to have been denounced as blasphemous by a religious journal, published in Germany—but not in Berlin. But evidently no one within the German Empire, either in authority or out of it, found any fault with the worthy pastor's sentiment that the Germans, above all other races—except possibly the Turks, who appear to have been taken into the fold by a special dispensation—are particularly favored and endowed of God, and enjoy his extraordinary—one might almost be tempted to say his private—guardianship, love and care. For in varying forms this fetishism is expressed in scores of places. Consider this example, which cannot have lost much of its original force in translation:

How can it be that Germany is surrounded by nothing but Enemies and has not a single friend? Is not this Germany's own fault? No! Do you not know that Prince of Hades, whose name is Envy, and who unites scoundrels and sunders heroes? Let us, therefore, rejoice that Envy has thus risen up against us; it only shows that God has exalted and richly blessed us. Think of Him who was hanged on the Cross and seemed forsaken of God, and had to tread in such loneliness His path to victory! My German people, even if thy road be strewn with thorns and beset by enemies, press onward, filled with defiance and confidence. The heavenly ladder is still standing. Thou and thy God, ye are the majority!

I have quoted these extracts from the printed and circulated book of an ordained and reputable German clergyman, and presumably also a popular and respected German clergyman, because I honestly believe them to be not the individual mouthings of an isolated fanatic, but the voice of an enormous number of his fellow countrymen, expressing a conviction that has come to be common among them since August, 1914.

I believe, further, that they should be quoted because knowledge of them will the better help our own people here in the United States to understand the temper of a vast group of our enemies; will help us to understand the motives behind some of the forms of hostility and reprisal that undoubtedly they are going to attempt to inflict upon the United States; help us, I hope, to understand that, upon our part, in waging this war an overmeasure of forbearance, a mawkish charity, or a faith in the virtue of his fair promises is only wasted when it is visited



The Last Stronghold of Divine Right

upon an adversary, who, for his part, is upborne by the perverted spiritualism and the degenerated self-idolatry of a Mad Mullah. It is all very well to pour oil on troubled waters; it is foolishness to pour it on wildfire.

In this same connection it may not be amiss for us as we stand on the edge of actual warfare to consider the predominant and predominating viewpoints of another and an equally formidable group of the foemen. In October, 1913, nearly a year before Germany started the World War one of the recognized leaders of the association who called themselves "Young Germany" wrote in the official organ, the accepted mouthpiece of the Junker set and the Crown Prince's favored adherents, a remarkable statement—that is, it would have been a remarkable statement coming from any other source than the source from whence it did come. It read as follows:

War is the noblest and holiest expression of human activity. For us, too, the great glad hour of battle will strike. Still and deep in the German heart must live the joy of battle and the longing for it. Let us ridicule to the uttermost the old women in breeches who fear war and deplore it as cruel or revolting. War is beautiful. . . . When here on earth a battle is won by German arms and the faithful dead ascend to heaven, a Potsdam lance corporal will call the guard to the door and "Old Fritz," springing from his golden throne, will give the command to present arms. That is the heaven of Young Germany!

The likening of Heaven to a place of eternal beatitude, populated by German soldiers, with a Potsdam lance corporal succeeding Saint Peter at the gate, and "Old Fritz"—Frederick the Great—in sole and triumphant occupancy of the Golden Throne, where, according to the conceptions of the most Christian races, The Almighty sits, is a picture requiring no comment.

It speaks for itself. Also it speaks for the paranoia of militant Prussianism.

I think I am in position to tell something of the growth of these sentiments among the Germans. It fell to my lot to be on German soil in September and October of that first year of the Great War, before there was any prospect of our entering it as a belligerent Power, and when the civilian populace, having been exalted by the series of unbroken victories that had marked the first stage of hostilities for the German forces, east and west, was suffering from the depressions occasioned by the defeat before Paris, the retreat from the Marne back to the Aisne, and finally by the growing fear that Italy, instead of coming into the conflict as an ally of the two Teutonic Empires, might, if she became an active combatant at all, cast in her lot with France and with England.

It was from civilians that I got a sense of the intellectual motive powers behind the mass of civilians in Rhenish Prussia. It was from them that I learned something of the real German meaning of the German word *Kultur*. In view of recent and present developments on our side of the ocean, culminating in our entry into the war, I am constrained to believe I may perhaps, in my own small way, contribute to American readers some slight measure of appreciation of what that *Kultur* means and may mean as applied to other and lesser nations by its creators, protagonists and proud proprietors.

The Lust of Conquest

I HEARD nothing of *Kultur* from the German military men with whom I had theretofore come into contact in Belgium and in Northern France, and whom I still was meeting daily both in their social and in their official capacities. So far as one might judge by their language and their behavior they, almost without an exception, were heartily at war for a hearty love of war—the officers, I mean. To them the war—the successful prosecution of it, regardless of the cost; the immediate glory, and the final ascendancy over all Europe and Asia of the German arms—was everything. With them, nothing else counted but that—except, of course, the ultimate humbling of Great Britain in the dust. Seemingly the ethics of the situation, the losses and the sufferings and the horrors, concerned them not a whit. War for war's sake; that was their religion; never mind what had gone before; never mind what might come after. To make war terribly and successfully, to make it with frightfulness and with a frightful speed, was their sole aim.

Never did I hear them, or any one of them, openly invoking the aid of the Creator. They were content with the tools forged for their hands by their military overlords. As for the men in the ranks, if they did any thinking on their own account it was not visible upon the surface. Their business was to use their bodies, not their heads; their trade to obey orders. They knew that business and they followed that trade. And already poor little wasted Belgium stood a smoking, bloody monument to their thorough, painstaking and most efficient craftsmanship.

Nor, except among the green troops which had not yet been under fire, was there any expressed hatred, either with officers or men, for the opposing soldiers. During our experiences in the battle lines, and directly behind the battle lines, in the weeks immediately preceding the time of which I purpose to write, we had aimed at a plan of ascertaining, with perfect accuracy, whether the German forces we encountered had seen any service except theoretical service. If we ran across a command whose members spoke contemptuously of the French or the English or the Belgian soldiers, we might make sure in our own minds that here were men who had yet to come to grips at close range with their enemy.

On the other hand, troops who actually had seen hard fighting rarely failed to evince a sincere respect, and in some instances a sort of reluctant admiration, for the courage and the steadfastness of their adversaries. They were convinced—and that I suppose was only natural—of the superiority of the German soldiers, man for man, over the soldiers of any other nation; but they had been cured of the earlier delusion that most of the stalwart heroes were to be found on the one side and most of the weaklings and cravens on the other.

Likewise the hot furnaces of battle had smelted much of the hate out of their hearts. The slag was gone; what remained was the right metal of soldierliness. I imagine this has been true in a greater or less degree of all so-called civilized wars where brave and resolute men have fought against equally true and resolute men. Certainly I know it to have been true of the first periods of this present war.

But fifty or a hundred miles away on German soil, among the home-biding populace, was a different story. It was there I found out about *Kultur*. It was there I first began to realize that, not content with assuming a direct and intimate partnership with Providence, civilian Germany was taking Providence under its patronage, was remodeling its conceptions of Deity to be purely and solely a German Deity.

A Peculiar and Chosen People

THAT more or less ribald jingle called "Me und Gott!" aimed at the Kaiser and frequently repeated in this country a few years before, had, in the face of what we now beheld, altogether lost the force of its one-time humorous application. As we appraised the prevalent sentiment, it had, in the sober, serious consciousness of otherwise sane men and women, become the truth and less than the truth.

Any Christian race, going to war in what it esteems to be a righteous cause, prays to God to bless its campaigns with victory and to sustain its arms with fortitude. It had remained for this Christian race to assume that the God to whom they addressed their petitions was their own peculiar God, and that his Kingdom on Earth was Germany and Germany only; and that his chosen people now and forevermore would be Germans and Germans only.

This is not a wild statement. Trustworthy evidence in support of it will presently be offered.

We met some weirdly interesting persons during our enforced sojourn there in Aix la Chapelle in September and October of that year. There was, for example, the invalided officer who never spoke of England or the English that he did not grind his teeth together audibly. I have never yet been able to decide whether this was a bit of theatricalism designed to make more forcible than the words he uttered his detestation for the country which, most of all, had balked Germany in her designs upon France and upon the mastery of the seas—a sort of dental punctuation for his spoken anathemas, as it were—or whether it was an involuntary expression of his feelings. In either event he grated his teeth very loudly, very frequently and very effectively.

There was the young German petty officer, also on sick leave, who told me with great earnestness and professed to believe the truth of it that two captured English surgeons had been summarily executed because in their surgical kits had been found instruments especially designed for the purpose of gouging out the eyes of wounded and helpless Germans.

And there was the spectacled scientist-author-spy, who dropped in on two of us one morning at the hotel where we were quartered, and who thereafter favored us at close intervals with many hours of his company. It was from this person more than from any other that I acquired what I believed to be a fairly adequate conception of the views held then and thereafter and now by an overwhelming majority of educated Prussians, trained in the Prussian school of thought and propaganda.

I cannot now recall this person's name, though I knew it well at the time; but I do recall his appearance. He was tall and slender, with red hair; a lean, keen intellectual face; and a pair of weak, pale-blue eyes, looking out through heavy convex glasses. He spoke English, French and Danish with fluency. He had been a world traveler and had written books on the subject of travel, which he showed us. He had been an inventor of electrical devices and had written at least one book on the subject of electric-lighting development. He had been an amateur photographer of some note evidently, and had written rather extensively on that subject.

His present employment was not so easily discerned, though it was quite plain that, like nearly every intelligent civilian in that part of Germany, he was engaged upon some service more or less closely related to the military and governmental activities of the empire. He wore the brassard of the Red Cross on his arm, it is true, but apparently had nothing really to do with hospital or ambulance work. And he had at his disposal a military automobile, in which he made frequent and more or less extended excursions into the occupied territory of France and Belgium.

After one or two visits from him we decided that, by some higher authority, he had been assigned to the dual task of ascertaining our own views regarding Germany's part in the conflict and of influencing our minds if possible to accept the views he and his class held. He may have had an even more important mission; we thought sometimes that he perhaps was doing a little espionage work, either on his own account or under orders, because he began to seek our company about the time we noted a cessation of clumsy activities on the part of those two preposterously mysterious sleuths of the German Secret Service who, until then, had been watching us pretty closely.

Be this as it may, he manifested a gentlemanly but persistent curiosity regarding our observations and regarding the articles which he knew we were busily writing for American consumption. And meantime he lost no opportunity of preaching into our ears the theories and the dogmas of his Prussianized *Kultur*.

I remember that, on almost his first call upon us, either my companion or myself remarked upon the united and the whole-hearted devotion the civilian populace of the province, from the youngest to the oldest, exhibited for the German cause. Instantly his posture changed. From the polite interviewer he turned into the zealot who preaches a holy cause. His lensed eyes became pallid blue sparks; and he said:

"Surely—and why not? For forty-odd years we have been educating our people to believe that only through war and through conquest could our nation achieve its place in the sun—elbowroom for its industrial and its spiritual development. Germany is a giant—the giant of the universe and she must have breathing space; and only by the swallowing up of smaller states can she get that breathing space. Almost at the mother's breast we teach our babies that. Do you know, my friends, what the first question is, in the first primer of geography, which German children hear when they enter school?

"No? Then I will tell you. The first question is 'What is Germany?' And the answer is 'My Fatherland—a country entirely surrounded by Enemies!'"

False Teachings That Start at the Cradle

"SO YOU see, gentlemen, we start at the cradle and at the kindergarten to teach our young people what it means to live with Russia on one side of them and with France and Belgium and Britain on the other. They cannot forget for one instant the task that lies before them. Their educators—parents, teachers, pastors, military instructors, officials of every rank and every grade—never let them forget it."

Even more illuminating were his views with regard to the position of Germany in Europe before the war began. He admitted that for years, by the neighbor-peoples, Germany had been feared and distrusted. This, he insisted, was not Germany's fault, but a fear and a distrust born of envy and malice among deteriorated and decaying nations for a land which, so far as Europe, at least, was concerned, was the mother of all the virtues and all the great benevolent impulses of the century. He denied that Germany had ever been overbearing or threatening; denied that anything except jealousy could lie at the back of the general suspicion directed against Prussia, not only by aliens but—before the war began—by Bavaria and by Saxony as well.

"Germany," he said to me one day, "has earned the right to rule this Hemisphere; and Germany is going to rule it! When we have conquered our enemies, as conquer them we shall—when we have implanted among them our own German culture, our own German institutions and our own German form of government, which surely we also shall do—they will, in succeeding generations, be the better and the happier for it. They will come to know, then, that the guns of our fleets and the rifles of our soldiers brought them blessings in disguise. Out of their present sufferings and their future humiliations will spring up the benefits of German civilization.

"At first they may not want to accept it. They will have to accept it—at the point of the bayonet if necessary. If it is required that these petty lesser states should be exterminated altogether, we shall not hesitate before that task either. They are decadents, dying now of dry rot and degeneracy; better that they should be dead altogether than that the spread of German *Kultur* through the Old World should be checked or diverted from its course. We shall teach the world that the individual exists for the

(Continued on Page 49)

STINGY!

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

HE WAS twenty-eight, alert, confident and well-conditioned; he had a chin that was a marvel of strength, without the faintest suggestion of mulishness, and eyes that were more convincing than a pair of affidavits countersigned by the notary. His mouth was always turning upward, or promising to turn upward, at the corners; and when he smiled he gave the impression that friendliness and a sense of humor were equally characteristic of him. Furthermore, his manner toward women was so noticeably deferential and trusting—as though he had somehow managed to escape all youthful tragedies of disillusionment—that Miss Dorothy Wolcott, when he was first presented to her, was genuinely startled to perceive how little he ratified her prejudices or the reports on which they were founded. Indeed, to make sure that she had heard aright, she repeated his name with distinct emphasis. His second bow was a confirmation of the patronymic, and Miss Wolcott gasped.

She had heard of Hamilton from several sources, and the gossip was unequivocal. She had been eager to meet him because she was curious to behold the man whose resolutions were so firm, whose principles were so dogged that the majority of his acquaintances habitually used him, in certain instances, as a criterion for comparisons. She had expected him to appear so matured in his eccentricities that he would move in a distinctive atmosphere, and excite amusement, if not pity. Yet Hamilton, who at this moment was seating himself beside her, was not only more magnetic, he was also—and this was what staggered her—he was also more conventional, both in dress and demeanor, than the friend who had briefly introduced them and hurried away to test the efficacy of the claret punch.

Temporarily her knowledge of his tenets acted as an inhibition of her power of speech. Under ordinary circumstances she would have been promptly charmed by a man of Hamilton's address, and frankly glad to have encountered him; as it was, the necessity of adjusting herself to his unexpected personality rendered her tongue-tied. Regarding him, she experienced a degree of incredulous astonishment that must have mirrored itself in her eyes, for Hamilton laughed spontaneously and asked the obvious question. If she had dared to confess the entire truth she would have said that she was wondering how he could be so boyish and handsome, so affable and so courteous, and still be stigmatized as one of the most cold-blooded of mortals, the most penurious and the most selfish. It seemed inconsistent.

"You look so cheerful!" replied Miss Wolcott, enjoying her own combination of verity and tact.

"Do I?" asked Hamilton. His smile expanded. If Miss Wolcott had been obliged to describe it in a word or two she would have called it indescribably winning. "Well, why shouldn't I be cheerful?"

It occurred to her that few men, even among those who profess artistry in this sort of thing, would have omitted the direct compliment; and she was relieved, because already she had danced with seven representative young men, and all seven of them had assumed that her intelligence was unequal to active thought. They had been joyous and demonstrative young men, but modern—modern in their unanimous theory that conversation with a girl at a dance must be categorically flattering or inconceivably dull.

Miss Wolcott, not being troubled with myopia, knew that she was pretty, but she had other interests in life; she was aware that most men liked her, but she preferred to detect their approval through the medium of thoughtful attentions rather than by smashing superlatives hurled point-blank, or whispered under cover of the music. Hamilton's rhetorical question was refreshing; he had implied a very general reason for his spirits, and included her only as one out of many contributing factors. In the meantime those seven other extremists—perfectly normal young men in an era of extremes—were doubtless retailing to seven other girls the same impassioned compliments which, in her proper turn, they had duly bestowed upon Miss Wolcott.

"I understood," she said, "that you fought very hard to keep from coming to-night. That's the rumor, anyway. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No; not exactly that," he told her.

Miss Wolcott began at this juncture to speculate why he hadn't invited her to dance. He had been led up and presented to her in the usual way; if he had continued the usual procedure he would have pressed his claim or recorded a specious alibi in the first sentence. Miss Wolcott sighed inwardly and charged off one fox trot to profit and loss.

"Not when it's for charity?"

"I don't believe in charity," said Hamilton; "that is, in tabloids."

"Oh! Really?"

He inspected her with thoroughness, which she found less disconcerting than if he had been an adroit monger of adjectives, but still disconcerting enough to cause her no little embarrassment. After a comparatively superficial scrutiny of her piquant face and vivid coloring, he permitted his eyes to rest upon her coiffure; and she felt instinctively that he wasn't merely criticizing the style of it, which was strikingly youthful and informal, with soft little waves everywhere, and three low-lying puffs arranged in unsophisticated simplicity. On the contrary, he was appraising her shell pins, set with tiny diamonds; and, though seven partners had earlier strained their vocabularies over her hair, no one else had spared a transient recognition to the pins. Miss Wolcott was alternately vexed and conciliated; but she sat patiently and waited.

Then he was examining every detail of her gown—of the roseate blush of satin shining through white tulle and silver embroidery; of the perilous support of shoulder straps, sowed with brilliants; of the modish draperies, which looked like side pockets, and weren't. He was intentionally conscious of her slippers and of her stockings. Miss Wolcott grew tense. Was the man a notorious architect, as she had heard, or was he a ladies' tailor?

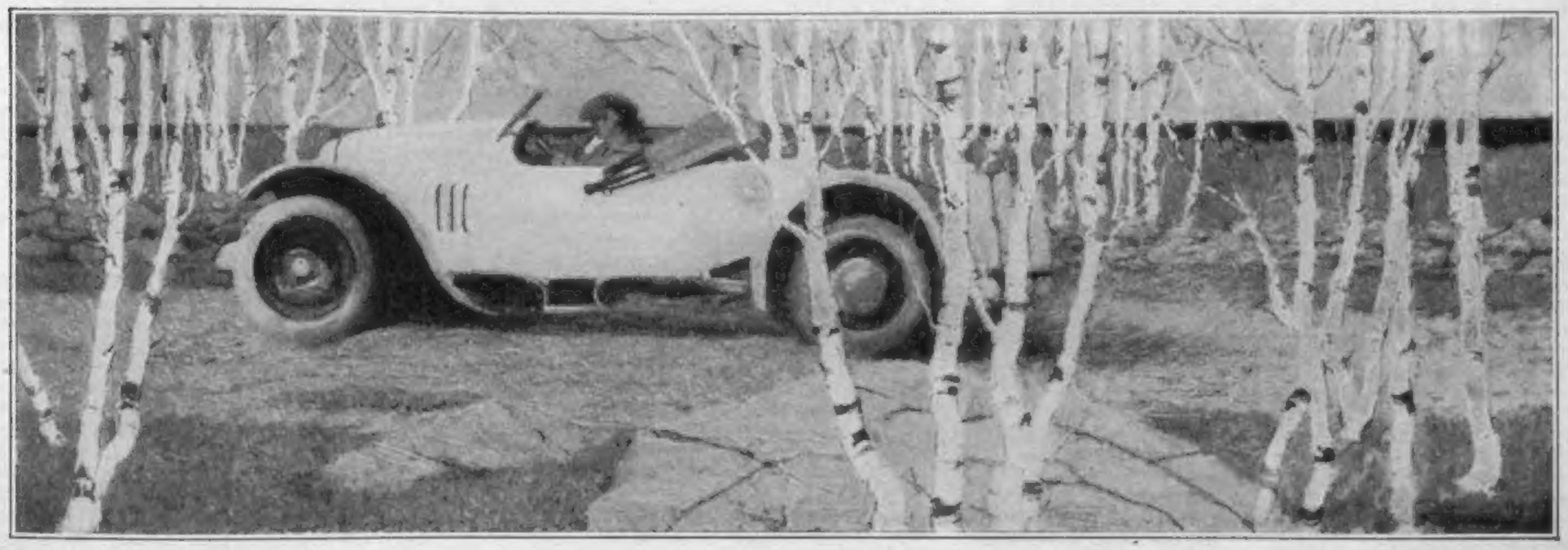
"I should judge," said Hamilton, nodding reflectively, "that you inventory about a thousand dollars. That isn't excessive, is it? Now how many women would you think there are here?"

Miss Wolcott stiffened, relaxed, and smiled faintly.

"There were—we sold about two hundred tickets, Mr. Hamilton."

"Compared with most of them," he went on, speaking with utter lack of constraint, "you're distinctly an ingénue.

"You See," She Said Lightly, "You Might Much Better Have Asked Me to Dance With You"



So we'll call that a fair average, counting jewelry. The men—well, I can estimate that pretty closely myself. The tickets were three dollars, weren't they? So you can call this party a capital investment of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in egos; and I suppose, if the gross income is six hundred dollars, the net income's about three hundred. Mrs. Balfe won't charge for her ballroom, of course; but the orchestra and the caterer have to be paid, don't they? So if the indigents' share runs as high as three hundred dollars, that's a trifle more than one-eighth of one per cent of the total inventory. The caterer gets almost as much as the shivering poor. No; I hardly believe in this sort of entertainment, Miss Wolcott."

She stared aghast at him and the basic causes of his reputation eluded her no longer.

"Why, Mr. Hamilton! Surely you don't think ——"

"But you can hardly call it philanthropy," he maintained. "Now can you? It's an exclusive function; it's a mighty pretty masquerade. Here are a couple of hundred well-dressed people dancing five hours and eating food that costs practically as much as the net profits amount to. A dollar-fifty for anchovy sandwiches and frozen pudding and chicken King and music for us—and a dollar-fifty for the poor. So it's our stomachs in preference to the other people's stomachs; and we keep the music all to ourselves. Incidentally they're quoting onions at fifteen cents, and potatoes have gone up two-sixty a barrel. Think it over!"

Miss Wolcott was swift to righteous protestation:

"But, Mr. Hamilton, people won't come to these dances unless they're made attractive! Mrs. Balfe gives us her lovely house ——"

"Yes," said Hamilton; "and that's certainly kind of her; but, as a matter of fact, it'll take almost as much cleaning up afterward as though she'd imported the same number of guests right out of the Ghetto, and given 'em a genuine treat—corned beef and cabbage! But don't let me bore you."

"You're not boring me; you're irritating me."

"I'm sorry," said Hamilton. "I'm afraid I can't help figuring these things out in terms of money. It's a hobby of mine."

"Do you figure everything out that way?" she demanded severely.

"Oh, not always in money," he denied, "but in costs of some kind—energy or mental effort."

Miss Wolcott shook her head positively.

"But that's so commercial! It's horrid!"

"Life isn't much more than a big balance sheet, anyway," he declared. "It's nothing but a set of bargains; and some are good and some are bad. Everybody has to do his own marketing, and I trade with both eyes open. That's all."

"And that explains," she interrogated, "why you didn't want to come to-night?"

"Subject to interpretation," he admitted, "that explains it."

She gestured to include the four walls of the room.

"Isn't this worth three dollars to you?" In part fun and part earnest she added wickedly: "Think of the prestige!"

"It isn't worth three cents," said Hamilton calmly.

Miss Wolcott had indeed been surfeited with blandishments, and she abhorred them; but she wasn't accustomed to affronts, even if delivered obliquely and in good faith. Her cheeks took upon themselves a deeper tint and her eyes sparkled.

"But you did have an alternative," she commented.

"You forgot the interpretation," he warned her. "It isn't worth three cents to me—the philosophical subjective me that knows how to value things. It isn't benevolence, either; because I'd infinitely rather give ten dollars to an out-and-out beggar than put up three dollars for a charity dance. It promised to be worth just about three dollars to my conceit—so I came. And my guess is that half the other people came to prove that they were on the list too!"

She leaned a trifle forward and looked straight into his eyes. She was conscious that she was offering him an opportunity of unlimited scope, and yet she sensed intuitively that he scorned banalities and commonplaces. Distrusting his motives she simultaneously trusted the man with an unerring judgment that rather flabbergasted her. Usually she wasn't so quick to place firm reliance upon strangers.

"Suppose," she said, "I were to ask you—in your own words and by your own standards—how much it has been worth to you to meet me? Suppose you eliminate everything else, pretend this was a casual dance, and you knew you never would meet me in any other way. Would you put a price on that too?"

"I have," he admitted. "I don't mind telling you that I was on the way home when Tommy Balfe leaped out of ambush and brought me over to you. The law's inexorable, Miss Wolcott. If you insist on knowing—why, so far, I've paid only a few minutes' sleep. But the payment's there, just the same." This time his smile was provocative.

"I think you're impossible!" said Miss Wolcott hotly. "The idea! How can you get any comfort out of living like a—a cash register? You can't, Mr. Hamilton! You ——"

"Please!" he interrupted. "I'm not responsible for natural laws, Miss Wolcott! You mustn't blame me! The example you used was trivial; I really shouldn't have joked about it, or you'll think I'm petty. I simply know I can't get away from realities. . . . Everything I do costs something. . . . It prevents me from doing something else. . . . You asked for information and I gave it to you; but what I meant, of course, was that you've got to have some sort of system, and stick to it, if you're going to accomplish much. You can't let inconsequential things fool you into thinking they're important. Now—you have some avocation, haven't you?"

After a pardonable hesitancy she said:

"Charity."

Hamilton sat straighter.

"Is that so? That's very interesting. Perhaps you helped engineer this dance?"

"I am the chairman of the executive committee," she told him with dignity.

"I see. That's fine! And you must have worked hard, didn't you?"

"For two solid weeks," she said.

"You spent time and energy and nervous force for two solid weeks—for what object?"

"Well, what would you imagine?"

"I should say," said Hamilton, "that your chief interest was in the dance. Why not? Half of your own contribution, and half of everybody else's, goes to give you a good time. You get yours first. What's left goes for provisions. That's what I'm telling you. You got away from your schedule. You didn't calculate prices—I mean moral prices. It's quite clear—isn't it?—that your ambition to have a successful party socially came about two jumps ahead of the other ambition. Isn't that true?"

She gazed at him without speaking.

"It's like that with so many of us," continued Hamilton pacifically. "We let side issues act like blinders. In your case you forgot to figure in actual money cost, and some ideals too—didn't you?"

"And so you never consider anything but your own ideas?" Miss Wolcott temporized.

"Ideals, if you don't mind, Miss Wolcott."

"And your ideals won't allow you to do anything unless it's profitable to you?"

"I think it was Morley," said Hamilton, "who wrote that 'the great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.' Well ——"

"Let's not forget the original question," she reminded him. "Are you so minutely accurate that you realize—you deliberately realize—that every second you're talking with me means the loss of one second's sleep?"

"Oh, I'm not ridiculous about it. I gave you the general law! But if I stayed until three o'clock in the morning I certainly couldn't overlook factors like sleep and digestion, and probably some lethargy tomorrow—that would be the cost! And then, naturally, I'd total up the advantages."

Miss Wolcott mused turbulently. Hamilton was more reactionary than she had dreamed; he was both unsocial and constructively uncivil; and she was young and fond of taking her recreations where she found them. She had labored heroically to make this dance a triumph; and as she observed the crowds at play she was persuaded, in spite of Hamilton's dogmatism, that she hadn't failed. All at once her resentment flamed; she faced him resolutely.

"I should be sorry if you feel I'm costing you more than your time is worth," she said. "It's a delicate subject, isn't it?"

"Before I go," he said, construing her remark so literally that she was again amazed, "let me tell you that you've made one mistake: You've barely touched the surface of what you probably call my selfishness. I ——"

"Then," said Miss Wolcott, mitigating the indictment by her humor, "it must be really colossal underneath!"

"It is colossal—and I'd try to demonstrate it to you, only you're too resistant to understand just now. . . . But before I go, I said, I want you to know that you've taken just a small part of one premise and built on that—and you're wrong. If I couldn't have met you in any other way I'd have ——"

He stopped short, because one of the seven flatterers had come up to plead for a second chapter, and Miss Wolcott was rising in acquiescence.

"You see," she said lightly to Hamilton, "you might much better have asked me to dance with you. That wouldn't have cost you my grim displeasure!"

"The reason I didn't ask you," he replied gravely, "is because I knew it would cost me a very much greater satisfaction—and I was quite right."

Her new escort had paused to exchange flippancies with a dowager who disliked to work for the needy but adored to dance for them. Miss Wolcott stepped nearer Hamilton.

"What can you mean by that?" she demanded under her breath.

"Just what I said."

"But I disagree with everything you believe."

"That's immaterial. . . . Besides, you don't."

"I don't!"

"No; you're trying to, but you don't in the least. You don't even know what I mean."

"When you were arguing—or now?"

"Both."

"Well, what do you mean now?"

"That I want to see you again—and make you agree with me."

Miss Wolcott was taken aback for the fifth time; but she responded nobly:

"Why, if you really do, there are men like Tommy Balfe who know both of us ——"

"Coming, Dorothy?" This was her escort, fidgeting.

"Just a moment!" said Hamilton, ransacking his pockets. "I brought this to give to Mrs. Balfe. . . . Promise me you won't mention it to a soul!"

"Certainly not," she consented, puzzled. "What is it?"

"You've promised? All right! Well, as charity, this dance wasn't worth three cents; but I want you to get my principle: the object of the dance is worth a lot. I want mine undiluted, please."

He was already disappearing through the nearest doorway when she comprehended the purport of the paper he had left in her hand. It was a New York bank draft for fifty dollars, payable to Mrs. Balfe, Treasurer. Miss Wolcott gazed at it, stupefied.

"A little speed, Dorothy," pleaded her partner. "We're late!"

Heedless of her abstraction, he skated smoothly away with her, and spoke the superlative phrase with which he had achieved notable results in the past. Unfortunately he had said it to Miss Wolcott two hours before, and this time it annoyed her. She knew in her heart that she was no more dangerous than a Maltese kitten.

"Oh, don't be silly!" she said. "Look here, Wilbur—you're on the Produce Exchange. Tell me, what do poor people eat besides potatoes and onions?"

During the subsequent fortnight she acquired as much information about Hamilton as she could conveniently get by diplomatic methods. He was good-tempered, she heard, and humorous; his morals had been favorably passed upon by the censors of society; he was hard-working and conscientious, so far as his profession was concerned; but there was no denying that he was a champion tightwad—or, in the vernacular of the period, a very, very hard-boiled egg.

For one thing, he refused unconditionally to loan money to his friends; and, for another, he wouldn't release a dollar unless he had conservative expectations of two dollars in recompense. He wore cheap clothes, and lived in a cheap neighborhood, and hoarded a good income. He bought

"My! Wouldn't Think He Was That Human, Would You?"

In a Huddled Little Heap on the Floor Miss Wolcott Cried Out Her Lonely Wretchedness

his straw hats in September and his heavy shoes in May. He was popularly supposed to earn twelve to fifteen thousand dollars a year, and yet he patronized inferior restaurants; and got inferior service when he went to good restaurants, because he was irrevocably opposed to tipping. He was inhospitable to the extent of paying for his own refreshments and expecting others to pay for theirs.

He played bridge at a rate not to exceed one-twentieth of a cent a point; and when he frequented the theaters he invariably bought balcony seats. He never sent flowers to girls or cartons of Christmas cigarettes to men; and in business he was rigidly, scrupulously exact in the matter of itemized extras, including carfare. His cigars couldn't be smoked by men of taste; and, though he could have made good use of a motor, he rarely employed even a taxicab, and walked magnificent distances in order to cheat both chauffeur and Subway. Finally, he was intolerant in his attitude to those who reasoned with him; he was grossly cynical of generosity as displayed by the sort of people one knows.

These facts, and many more, Miss Wolcott gathered; and the sheer weight of them would unquestionably have rendered her permanently not at home to Hamilton if it hadn't been for that thin slip of paper he had given her at the Balfes'. That was a complication; and Miss Wolcott was baffled by it.

Despite an almost irresistible impulse to betray his confidence, she had delivered the draft to Mrs. Balfe without comment; and Mrs. Balfe, beyond a single hortatory pæan, had shown no inquisitiveness. Miss Wolcott had thereupon discerned that, by virtue of the difference between a draft and a check, the donor of the money was secure in his anonymity forever. She was increasingly perplexed by this; she wondered whether Hamilton had, after all, given that fifty dollars personally or had merely acted as agent for an undisclosed principal. She couldn't assume that he had been induced by any charm of her own to contribute to her fund; indeed, the draft had been in existence and the payee specified before she and Hamilton had ever met.

It was, however, conceivable that he had tendered it to her instead of to Mrs. Balfe simply to show that he approved her own zeal, if not the working of her committee. He had desired to assure her by this dramatic climax that he wasn't so bad as he talked. But why, if he chose to become a benefactor, should he hide behind a bank draft, especially when the cloud of his repute so sadly needed silvering? If he had been dispensing his own money, wouldn't he obviously have sought to weaken the current rumors as to his parsimony? Miss Wolcott was bewildered.

She had liked Hamilton because he was enthusiastic in his convictions and forceful in his presentation of theories. Furthermore, he had treated her with a very real respect in that he had omitted to flirt with her and had conversed with her as though she had a brain; and still, on parting, he had let her suspect that she attracted him.

On these considerations, and mindful of his declaration that his neglect to dance with her was due to his advised preference of a more substantial interlude, she duly conceded, one evening, that she was at home; in spite of the fact that he had ventured to approach her without the formality of securing Tommy Balfe, or anyone else, as a flux to discourse, and, more than that, without her specific permission to come alone.

But, on reflection, she saw clearly that Hamilton couldn't have bothered about these details or remotely debated upon them; it would have been foreign to his nature. Desiring to see her he came to see her! And she was so completely disarmed by his straightforwardness that she greeted him twice as cordially as she had intended.

"I'm so glad," she said as she gave him her hand, "to have a chance to thank you for your gift the other night, Mr. Hamilton."

"You sent me a perfectly adequate note about it," he rejoined. "I almost blushed."

"But I'm not sure it was adequate."

"Why not?"

"Because, you see," said Miss Wolcott with engaging candor, "the expenses of that party were more than we'd calculated. Counting your draft, we made a little less than a hundred dollars!"

Hamilton laughed indulgently.

"Cause and effect," he said. "I'm avenged!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"To be utterly truthful," he said, "I'd just about decided to carry that draft back home with me when Tommy came along. I was going to take it back to my bank and have it canceled. So, you see, if you hadn't been kind enough to talk to me your party would have been still more of a financial flivver, wouldn't it?"

"Why—perhaps," said Miss Wolcott attentively.

"It's quite simple," he assured her. "I'd decided to keep my money. I'd made up my mind that anybody who staged a dance like that wouldn't be very efficient when it came to distributing the profits. And then I met you; and after a while I thought that if you were chairman of your committee I'd take the risk. You wouldn't waste anything!"

"But what made you think that, Mr. Hamilton? You didn't at first."

"Why, after the way I'd talked to you," he said, "and after the way you reacted, I guessed you'd be a little extra careful of that contribution of mine. Weren't you?"

She nodded guiltily.

"But I still can't imagine why you asked me to keep it a secret. Everybody else wants a formal acknowledgment and a receipt; and then we publish all the names in our bulletin ——"

"I wasn't buying advertising space," said Hamilton. "And the only reason I confided in you was to show you that I'm not just mercenary. If I'd intended to contribute, anyway, I'd have found an envelope and a servant, and sent 'em to Mrs. Balfe. I don't believe in cackling. I save the money I give away, Miss Wolcott; so I don't like to have any of it misused. And I knew you'd be careful."

"We bought potatoes and rice this time," she told him; "and milk. . . . How did you save it?"

Hamilton reddened.

"You'll think I'm unspeakably idiotic," he deprecated.

"Please tell me."

"Sub rosa?"

"Why, of course!"

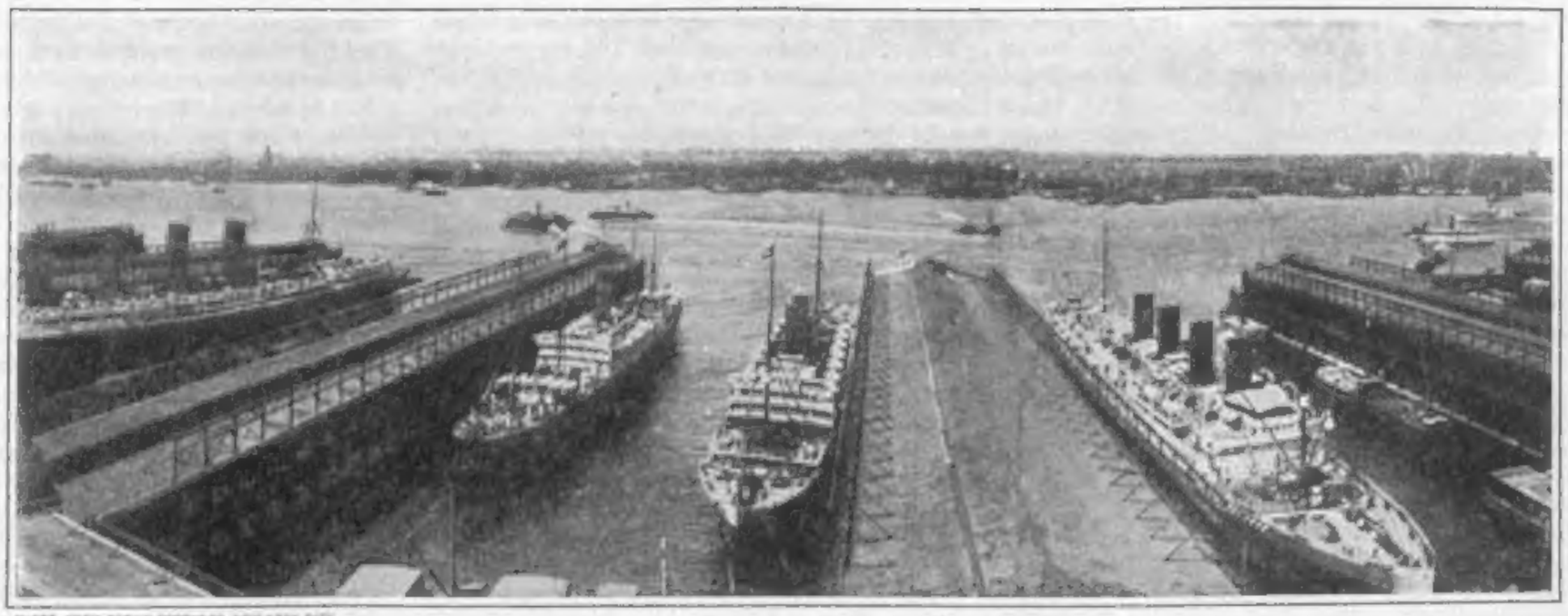
"Well—I play queer little games, Miss Wolcott—little silly games; they sort of fascinate me. They always did. I've done it ever since I was a kid. I must have twenty different accounts; they do take a lot of bookkeeping, but they keep my interest up—and that's what counts. Why, just for an illustration, I appropriate a certain allowance for maintenance, based on what I'd probably do if I followed my friends—breakfast at the Harvard Club; lunch at Sherry's or across the street; and dinner at the club, or a hotel somewhere. That's legitimate and not too extravagant. Well, if I don't eat at one of those places—if I drop into a cheap restaurant, for instance—I credit my charity account with the difference between the two prices. What would be a luxury for me gets turned into a necessity for somebody else. That's all."

Miss Wolcott continued in her study of his facial expression. She was analyzing the portent of those curving lips of his, and of the unwavering eyes. Presently she glanced away.

(Continued on Page 42)

"It Isn't a Silly Fad; It's Deadly Serious. I Won't Go On Living Like a Vegetable Any Longer"

GET-RICH-QUICK SHIPS



PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

By PETER B. KYNE

MY earliest recollection of the shipping business is a pleasurable one. It is connected with a profit, and profits in those days were not unduly swollen; neither did they occur with the delightful frequency that has characterized the shipping industry since the outbreak of the great war. I had been employed in a wholesale lumber and shipping office just long enough to acquire a yearning to be a lumber and shipping magnate some day, and presently an opportunity came along to make the start. I was offered a one-thirty-second interest in a steam schooner for the sum of sixteen hundred dollars. Unfortunately I did not have much money; but that was no bar to the transaction. The seller said he would take what I could afford to give him and accept my promissory note for the balance due, secured by a mortgage at eight per cent on my interest, the mortgage to be secured by an assignment of the insurance, the premium for which I was to pay.

I was quite young and very anxious to own a piece of a vessel; but somehow this man's eagerness to sell caused me to hesitate. I said I'd sleep over the proposition; and it was well I did, for that night the vessel's skipper lost his bearings in a thick Pacific Coast fog and started overland with my prospective property, to the signal relief of all concerned. Indeed, the managing owners took great credit to themselves for finally paying a dividend—from the insurance money; and I thanked my lucky star that that one-thirty-second interest hadn't been sawed off on me, for it seems the underwriters didn't value her quite so highly as the owners, to whom perhaps she had a sentimental value.

Of shipping on the Great Lakes and the Atlantic in those days I do not presume to speak with the slightest authority, since my experience and observation have been confined to the Pacific. There the industry was at a low financial ebb, with the exception of small boats running coastwise in the lumber trade. Lumber companies that owned their own fleets of steam schooners and windjammers were, of course, in position to keep their vessels supplied with freight, so long as their salesmen kept the mill supplied with orders; and such vessels, under careful and competent management, paid a reasonable return on their cost. Though there were occasional flurries that enabled such vessels to pay very handsome dividends for a while, such bountiful harvests were inevitably succeeded by a drought, which, in the long run, brought the average earnings down to a figure that was anything but spectacular. The number of American-owned vessels running foreign was, of course, negligible. Most of them were windjammers, and their profits were equally negligible.

A Sudden Turn of the Tide

THE Pacific Mail Steamship Company, running a line to the Orient and another to Mexican and Central American ports, was not an attractive investment. The Oceanic Steamship Company, operating to Australian ports at a loss, despite its contract for carrying the United States mail, finally was forced to discontinue its service and lay up its ships. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, carrying general freight and passengers between Pacific Coast ports, just about staggered along and managed to pay an occasional conservative dividend; in fact, broadly speaking, the shipping industry, up to September 1, 1914, somewhat resembled the book-publishing industry in the general attitude of shipowners toward it.

Most publishers are publishers because they wouldn't be happy doing anything else; they operate largely on sentiment and love of the game, hoping always to put over a best seller or two and recoup on previous losses. Shipowners just naturally love the business and will hang on for a decade after the average business man would have become disgusted and quit. They will grieve and grouch and fight with the longshoremen's union and the sailors' union and the marine cooks and waiters' union, in an effort to keep down expense, lose every time, and still hang on, hoping for that happy day when whopping big freight rates and a glut of freight on every pier will be their reward.

This was the general condition of the shipping industry on the Pacific when the great war broke out. As to the Atlantic, I seem to remember that, not so very many years ago, the International Mercantile Marine Company, operating several lines of transatlantic steamers out of New York, was in the hands of a receiver. But now how changed the scene! I. M. M. Preferred has sold, since the war, at 120; the submarine activities depressed it for a while and the stock dropped to 65; but it is now up to above 90, while the company has a very large surplus on hand with which to declare dividends when the British Government shall grant it permission. Nobody in the shipping industry is worried about I. M. M.; and when the stock was at bedrock the wise ones all climbed aboard for all they could carry—this, hard on the heels of unrestricted submarine warfare.

If some bard of the shipping industry to-day were to unbosom himself of a trade ballad, in all probability the title would be: If I Had Only Suspected! A great number of those patient souls who had hung on like a long, cold spring didn't suspect until the riot was on; whereupon they entered the lists. They are still counting their profits; but, no matter how much money they may make, they will always regret those easy millions that fluttered under their corporate noses for nearly a month, unsuspected.

There are two companies, however, which will not have to chide themselves with having been out when Opportunity knocked at their doors. One of them is the Sudden & Christenson Steamship Line, of San Francisco, and the other is the Barber Steamship Company, of New York. Just about the time Von Kluck's army started singing lieder down through Belgium, E. A. Christenson had a vision of a general European conflagration, with England, mistress of the seas, drawn into the conflict and German submarines raising chaos—plus—with British and French shipping; while German shipping was safely interned in neutral ports. Opportunity was rapping at the door to announce the arrival of the golden day for which the shipping men had waited, and Christenson tarried not to read white papers, or yet green or yellow, in the hope of discovering who really started the war. He did not say "I'm going!" He said "I'm gone!" He was in Nebraska, on the slowest train in the world—though, as a usual thing, the Overland Limited is considered reasonably fast—when England entered the war.

Three days later a strange eager face appeared on the Maritime Exchange, in New York. There were only eight big American freighters open for charter at the going rates; so Christenson chartered them all for his company. But, oh, the horror of it! He chartered only for six months, with the privilege of renewal at a ten per cent advance for six months additional; for he thought the war would be over in six months, or in a year at the outside! Of course the profits on those charters for that year will be a verdant memory always; but the conservatism that dictated such foolish chartering still keeps the S. & C. Line in a bloody sweat. Nitrate freights about that time were eight dollars a ton, and were up to about twenty dollars when those charters expired, even after the exercise of the privilege of renewal. Nitrate freights are now fairly steady at from twenty-seven and a half dollars to thirty dollars a ton, and once they were up to thirty-six dollars; from which it will be seen that the owners of those steamers Christenson chartered will probably survive after all.

It may seem strange that Christenson, early bird that he was, succeeded in getting only eight worms, figuratively speaking, for he arrived in New York at a time when the shipping men were all talking war instead of business. The answer is, the Barber Steamship Company is a New York company, and they were in the market a week be-before Christenson. They made long-term charters on every bottom in sight; and, what with these charters and the profits on their own steamers running to South Africa, South America and the Far East, they are reported to have cleaned up millions since the war started. However, Christenson's luck and foresight were not confined to his chartered ships alone. Just about the time it seemed that war was imminent, the S. & C. Line, in conjunction with some outside capital, purchased for approximately two hundred and fifty thousand dollars the big Pacific Mail freighter Algoa. She was a vessel of ten thousand tons dead-weight capacity, and for eight years had been a white elephant on the hands of the Pacific Mail. About thirty thousand dollars was spent in putting her into commission, after eight years at anchor; and when the war broke out she was sent into the nitrate trade, in command of a skipper whose previous experience had been confined to one of the Sudden & Christenson steam schooners, running coastwise in the lumber trade.

Some Notable Money-Makers

OF COURSE lumber carriers are loaded until their decks are awash; so, when the Algoa, now rechristened the California, was loaded with nitrate to her Plimsoll mark—she was a British-built boat—that didn't mean anything to that old lumber skipper. She still had entirely too much freeboard for a freighter; so he took a squint at the sky, decided he was not in for dirty weather—and shot fifteen hundred tons more into her! With the luck of a sailor he got away with it, thereby adding an extra twenty-thousand-dollar profit to the voyage. After paying for herself and making a million dollars for her owners they chartered her to the French Government for the trifling sum of one hundred and two thousand dollars a month for a year; and, with a charter like that for a talking point, she was sold for one million four hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, net, to the owners.

It is said that on the strength of this charter a New York bank loaned the purchaser a million dollars to help him buy her. As I recall the vessel, her boilers were nothing to brag of when the Pacific Mail had her, in consequence of which she was a hog on coal. The S. & C. Line retubed her condensers, which helped a lot; but it's a safe bet that her latest owner will have to put three new boilers in her before long. A year ago a good Scotch boiler for that steamer would have been dear at thirty thousand dollars; but sixty thousand dollars would be a fair price now—and even then one has to order far ahead.

The German steamer Valküre was another lucky venture for the Sudden & Christenson Line and its associates. She was the prize of a French gunboat in Papeete Harbor when the German Pacific Fleet shelled the town, and in order to prevent her recapture by the Germans her prize crew opened her sea cocks and sunk her. She was bought for less than thirty thousand dollars, raised and brought to San Francisco under her own steam, after having been under water about nine months. It is probable that the total cost of putting her in commission again was less than three hundred thousand dollars. Her first charter was for forty-two thousand dollars a month, and freights have gone up considerably since that time; so it is safe to assume that she paid for herself, with something extra. She was sold recently at a price in the neighborhood of a million dollars, and was cheap at that.

Still another deal put through by these same people was the purchase of the steamer Mazatlan. This, however, was disastrous. The Mazatlan had previously been the property of a Capt. Fred Jebsen, a German subject and an officer in the German Naval Reserve. When the war broke out Jebsen put her under the Mexican flag, and she took a cargo of coal from San Francisco for discharge at a

West Coast port, ostensibly. Later the vessel entered a Mexican port and was commandeered by Don Venustiano Carranza to transport troops up and down the Mexican west coast, in command of a Mexican skipper whose record for efficiency must have set Jebsen's reason tottering on its throne. It was a safe bet he'd wreck her; so Jebsen sold her to the S. & C. Line for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; and presently Don Venustiano was induced to give her up.

Forthwith she was put under provisional American register, rechristened Edna, and chartered for a year, at twenty thousand dollars a month, in the nitrate trade. But the record of her German parentage was in British hands; and on her very first voyage, just about the time an eager Norwegian was outraged because the S. & C. people wouldn't sell her to him for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a British cruiser overhauled the Edna in the Strait of Magellan. Farewell, oh, my countrymen! Some day, with the help of the good Lord and our unsympathetic State Department, they may get her back; but never, never again will she be chartered for twenty thousand dollars a month; never, never again will any Norwegian offer two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her. However, these be the hazards of the sea.

The Camino was a steel freighter, built in Southern California about three years ago, and many things happened to her on her first voyage and continued to happen thereafter. At any rate, she was unpopular in San Francisco shipping circles.

Hark, now, to the tale of the Camino. The Barber Steamship Company, of New York, bought her for five hundred thousand dollars, which is probably a trifle more than she cost to build and repair from time to time. Before she could break a crank shaft the Barber people sold her for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and in March last a broker I know in New York offered a million dollars for her. Her owner failed to enthuse, even when the broker intimated that one million one hundred thousand dollars was not beyond the reach of his principals, and stood pat for one million two hundred thousand dollars, which he didn't get. I congratulated my friend; but he only sighed and said: "I wouldn't have held on to her. I had her sold at a profit—if I could only have bought her."

Paper Losses That Break Hearts

ANOTHER steamship company that has been skimming the cream from our oversea commerce recently is the Kerr Steamship Company, of New York. It is reported that this company started right after war was declared, their principal assets, according to street gossip, consisting of steamship knowledge and courage, while their financial backing came from a New York bank. The first purchase was of the steamer Portland, eighteen hundred and fifty-five tons net register, built in 1900, at a cost of approximately one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The Kerr people paid four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for her; and after making a couple of trips to France she was sold at a large profit. However, on her way home to be delivered to her new owners she foundered off Bermuda; so the sale was off. But she had been insured at her sale value; so the old Portland owed her daring owners nothing when she disappeared. Indeed, she gave them the start from which they are reported to have made several million dollars.

The steamer Vigilancia, which was torpedoed in March, is another instance of a quick and profitable turn. Her original owners sold her for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to a man who sold her later for five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is probable that at the time she was destroyed she carried war-risk insurance greatly in excess of the latter figure.

When the steamer Columbian was torpedoed last fall her owners were not so fortunate. A New York broker had arranged a sale of the vessel at five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—she cost about one hundred and seventy thousand dollars—but six other brokers had a finger in the pie and an interest in the commissions. They couldn't agree; so the sale fell through, once more lending some color to the old adage that too many cooks spoil the broth.

Shortly after the beginning of the active demand for tonnage, and prior to the advent of the Norwegians, the real plungers who sent prices skyrocketing, many shipping companies with little old vessels on their hands—vessels they never expected to get rid of—saw an opportunity to unload at unbelievable prices. So they unloaded. But the prices for tonnage continued to soar until almost anything that would float had what might be termed a hockable value; and now these owners, who sold their thirty and forty year old windjammers and antiquated little steam schooners and small tramps for twice what the vessels were worth, go into executive session with themselves quite regularly in order to kick themselves and cuss more or less—generally more.

I know a man in San Francisco who would like to hire Mr. Jess Willard to kick him round the block. He was offered the little old tramp steamer Robert Dollar for five hundred thousand dollars. She had cost possibly two hundred thousand dollars; but that was a long time ago. She owed her owners nothing and was well-found, staunch and ready for sea. The prospective purchaser knew this, because a neighbor owned the boat; and, of course, it just isn't possible to let one's neighbor get away with anything like that. So the would-be purchaser went sparring for a lower price; and while he was dickering the hardy Norwegian dropped into town and bought the vessel for—one million three hundred thousand dollars. It is such a thing as this that breaks a strong man's heart.

Perhaps the most interesting deal of the many unbelievable deals that have been consummated, however, is the charter of the Norwegian steamer Thode Fagerlund by Messrs. W. R. Grace & Company, one of the largest shipping, import and export firms in the country, with its main office in New York, where the president, Mr. Joseph Grace, commands, and its next largest office in San Francisco, where Mr. J. H. Rossiter, the vice president, is in charge. Each office of this tremendous organization operates independently of the home office and does business with the home office as closely and cold-bloodedly as it would with a stranger, since each office is responsible for its own loss-and-gain account.

Out in San Francisco the vice president chartered the Thode Fagerlund at a certain number of shillings a ton a day. He didn't need her so very badly, but he knew the New York office could use her; so he rechartered to the president at an advance of one shilling a ton a day. Then he discovered he had made a mistake; so, in order to induce the president to give her up, he chartered her back at an advance of another shilling a ton a day. Alas! It wasn't very long before the president wanted her again; and for and in consideration of the sum of another shilling a ton a day the vice president consented to let her go, only to have to buy her back again before long at an advance of another shilling a ton a day.

As the tale goes, they whipsawed each other back and forth six times with the Thode Fagerlund, until she began to get on their nerves and they gave an outsider a chance—tilting the ante another shilling a ton a day, of course. It would not be at all surprising if the final victim was the Norwegian who owned her!

When it comes to bidding for a ship nowadays the Norwegian is the true-blue maritime sport. He will buy anything and outbid anybody; for, since the boom has been on, there has been tremendous investment in shipping shares by the Norwegian public. Bootblacks, porters, laborers and clerks have gladly invested their savings in ships. Indeed, the passion for such investment has amounted almost to a frenzy. It even frightened the Norwegian bankers; and recently the Norwegian Government took steps to suppress buying at wildly inflated prices by minimizing the amount of war-risk insurance that might be placed on a Norwegian ship. She is appraised generously, but not prodigally; and insurance is granted accordingly.

Scandinavian Shipping Interests

IT IS alleged by persons whose statements must be given credence that, despite this wild and indiscriminate buying, and the fact that Norwegian shipping has suffered heavily from the attacks of German submarines, investments in these shipping shares have all proved profitable. Certainly Scandinavian lines are extending the ramifications of their business, and companies that were represented by agents heretofore are now opening their branch offices in cities on both coasts of North America and South America.

The Canada-France Steamship Company is another shipping concern that has entered the field since the war began. It is stated that the persons back of this company were not extraordinarily well-equipped financially at the outbreak of the war, but—they had daring and imagination. Their first deal was the securing of a contract to furnish horses to the French Government; and in order to deliver their horses they chartered a boat that cost them a dollar-a-minute rental. They are still shipping horses when they can get them; but the boat now costs them approximately two dollars and thirty-five cents a minute. Quite recently this company purchased four big sailing schooners—the Jane Palmer, the Singleton Palmer, the Dorothy Palmer and the Harwood Palmer—wooden vessels built down East some fifteen or twenty years ago at an approximate cost of a hundred thousand dollars each.

The Canada-France Steamship Company is reported to have paid about two hundred and forty thousand dollars each for them, for carrying steel to France. These Palmer boats will carry between forty-five hundred and five thousand tons of cargo each; and it is probable that, even if they succeed in escaping the U-boats, the limit of their life in this trade will not be more than five trips, for they were not built to carry steel. However, five trips will be more than sufficient to make their purchase, even at the price paid, a very profitable investment.

Before the war this fleet carried coal at forty cents a ton from Hampton Roads to Boston, and Portland, Maine. On the same run they would now get four dollars a ton for coal; so if Boston and Portland folk have been cold this

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A Friendly Game—By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

We Set Round a While, Expressin' Admiration o' Poor Butterfly and My Honolulu Hop-Eater, Till Hatch Can't Stand it No Longer

IF MEN seen their wives play poker previous to the nuptial bonds they'd be a large fallin' off in marryin' and givin' in marriage. Speakin' for myself personally, the Missus would still be livin' in her parental mansion o' concrete buildin' blocks at Wabash if I'd knew in advance that her and George W. Hoyle was such perfect strangers. And I and all my male friends would be callin' each other up, from noon on, to decide on the most advantageous location to start gettin' paralyzed that night.

The best female poker player I know is Mrs. Hatch. She don't never come into a pot and she never antes without a court order. Say she buys two dollars' worth o' dime chips at the beginnin' o' the evenin'. Our game generally 'most always runs about four hours. So when it comes time for the lettuce sandwiches she's still got $1.60 in front of her yet and ain't mad at nobody.

So Hatch has got it all over the rest of his gentlemen friends. He can generally keep his mind on the game, instead o' puzzlin' all evenin' about the most cuttin' thing he can say to his wife on the way home.

I've often said to the Missus: "If you can't set over on one corner o' the lounge and do your mendin', if you think you must take a hand, why don't you play like Mrs. Hatch?"

"Play!" she says. "She don't play! She just sets there like a dummy."

"Well," I says, "I'd rather have a dummy wife that costs me forty cents an evenin' than a female philanthropist that thinks every night is Christmas and the rest o' the people round the table is the slums."

"But she don't have no fun," the Missus says.

"Who expects to have fun for forty cents?" I ask her.

"But she can't never win," says the Missus.

"That's right!" I says. "I forgot that part of it. It's the feminine plungers that grabs all the coin. What do you say if I and you take all your winnin's o' the last two years and go downtown some evenin' and buy a fountain-pen filler?"

They's six of us that usually gets together two or three nights a week at our house or the Hatches' or Tuttles'. Nothin's ever said about card playin' when the invitation's issued. For instance, Mrs. Tuttle calls up Mrs. Hatch and my wife along in the afternoon and asks 'em to come over that evenin' and bring their keepers and listen to the new records Joe brought home yesterday. So we go and set round a while, expressin' admiration o' Poor Butterfly and Wackie Hickie and My Honolulu Hop-Eater, till Hatch can't stand it no longer.

"How about a little friendly game?" he says.

"Maybe the rest don't feel like playin'," says Mrs. Hatch.

Then I say:

"What's the use o' concealin' the hellish purpose for which this party was got up?"

So then we all beat it to the dinin' room, where they keep the other table, and Mrs. Tuttle brings along a ten-cent deck o' the papes, and a box o' checks, half o' which is missin' on account o' little Joe and Millicent havin' either bit 'em' in two or rolled 'em under the piano.

Then the argument comes up about how much the checks'll be worth.

"Let's have 'em a nickel apiece," says Mrs. Hatch, figurin' that that way she'll only lose twenty cents instead o' forty.

"Oh, that's a pikers' game," her husband'll say. "Ten-cent chips and twenty-cent limit's the right dope."

Then Joe Tuttle passes out stacks o' twenty chips each and the husbands settle.

Next, it's whether we'll play straight poker, with a buck, or straight jacks. That's Mrs. Tuttle's cue to horn in.

"Let's do like we usually do," she says: "Straight poker except when the dealer's got the buck; then a jack pot."

"With deuces wild in the jack pots," says my Missus.

Now I've learned by experience that it's just wastin' my breath; but I can't never resist makin' a speech at this point.

"If poker's a rotten game," I tell 'em, "why don't we play somethin' else? The guy that built the first deck o' cards meant for deuces to be the dregs o' the game. The guy that invented poker kept deuces in their proper place, somethin' to be laughed at. I claim poker's the best game o' cards, without no garnisheements. You don't see the American League passin' a rule to make the infielders play blindfolded so's to improve baseball. The billiard experts never think o' stickin' three more object balls on the table so's it'll be easier to score. The colleges ain't never considered supplyin' the halfbacks with motorcycles to increase their speed. When you put wild cards in a poker game you blow the brains out of it. It's an insult to the man that got it up. You might as well add the story o' the two Irishmen to the Declaration of Independence, to make it funny."

And then we start playin', with deuces wild in the jack pots.

Once every six or seven weeks I win enough to pay for what the Missus loses. Hatch breaks even once out o' ten times. The other nine times he quits ahead. Mrs. Hatch, as I told you, loses just the amount we've forced her to ante. Joe Tuttle's in about the same boat as me. When his wife's got an off night, and don't lose over two or three bucks, he has a chance to beat the game.

After we've played about a half hour, the two women makes up their mind that they ain't losin' fast enough the way things is; so it's moved and supported and carried that, from then on, everything's a jack pot with deuces loose. That's when Hatch begins his real clean-up, and I and Tuttle start plottin' wifeicide, or whatever you call it.

If the host and hostess happens to be pretty far behind at midnight, we keep goin' till two o'clock or worse. But if they're winners, or anywheres near even, the sandwiches and coffee's served round twelve bells. After that, the two couples that don't live where the pastime was at goes home separate, so's each couple can quarrel without the other overhearin' it. The scrappin' lasts till the party o' the second part opens up the tear ducks. Then you have to pretend like you didn't mean none of it.

II

BUT I was goin' to tell you about Harry Quinn. He's a boy about twenty-three or twenty-four years old and he's been down to the office about a year and a half. He come there as a bookkeeper at twelve a week, but they just couldn't keep him down; and six months ago they made him fourth assistant head shippin' clerk at a salary o' sixteen.

To show you what kind o' taste he's got, he took a likin' to me; and every time he come past my desk he'd have to stop and chin a while. At first I didn't mind, because it was fun to kid him. He never knew nothin' about nothin' and you could tell him almost anything and get by with it. Finally I run out o' junk to feed him and when I'd see him comin' I'd pretend I was too busy to talk.

But one day, along last February, I looked up and seen him standin' beside me, simply bubblin' over with some big news.

"Well, Harry," I says, "spill it."

"You're married, ain't you?" he ast me.

I told him I was.

"Do you mind tellin' me," he says, "how much it costs to live when you got a wife?"

"Practically nothin'," I says. "Everything's so reasonable these days."

"Why," he says, "I been readin' a lot about high prices, and so on."

"That's a lot o' bunk," I told him. "Beefsteak's only forty cents a pound; and if you're well acquainted round the neighborhood you can get a potato for half a buck. And you get a rate of about $6 apiece on shoes if you buy two at once."

"Could a man and wife live on sixteen a week?" he says.

"Live!" says I. "You could wallow in luxury."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," he says. "Marion's father and mother was afraid that maybe I wasn't gettin' enough to support her."

"Who's Marion?" I ast him.

"The sweetest girl in the world!" he says.

"But you don't have to support her just on that account," says I.

"I'm goin' to marry her," he says.

"What ails her?" I says.

"What do you mean—what ails her?" he ast.

"Has she got a stigmatism or somethin'?" says I.

"No," he says, "she comes from some o' the best people. I never heard a word against any o' them."

"When was you figurin' on gettin' married to Marion?" I says.

"In April," he says.

"Well," says I, "maybe you'll be drawin' sixteen-fifty by that time, and then you'll be on Easy Street."

The next day he called again.

"Her mother and father's fixed," he says. "I told 'em what you said."

"About the stigmatism?" says I.

"O' course not," he says. "I told 'em about the cost o' livin' bein' all bunk."

"Oh, you needn't of told 'em that," I says. "They probably knew it already. What did they say?"

"They says they seen it wasn't no use to try and stop us," says the kid; "but they insisted on us boardin' with 'em for a while after we're married."

"Are you goin' to do it?" I ast him.

"Sure," he says. "We'll board with 'em as long as they'll keep us. Then Marion won't be afraid while I'm here workin'."

"Afraid o' what?" I says.

"Gettin' robbed," says he.

"Well," I says, "if I was Marion and married to you, that's one thing I certainly would be scared to death of. Because, o' course, you'll keep all your savin's in the kitchen cabinet."

"I don't expect we'll have much savin's at first," he says.

"How much are they goin' to soak you for board?" I ast him.

"Four dollars a week," he says. "That includes three meals a day for Marion and two for me, and, o' course, our lodgin'."

"Either they are some o' the best people," says I, "or else they're off their nut, or else they's somethin' about you that you leave home when you come to the office."

He kept up his daily visits to me right along to the week o' the ceremony. Four days before it was scheduled he ast me where I and my Missus had spent our honeymoon.

"Oh," I says, "we spread ourself a little. We took in Niagara and Yellowstone and the Grand Cañon and the Canal, and wound up at Honolulu."

"Goodness!" he says. "I couldn't never afford that."

"I couldn't of, neither," says I, "only for my father-in-law stakin' us. He was a wealthy plumber in Wabash. But haven't you thought about your honeymoon yet?"

"No," he says; "I been too busy to think."

"Busy with what?" I ast him.

"Bein' in love," he says, blushin' prettily. "But do you know of any inexpensive trip we might take?"

"Sure!" I says. "The Theodore Roosevelt applies between here and Michigan City. You can go and come back the same day without entirely exhaustin' a five-case note."

"Oh, I want to go a little stronger'n that," says he.

"Well," I says, "why not hire a barge and drift down the drainage canal? Or rent a motorcycle with a tub on the side and bounce to Alton or East St. Louis?"

"I'm afraid o' boats and I can't ride a motorcycle," says Quinn. "We was thinkin' some o' runnin' over to Detroit and takin' in some o' the big factories."

"I've heard 'em sing about honeymoons amongst the flowers," says I, "and I suppose plants is just as good."

"I and Marion's both interested in machinery," he says.

"Listen, then," says I: "I got a friend that's engineer on the Michigan Central and maybe he'll let you ride the engine clear to Detroit."

"That wouldn't hardly do," the kid says. "The dirt and grease and stuff'd spoil Marion's new clothes."

"Oh, that's different, if she's goin' to have some new clothes," I says.

"That reminds me," says Quinn: "What is a man supposed to wear to get married?"

"It varies," says I. "You wear somethin' that's appropriate to your father-in-law's occupation. For instance, I was married in overalls and a jumper."

"But Marion's father's retired," says the kid.

"Take your choice, then," says I, "between pyjamas and a nightgown."

III

I WAS hopin' that, in honor of his weddin', Harry'd take at least a month off. But no; he was back amongst us in five days.

"Hello, there!" I says, shakin' hands with him. "You didn't take much of a trip."

"The little girl got homesick," says he.

"What little girl?" I says.

"My wife," he says.

"Where was you?" I ast him.

"All over," he says. "We went to Rockford first, and then Lake Geneva, and then Milwaukee and Kenosha.

"Which place made her homesick?" I ast.

"Oh, it wasn't no particular place," he says. "I guess it was when we was comin' from Milwaukee to Kenosha; and she says, 'Dearie, I wonder how father and mother's gettin' along.' 'Why, dearie?' I ast her. 'Well, dearie,' she says, 'you know this is the first time I ever been away from them for more'n two days, and they must be missin' me.' 'Tell me the truth, dearie,' I says to her. 'Let's not have no secrets from each other: Are you homesick yourself?' So then she 'fessed up and says, 'Well, dearie, I am, a little.' So I says we would go straight home from Kenosha, but we better stop there, because I'd made reservations at the hotel; and besides, they got a big automobile works. She was tickled to death, and says, 'Dearie, are you always goin' to do what I want?' So I told her she could just bet I was as long as I lived."

"Do you ever call each other pet names?" I ast him.

"Sure, all the while," he says. "I don't think we've used our regular first names back and forth since we got engaged."

"How many factories did you visit, all told?" I says.

"Oh, I couldn't keep track o' them all," he says. "Besides, I don't think neither one of us really paid any attention to them. We was thinkin' of each other all the time."

"Yes," I says, "and probably figurin' on some new pet name to spring. What was you doin' when you wasn't inspectin' machinery?"

"Just walkin' round, drinkin' in the fresh air," says Quinn.

"Did you drink in the breweries at Milwaukee?" says I.

"Drink!" he says. "We didn't need no liquor; we got intoxicated just lookin' into one another's eyes."

"I've looked in your eyes a lot o' times," I says, "without even feelin' like I wanted to sing tenor."

"You ought to see her eyes!" Quinn says. "They'd intoxicate you, all right."

"She must have regular bourbon eyeballs," says I. "If I ever do want a cheap jag I'll come out and call."

"We'd be tickled to death to have you," he says. "Only, o' course, not for a while. We want to be left entirely to ourselves for a few weeks."

"I suppose that's why you come home from Kenosha," says I. "The townspeople there must of just bothered the life out of you."

"Old man," he says, "I do want you to see her. I got the sweetest wife in the world!"

"What's your idear in tryin' to get me dissatisfied?" I ast him.

"I don't mean it that way," says Quinn. "O' course I suppose everybody likes their own wife best."

"You're a fine supposer," I says. "If what you suppose was true, a whole lot o' private detectives would starve to death."

"Anyway," he says, "I'll never look at another woman."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," says I. "Just because you've made one girl happy is no reason all the rest o' them should be miserable."

The next mornin' he was layin' for me when I blew in.

"Old pal," says he, "I wisht I had a job that would keep me home."

"That makes it unanimous," I says.

"It certainly is tough, havin' to be away from her ten or eleven hours a day," he says. "She's the best little wife a man ever had!"

"If I was you," says I, "I'd kind o' keep that quiet. You might get overheard by some unscrup'lous homewrecker, and, first thing you know, he'd steal her."

"He'd have to kill me first!" says Quinn.

"They'd never hang him for that," says I.

"Besides," he says, "they couldn't nobody take her away from me. She's as true as steel! She's the best little wife a man ever had."

Now I figured, o' course, that this sort o' thing would wear off. I'd had other acquaintances with the same symptoms, but they'd been cured by time, along with plenty of exercise and cuttin' fats and starches out o' their diet. In about a month, I thought, he'd be back to normal.

But no. May come and went and we was halfway through June, and no change for the better. For over seventy days, altogether, on an average o' five times a day, I received the straight inside information that Mrs. Quinn was the best little wife a man ever had. It looked like he'd never get over thinkin' it was news.

I'm not a nervous guy, as a rule. I take life easier than pretty near anybody I know. But I leave it to you if the calmest fella in the world wouldn't be affected by a thing like that if it went on long enough.

It got so's my hands begin to shake and my teeth begin to grind when I seen him comin'. And I'd wake up five and six times a night and start bitin' the sheets. And a couple o' times, in my sleep, I hollered out: "She's the best little wife a man ever had!" My own Missus, all smiles, would tell me about it in the mornin'.

When I caught myself orderin' a Swiss ess for lunch one noon, I figured it was time to take immediate steps. First, I thought o' pickin' a quarrel with him and tellin' him to keep away from me. But it'd of been just like slappin' a baby. Then I thought o' quittin' my job and lookin' for another. But I'm in pretty soft where I'm at and I'll be in better when a couple o' the fossils dies off. O' course I could of framed it so's he'd get fired; but I'm too good-hearted to pull anything like that.

I knew it wasn't only a question o' time when she'd say somethin' or do somethin' that'd result in him bein' able to look in her eyes without gettin' stewed. When that come off, he might still think she was maybe the best little wife, but they'd be enough doubt about it so's he'd keep it to himself. Considerin', though, the thickness o' the shell of his bean, this probably wouldn't happen for a year or more; and by that time I'd be fightin' with the guards and claimin' I was the Kaiser's sister.

I says to myself:

"If he only played poker! If I could only get him and her mixed up together in a game o' deuces wild!"

But connectin' him with any game o' cards, even flinch or authors, seemed so ridiculous that I'd of dropped the idear entirely if he hadn't give me the openin' himself.

The mornin' after I'd ordered the liquid lunch he says:

"I wonder if you could spare me eats money to-day?"

"I suppose so," I says. "But where did you squander your week's salary?"

"Oh," he says, "we always put most of it in the savin's bank, keepin' just enough for my lunches and carfare and incidentals. But I was out o' luck last night and the father-in-law trimmed me of a dollar and a half."

"Doin' what?" I ast.

"Playin' rhummy," says he.

"I didn't know you played cards," says I.

"We play every night," he says.

"Always rhummy?" I ast him.

"Oh, no," he says. "All the different kinds."

"How about poker?" says I.

"No; not poker," he says. "They's only four of us and that don't hardly make a good game. But I like it better'n any o' them. Before I met Marion, I and some o' the boys where I boarded had a little session o' penny ante every other evenin'. Just a little friendly game, with deuces wild."

"Does your wife play?" I ast.

"She knows how," he says, "because I've showed her the value o' the cards. She picks everything up quick."

"Well," I says, "if you two could make up your mind to leave home some night, we'd simply love to have you come out and get in our game."

"Maybe your game's too big, says he.

"I Don't Think Neither One of Us Really Paid Any Attention to the Factories. We Was Thinkin' of Each Other All the Time"

"No, indeed," I told him. "Just dime chips, with a twenty-cent limit."

"That ain't bad," he says.

"I wisht you would come out," says I. "I know from what you tell me about your wife that my Missus would be crazy over her. And besides, it's a good thing for a young couple to get away from the house once in a while. And we don't only live twenty minutes' ride from your place."

"By George!" he says. "I'll ask Marion. For one thing, I want to show her to you."

"I'm wild to see her," says I. "To-morrow night?"

"I'll call her up and then let you know," says he.

And in fifteen minutes it was fixed.

IV

WELL, I didn't give the plot away to the Missus. I just told her I wanted her to know a young friend o' mine from the office, and that he was just married, and they didn't know many people or go round much, so I thought it'd be nice to show 'em a good time. And, o' course, we'd have a little friendly game, because Quinn was crazy about poker.

We decided to ask the Hatches and Tuttles, and the Missus was goin' to look on from the side lines, because eight's too many. But, as luck would have it, the night we picked was the one when Mrs. Tuttle's maid went out, and she had to stay home and take care o' little Joe and Millicent. Big Joe, though, said he'd come alone.

Him and the Hatches was already there when Quinn and the best little wife a man ever had blew in. Now I always give people whatever they got comin'. Mrs. Quinn's a mighty pretty girl. If I'd met her when we was both young and single, I might of fell in love with her myself, provided I hadn't heard her talk. In the first place, she's got a voice just like one o' them air whistles that the flagman keeps pullin' when they're backin' the Limited in. In the second place, all her conversation's so sweet that when she winds up a sentence you feel like you got to eat a pickle. And besides that, she's in the last and worst stage o' giggleitis.

She tee-heed when she was introduced to Tuttle and the Hatches; and while, o' course, they's plenty o' provocation for that, still, it'd be manners to try and keep a straight face. She laughed some more when she set down, and she pretty near had hysterics when Tuttle ast her if she'd lived here long. If she was a theater audience, you could put Frances Starr in this here play, Justice, and call it a minstrel show.

Well, the usual stallin' was done, and then the Missus says:

"Maybe you folks'd like to play cards."

"O' course not," I says. "We want to blow soap bubbles."

"They's seven of us here," says Hatch. "Poker's about the only game seven can play."

"Oh, I adore poker!" says the bride, gigglin'. "Old sweetheart was learnin' me the fine points of it last night."

"Who's old sweetheart?" I ast her.

"My own husband," she says. "He told me we might play poker here to-night and he thought I better brush up my game."

"We don't play much of a game," says the Missus. "Just ten-cent chips and a twenty-cent limit, and deuces wild in the jack pots."

I didn't make my speech on this occasion, because I've noticed that the wilder the deuces is, the wilder the women plays. So I says:

"To make it livelier, why not play nothin' but jack pots and let the deuces run amuck all evenin'?"

The Missus looked at me like she thought I'd gone crazy.

"I thought that's just what you didn't like," she says.

"I'm willin' to sacrifice my own preferences," says I. "I know the majority is against me."

"I haven't been in a real game for a long time, myself," says Quinn, "and probably I won't play very good. And we can't afford to lose a whole lot.

(Continued on Page 53)

Tuttle Got His Hat On and Started Home, and Had to Be Coaxed Back

Wherewith Shall We Be Fed?

By Herbert Quick

A JOURNAL devoted to the grocery trade says of the American farmer, "He is the food dictator of America to-day." When Moses was ready to die he blessed the Children of Israel by tribes; and his first benediction was in these words: "Let Reuben live, and not die; and let not his men be few." And this shall be my text this morning, in a preachment on the farmer as related to the mobilization of our food supply in war.

Has a greater revolution in thought ever been seen than that indicated by our present attitude toward food? The food question is uppermost in the minds of millions of us who have never given it much consideration before. The traditional attitude of the American has always been one of lordly indifference toward the food supply—its sources, or its wastes and abuses.

And now, as the spring of 1917 marches majestically upward from the Gulf, broadening gloriously into summer, our minds dwell anxiously on provisions and provender.

The wheat is casting its green benediction over millions of broad acres. The vegetables are either sprouting or ready to be planted. An undulant fighting line of blades and shoots and bursting shells sweeps toward the Canadian frontier at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, of which the vedettes are winter wheat and rye, the sappers and miners the truck rows of lettuce beds, onion patches and potato fields; with squads of celery, beans, asparagus, radishes, cabbages, turnips and beets interspersed among brigades and divisions of corn, barley, spring wheat and oats, and supports of meadow and pasture; while the rear will be brought up by the late potatoes, turnips and buckwheat and all the things which autumn pours from out her lavish horn. And we are all thinking about these things in terms of grub.

An observer in China once noted the significant and rather appalling fact that the conversation of the Chinese coolie or peasant may be roughly divided into two parts: one, the main theme, comprising eighty per cent of the talk, relates to food; the odd twenty per cent to domestic relations, the soul and other minor matters. As we read what the American press is now carrying about food, and listen to the discussions of it in public and private, one wonders if we are not approaching the Chinese standard of conversation. In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast; in the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest; in the spring the index number—Bradstreet's—darkens every mood; in the spring our martial fancy gravely turns to thoughts of food. This spring anyhow.

Well may it so turn! We have been irresistibly, inevitably, reluctantly swept into the world's war. Nothing will again be as it was in any case; but if we and our allies are defeated, things will always be disastrously worse for us than they ever were before. Into what new state we shall emerge when the struggle is over no one may say; but this is clear: We shall be in deadly and continuing peril if we lose. Whether we shall be as well off if we win as we should have been if the great war, now three years old, had not been, is most dubious; but we shall certainly be fatefully the worse off if we lose.

We must not lose. Our side must not lose. Our enemy must be defeated. Every ship, and if necessary in the final stage every man, must be ventured rather than face the future terrors of a France subjugated, a Russia Germanized, a British Empire crumbled into ineffective and German-claimed provinces, and ourselves brought face to face with the grimmest foe the world has produced, flushed with victory and with whetted appetite for the spoils of the nations. And the winning of the war is at bottom a matter of food.

Armies walk on their stomachs as of old; but now the whole population of a nation at war is an army. Our allies are gastropods; and we must fill the stomachs on which they walk. Two months ago we might have talked of saving ourselves through embargoes or other measures which would have kept us well-fed, even though our brethren across the sea might have been starved and vanquished; but that day is past and, I believe, well past. If France, Italy and Great Britain are not fed, they will be defeated in ninety days and we shall be defeated with them. We must send them the food they need, even if we have to go on short rations ourselves.

No longer, if it ever was, is this a matter of generosity or profit or policy; it is stark, bald necessity. Not to do it last year might have been good or bad policy or good or bad business; but not to do it this year, and next year, and the year after, and for ten years if necessary, will be perfidy. It will also be insanity and idiocy. We must feed our soldiers; and the men in the trenches, from the Swiss frontier to the North Sea, in the Trentino, at Saloniki, on the Suez front, in Mesopotamia, along that long, undulating, snaky line from Bessarabia to Riga, and the workers in fields and factories all over our side of the divided and battling world—all these are our soldiers just as much as if they wore our uniforms and fought under our flag. We must feed them as fully as we can. We must also feed ourselves.

This grim situation is dawning upon us with the broadening of the spring. Can we do it? How much of it can we do? Will it make us short of food? What can the farms and fields and vacant lands of America be made to do to carry this new load? What can be done by the cities and towns to aid in developing new agricultural possibilities and to make the most of the old ones? What can be done by our governments—national, state, county and municipal—to help accomplish all these objects? And how

well are we now supplied with food? Let us first consider this last query.

A little girl in a frontier schoolhouse was once asked to define Providence.

"Providence," said she, "is Someone up above that hears when ma scrapes the bottom of the flour barrel."

The flour barrel is the symbol of bread with us, for we belong to a race which makes its bread of wheat. This bread habit is not absolutely necessary; for Indian corn, of which we grow three times as much annually as of wheat, is a good ration. "Man doth not live by bread only," said Moses; and if he meant wheat bread this proves again what a wonderful hygienist Moses was. For if man tried for a single generation to live on a chemically balanced ration of wheat products the race would be extinct or well toward extinction; while on a sole diet properly balanced of corn and corn products we should be yet on earth. Still it is the scraping of the flour barrel and not the empty flopping of the meal bag that we expect Providence to hear.

What the Figures Show

HOW near are we now to the bottom of the national flour barrel? Too close for comfort. Closer than we have been for years. Closer than we have ever been, in fact. While we grew two billion six hundred million bushels of corn last year, we turned out only six hundred and forty million bushels of wheat. This was a short crop. The average for five years before was twenty per cent more, and the crop for 1915 was above a billion bushels. The crop of 1916, therefore, plus the carry-over from the big crop of 1915, gave us eight hundred and four million bushels with which to supply ourselves, seed the fields for 1917 and send food abroad.

From an average crop of, say, seven hundred and thirty million bushels we have annually been shipping out of the country in normal times about one hundred million bushels; and we have to save another hundred million bushels for seed. We shall need more seed wheat than ever this year, if the spring-wheat states follow advice and extend acreage. Last year we shipped abroad two hundred and forty million bushels. If we have to do as much this year we shall have for possible home consumption only five hundred and sixty-four million bushels. Take out of this a hundred million bushels for seed, and we have left but four hundred and sixty-four million bushels. The first class in arithmetic will by this time have on their slates the following sum all nicely worked out:

WHAT'S IN THE NATIONAL FLOUR BARREL?

Wheat crop of 1916 (bushels)		640,000,000
Carry-over from 1915 (bushels)		164,000,000
In the flour barrel for the season (bushels)		804,000,000
Less shipments abroad (bushels)	240,000,000	
Less seed, at least (bushels)	100,000,000	340,000,000
Answer: On hand March 1st, 1917		464,000,000

Now we need five hundred million bushels of wheat per year for our bread. Getting five hundred out of four sixty-four is a problem too stiff for the first class in arithmetic. The amount of wheat in the hands of farmers on March 1st was the lowest for many years, being one hundred millions as against two hundred and forty millions a year ago. Country elevators and mills as well as the big terminal operators are down to an unprecedentedly low supply. If we send abroad only what we should have sent if we had not become engaged in the war, visible and invisible stocks will have been reduced to a dangerously low minimum. The question as to whether or not we have enough on hand for our bread until the harvest is in is an open one; but we probably have.

The Farmers Know Better, on the Whole, Than Anyone Else What to Sow and When and Where

Secretary Houston says of next year's situation: "Should our exports to our Allies rise to the not improbable figure of four hundred million bushels, and should our crop this year equal that of last year (plus the carry-over), which may be put roughly at eight hundred million bushels, it is clear that we should have only four hundred million bushels left, or a hundred million bushels less for all our purposes than we now have for flour alone." Take out the seed wheat, and we should have only three loaves of bread to supply our usual demand for five. Give us no better crop than we had in 1916, and we should be reduced to a little over two hundred million bushels for bread. "Let Reuben live, and not die; and let not his men be few." Especially let not his men be few, for on his labor supply depends the harvests. And watch the sky and the weather, remembering that Reuben cannot control them, but must take the cloud with the sunshine. We are not going to have famine in this country; but whether or not we have a scarcity of our greatest food staple depends on the season. We must divide our crop with our Allies, no matter what it is. If the German submarines continue their work we shall be obliged to ship enough to make up for the sunken cargoes.

Secretary Houston, of the Department of Agriculture, in the statement last quoted, said, after summing up the situation: "In view of this it is well within the possibilities that instead of having a barrel of flour apiece for consumption this year the United States, which prides itself on being the richest agricultural nation in the world, may have to go on short bread rations—on a war-bread basis." This utterance is all the more significant because it followed on the heels of another, made March third, which began by saying: "There is nothing in the food situation of the country which justifies hysterical thinking or action." Surely not; but prospects of a war-bread basis this year or next do justify serious organization and collective planning. Secretary Houston would be the last to deny that, because his Department is doing its share of both.

Food Scarce and High

BREAD is not the whole thing, and wheat is not all there is to the bread situation. Let us not get ourselves into a panic on account of what seems to me the certain and inevitable shortage in wheat. Let us eat something else; and by all means let us economize. We waste seven hundred million dollars' worth of food every year—and that is more than the value of the entire wheat crop of 1914. It will be worth something to know, if we are forced to learn, how to save some of this. Our farmers waste a hundred million dollars' worth of roughage and forage crops a year. That, if saved, would help out the supply of meats and dairy products.

Wheat bread is going to be scarce and, if the matter is not in some way controlled, very high. This will amount to little to the rich and well-to-do; but to the wage-earners, even though they may be getting what to many seems high wages, it means a good deal; and to the really poor it means hunger, unless something cheaper than wheat can be found to take its place. This something would ordinarily be potatoes; but last year's potato crop was short. In the seven greatest potato-producing nations of the world last year only thirty-four bushels were grown for every sixty bushels of an average year. The result is that potatoes for seed are now quoted at from $2.50 to $4 a bushel, and potatoes for food are so dear as to be almost a luxury. The visible supply of corn is only about two-thirds of what it was a year ago, judging from the amount on farms. On the same basis there is a shortage of twenty per cent in oats and of almost fifty per cent in barley. With corn, oats, rye and barley selling respectively at $1.20, 65c, $1.70 and $1.25, it is not to be wondered at that hogs sold yesterday in Chicago—thirty-three thousand of them—for fifteen cents a pound on the hoof, and beef cattle at from nine to thirteen cents.

Secretary Houston said on March third: "The prices of foodstuffs are high. A full and satisfactory explanation of prevailing prices is not possible on the basis of existing knowledge." Very true; but when meat animals and grains on the farms bring such prices, foodstuffs must be high in price, no matter how well organized our marketing and transportation affairs. Not so high as they are, but high. For such prices mean that the rich United States has come to a food scarcity!

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The Farmer Can Produce, but He Must Ship and Sell Along the Lines Provided for Him

ANIMAL STUFF—By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Almost Immediately Socrates Realised That He Was Not Going to Care a Great Deal for This Striped and Superior Stranger

DAVID MACWADE, thrill specialist of the Mammoth Film Corporation and shock distributor to the world at large, emerged from the executive office of that great celluloid cannery and scowled darkly into the shining face of a perfect day. David was short and plump, and a scowl seemed strangely out of place on his round, cherubic countenance.

MacWade was the man whose business it was to make motion-picture audiences sit up and take notice. Other directors might entertain mildly with dress-coat comedy drama, or annoy acutely by whanging away upon the eternal triangle, but the management looked to David to furnish the sort of stuff that makes the blasé picture-goer squirm out on the edge of his five-cent seat and breathe hard through his nose. The MacWade trade-mark, registered the round world over, was battle, murder and sudden death, interlarded with hairbreadth escapes for Virtue, as personified by youthful lovers. This smooth-faced little cherub had staged more violence than most of our Civil War generals, but none of the film tragedy got under his skin, and he had managed to bring with him into the forties the heart and the enthusiasm of youth.

David was perhaps the most popular director on the big Mammoth lot, and as he thrust his way through the crowd of general stock actors and extra people, cordial greetings were tossed at him from every side, not one of which he answered. A fat, swarthy man known as Sam, in the uniform of a captain of cavalry, glanced at David's retreating figure and shook his head.

"Somebody has been braiding Davy's tail," he murmured. "Somebody has sure done him *dobe*. Now I wonder who?"

MacWade found sanctuary in his tiny private office, where he was soon joined by his able coadjutor, LeRoy Trozier, otherwise Gabby, from whom a motion-picture camera kept no secrets. It was said of Trozier, and truthfully, that he could and also would shoot any scene which any director might stage. He was more than coadjutor; he was a firm friend and MacWade's bachelor bungalow-mate. Having a trained eye for expression he immediately noted the storm cloud on the brow of his chief.

"What ho, Davy? Why the grouch? Has anybody been curdling the milk of your human kindness this morning?"

MacWade replied without taking his chin from his hands.

"The G. M. has gone and done it now, Gabby," said he, and lapsed into morose silence.

"'Nother 'orrible atrocity, eh? Tell me about it, so I can be mad too."

"He's going to take Jean away from us."

Gabby's jaw dropped, and he regarded MacWade with astounded eyes.

"Oh," said he, "not that, Davy! You're kidding, ain't you?"

"Not unless the G. M. was kidding me. He says Jean is wasted on thrill pictures. He sees 'dramatic possibilities' in her. He thinks Fanning ought to have her—or Towne. She's to be featured in highbrow stuff."

"But, good Lord!" exclaimed the camera man; "didn't you tell him that she belongs to us? Didn't you tell him that we picked her up on the lot, doing extra bits?"

"I told him everything," MacWade answered wearily. "I explained the situation. I said I didn't believe it was fair to let me train the girl up to the point where she is now, and then take her away from me. Towne! Sooner than have her play leads with him, I'd —— Oh, what's the use? After all, we oughtn't to stand in her way. The G. M. listened—he'll always listen, you know—but just before I left he sent a message over to Jean's dressing room, ordering her to report to Towne to-morrow morning."

Gabby whistled thoughtfully between his teeth.

"Jean has got something to say about that," he remarked, after a silence. "They haven't got her tied up by contract, have they?"

"They never could get her to sign one," said David. "Of course they can't force her into Towne's company if she doesn't want to go. It'll just be a case of quitting the Mammoth and going somewhere else. Confound it! Why couldn't they let me develop her? She's the most intelligent girl I ever worked with in pictures—good as gold; a regular pal, and—and ——"

Gabby frowned at the floor.

"Do you suppose Towne went to the G. M. and asked for her?" said he.

"Don't know," replied David. "It would be just like him! Wouldn't surprise me at all if that was the way it happened. Towne and Mayella Maxwell have had a big bust-up of some sort—when Towne gets tired of a girl he always stages a row as an excuse for getting rid of her, and maybe he's had his eye on Jean. Ain't it enough to make you sick?"

Now David MacWade had a perfect right to be annoyed. He felt that he had discovered Jean Campbell and transformed her from an extra woman into a potential star, and though this did not entirely coincide with the facts, the belief was dear to him. All that the girl knew of the picture game he had taught her, and director never had a more apt pupil. Lastly and most important, David entertained a warm though secret regard for his protégée; his chief interest in her was by no means a professional one.

"This will just about break Jerry's heart." Thus Gabby, mischievously dropping a live hornet into a pot of ointment already sufficiently tainted. "Yes, Jerry will be sore!"

Jerry—Gerald Fairfax on the big bills—was MacWade's leading man, tall, youthful and sinfully handsome. It required less than half an eye to see that he also owned a deep and unprofessional interest in Jean Campbell. Mention of Fairfax in this connection never failed to draw David's fire.

"Jerry!" he snorted wrathfully. "Jerry! What right has he got to be sore? What did he ever do for Jean? I'm the one with the kick coming. I'm the sufferer ——"

The door opened less than a foot, and the face of a thin sandy gentleman appeared in the aperture. It was the General Manager of the plant, an individual of unlimited power, immediate perception and sound common sense. And his middle name was Efficiency.

"Oh, Mac," remarked the G. M., in a tone so dry that it crackled, "you can have your little spitfire back."

"Huh? What do you mean—spitfire?"

"Campbell." The G. M. was no word-waster. "She got my message and came boiling right over to the office. Told her Towne was holding a fat part for her, playing opposite him. Nothing doing. Said if she couldn't work for you, she wouldn't work at all."

"Bully for Jean!" cried Gabby. "Yatta gal!"

The General Manager turned a bright and disconcerting eye upon the camera man, like the slash of a tulwar for penetration. "Ah!" said he. "You like the young lady, too, it seems. Not that I blame you, Mr. Trozier. She—er—has qualities. I got the impression that all this row was because she liked somebody. Well, no matter. The idea of being featured in big productions didn't appeal to her in the least. Told her we could pay her more money. Wasted my breath. Explained that our people had to obey orders or go. Said if that was the case she'd go. Ordinarily I'd have fired her just to maintain discipline, but—well, she's clever, and she's getting a following. We're hearing from the exhibitors about her first picture."

"And she stays with me then?" asked MacWade.

"For the time being. You've got influence with her. Better use it. Tell her there's no future in this thrill stuff—no chance to become a great star. Get some sense into her head. Maybe if you changed leading men ——"

"That's not it at all," interrupted MacWade quickly. "You're off on the wrong foot, boss."

"Am I? Well, that sometimes makes a difference. It's been known to—right on this lot. By the way, when do you get at that animal picture?"

"Just as soon as I can," was the brisk reply.

"Make it a rip-snorter," ordered the G. M. "We haven't had any good animal stuff for a long time."

"Leave it to me!" cried David. "I'll give you a picture that'll make your eyes stand out a foot!"

The G. M. looked at MacWade, and a twinkle came into his eyes.

"You're feeling better than you were a while ago, eh?" said he. "Maybe it isn't the leading man after all!" And he was gone before David could think of anything to say. It was the camera man who broke the silence.

"That fellow," said he, nodding toward the door, "is just uncanny. The seventh son of a seventh son, born on the thirteenth of the month with a rabbit's foot in his left hand, ain't got a thing on him. He shuts his eyes, blazes away in the dark and rings the bell nine times out of ten. Jean must like somebody in our company, that's a cinch. It ain't me—yet—and it ain't you, Davy, so that puts it up to ——"

"Oh, lay off!" interrupted MacWade. "The main thing is that she's still with us. Turn in and give me a hand with this animal picture. The script they've slipped me is as full of holes as a Swiss cheese—and it resembles a cheese in other ways too. Say, how would it be if we let Rajah kill a goat? There ought to be a punch in that. Goat meat is just the same as tapioca pudding to a tiger—he dotes on it. That's how they hunt 'em in India—peg out a goat by the hind leg, and he pages all the tigers within forty miles. We ought to get a great jump out of Rajah ——"

"All the same," persisted Gabby, who had not heard a word of all this, "it ain't every girl that would turn down more money and a chance to be featured in big productions. There's a strong anchor holding her, Davy. Of course, when she said that about working for you, she meant working in your company. Lordy! Lordy! She must care a lot for him! If any woman ever thought that much of me—well, I hate to think how far I'd go for her!"

"There's a grand goat down at the zoo," mused David. "Just came in yesterday—a wild one. Somebody caught him over on Catalina Island. The Baron says he came out of the ark. No mere ordinary goat, he says, could have acquired such a powerful personality, such a flavor of antiquity, in less time. A remarkable character, the Baron. You think the G. M. is uncanny; he isn't in it with that old animal man. Now the Catalina goat was just simply tearing his crate to pieces when the Baron came along, said about three words to him, and ——"

Mr. Trozier emerged from his reverie with a jerk.

"A goat? Davy, I ask you as a friend, do you intend to use a goat in this picture?"

"Certainly. A nice, venerable old billy, with Iowa whiskers, an eye on him like a United States senator, a smell like a glue factory, and horns—man, you never saw such horns!"

"Me for the safety cage then!" announced Gabby with decision. "I'll get out in the open and work with cats and bears and elephants even, but ring in a goat on me and I'll do my shooting from a cage. There's the only animal in the world that I'm really leery of—been that way ever since I was a baby—born in me, I guess. Bring on your lions and

your tigers, and I'm the Original Unterrified. But a goat! Nuzzah! A goat—any goat—has got my number any time he starts."

"That's queer," said David. "Remember in that last animal picture, you worked right in the open cage with the lions, and the big blue one ran between your legs——"

"But I kept on shooting," said Gabby. "That was only a lion, and lions won't hurt me. I kept on shooting while one of those damned leopards mighty near clawed the pants off of me. I kicked him out of the way, same as I would a spotted dog, but nobody will ever get an action snap of me kicking a goat, I'll bet you on that. I know, and the goat knows, that I'm scared of him. Davy, I'm no quitter, but get that safety cage or I refuse to shoot. I'd sooner tackle a mountain lion!"

"Why," laughed MacWade, "this goat is in his dotage. The Baron says he's gentle as a lamb. He calls him Socrates, because he says that in some former reincarnation the goat was a great philosopher. He can see it in his eye."

"Oh, is that so?" the camera man sneered. He began to drum on the table with his fingers, and at last broke into song—a song of many years ago, but the words contained a truth unspoiled by age:

"It isn't what you used to be,
It's what you are to-day!"

"It makes me no never minds, Davy, what this goat used to be—he's a goat now, and that's enough for me. A philosopher, eh? Dog-gone it, I'm going to ask the Baron to take a squint at my eye! I'll bet he'll tell you that in some former what-do-you-call-'m I was a tin can, or a head of cabbage, or a red undershirt maybe—and the fun of it is that this damned Socrates goat will know it the minute he gets a flash at me. Safety first, Davy. Order the cage, and tell 'em to make it elephant strong!"

II

HE WAS the animal man of the Mammoth Zoo, and they called him "the Baron," because no other name would have fitted him half so well.

He was fat, rather more than fifty years of age, and had a habit of carrying his head so far forward on his immense round shoulders that he conveyed the impression of a near-sighted man continually engrossed in thought. His strong, slender hands were generally clasped behind his back, a back that matched the swelling curve of chest and abdomen, thus giving him an odd, barrel-shaped appearance. His legs were short and sturdy, his feet were large and flat, and when in motion he planted them with the deliberation of an aged elephant.

No matter what the weather, or the occasion, the Baron's costume never varied—an old-fashioned, bobtailed cutaway coat and trousers of dark, expensive material, always neatly brushed and pressed; a white waistcoat, creaking with starch; a turndown collar and black string tie; a broad-brimmed slouch hat of Quaker gray, and imposing square-toed shoes. If one overlooked his face the Baron might easily have been mistaken for a retired brewer in comfortable circumstances, garbed to attend the funeral of a dear friend.

The Baron's face, however, was not the face of a brewer, but rather that of a scholar, a great artist or a musician. It was full and round and hairless as a harvest moon. No brows penciled that noble forehead; no lashes shaded the thick-lidded, mildly inquiring light-blue eyes. His ears were large, with pendulous lobes; there was the suggestion of Slavic blood in the chiseling of the nostrils; his lips were sensitive and inclined to droop at the corners; his teeth were perfect; both chins were strongly defined, and there were two deep, horizontal wrinkles in the pink scalp above the back of his neck. A soft whitish pompadour lent to his head a square, flat-topped appearance which it did not deserve, and when he opened his mouth there was a gentle hint of Scandinavia in his slow, careful speech.

Where he came from, what he had been, nobody knew; but those staring light-blue eyes had seen much of the world and its creatures. Wild animals trusted him at sight; birds perched upon his shoulders; children followed him even before they knew that he carried candy in the tail-pocket of his old-fashioned coat; and motion-picture stars of both sexes opened their hearts to him and found his wisdom as great as his sympathy. Whenever he walked about the Mammoth lot he was accompanied by his Airedale terrier, with whom he held long intimate conversations. To such as thought this strange, he explained that the Airedale was an understanding gentleman in his own right, as well as the reincarnation of a gentleman.

A bit of a mystic, something of a dreamer, part philosopher, part warlock and entirely human—this was the Baron, and to name his friends was to call the roll of the Mammoth's employees.

The outbreak of the war severed many friendships on the big lot. It could not have been otherwise, with all nations so plentifully represented; but the Baron's status was in no way affected by the European situation, and those who attempted to uncover his sympathies were destined to disappointment.

"Well," he would say with slow cautious pauses between the syllables, "I expect I'm neutral. Yes, neutral, like I am when my puppy here he get into a fight with some tramp dog. If he licking that dog, I just look on. If that dog licking him—then I use a stick."

The arena, or big cage in which the wild animals "worked," was thirty-five feet high, from fifty to seventy feet long, as required, and broad enough to accommodate the lines of a wide-angle lens. When the stage hands had done their part, the interior of the arena resembled a slice of tropical forest, with set trees, climbing vines and dense shrubbery; but surrounding this jungle was strong wire netting, and cunningly concealed in the underbrush were the safety doors, through which the actors might slip in case an animal proved unmanageable.

Many a motion-picture lion owes a chronic sore nose to these safety doors, which are built strong enough to check him in full spring.

Some of the Mammoth cats were so tame that there was little risk in working with them; others were sly and treacherous and had to be closely watched. Rajah, the big Bengal tiger, was not a dependable actor, and his handling required all the Baron's skill, patience and natural gifts. In case these failed, there remained the animal fork, or "meat hook"—a steel bar, six to ten feet long, ending in a wicked two-tined prod. In cases of emergency the Baron could move with astonishing agility for one of his years and bulk, and when the big cats were acting he was always very much in evidence, though never in the picture. His place was just outside the camera line—that invisible boundary which marks the difference between stern reality and make-believe. Both are well represented in animal pictures.

Now, all press agents to the contrary, wild animals are not natural film actors. Lions, tigers and leopards require every bit as much coaching as the sort of handsome, handkerchief-in-the-cuff juvenile who escapes from the ribbon counter to the screen. If jabbed and prodded through a sufficient number of rehearsals, animals come to know what is expected of them, and may be trusted to make a simple entrance and exit without overacting the part or hogging the foreground. In this they differ from some film stars.

If anything more than a simple entrance and exit is required of animal actors they must be tricked or faked into the action demanded by the script. The tricking is usually accomplished by means of an appeal to appetite or natural instinct.

You sit in the darkened theater, and hot and cold flashes race down your spine; the director is giving you close-ups of the ferocious jaguar, crouching upon the limb, alternated with scenes of the handsome and intrepid leading man as he advances, all unconscious, to his fate. The jaguar springs, the leading man—or some animal trainer dressed in his clothes—is bowled over like a tenpin, but there is no real reason why you should cluck and swallow your chewing gum. Remain perfectly calm. The jaguar was not after human flesh at all. The jaguar was after a chicken, pegged out and fluttering just outside the camera's line. Had you been as long without nourishment as that jaguar, you would have been after the chicken too. The actor, or the man who doubled him, carefully timed the jaguar's spring and stepped into the line of flight, vastly to the poor creature's surprise and disgust.

Likewise, when you observe the humanly intelligent collie leading the kindly old bull elephant to the rescue of the beautiful maiden, up a tree somewhere in Darkest Africa, you may be quite certain that you are not witnessing the most difficult part of this animal act. The hard part was to get the collie to bite the elephant on the ankle.

Selim follows fast and Selim follows close, but no thought of rescue is in his mind. His mission is one of stern reprisal. Shep leads the elephant, right enough, and well may Shep do so, for loss of that lead would certainly entail serious consequences. Thus it is seen that in animal pictures, as elsewhere in the crazy patchwork pattern called Life, appearances are not always truthful. Somewhere, somehow, someone pulls the strings and the puppets move. It is not for them to ask why.

III

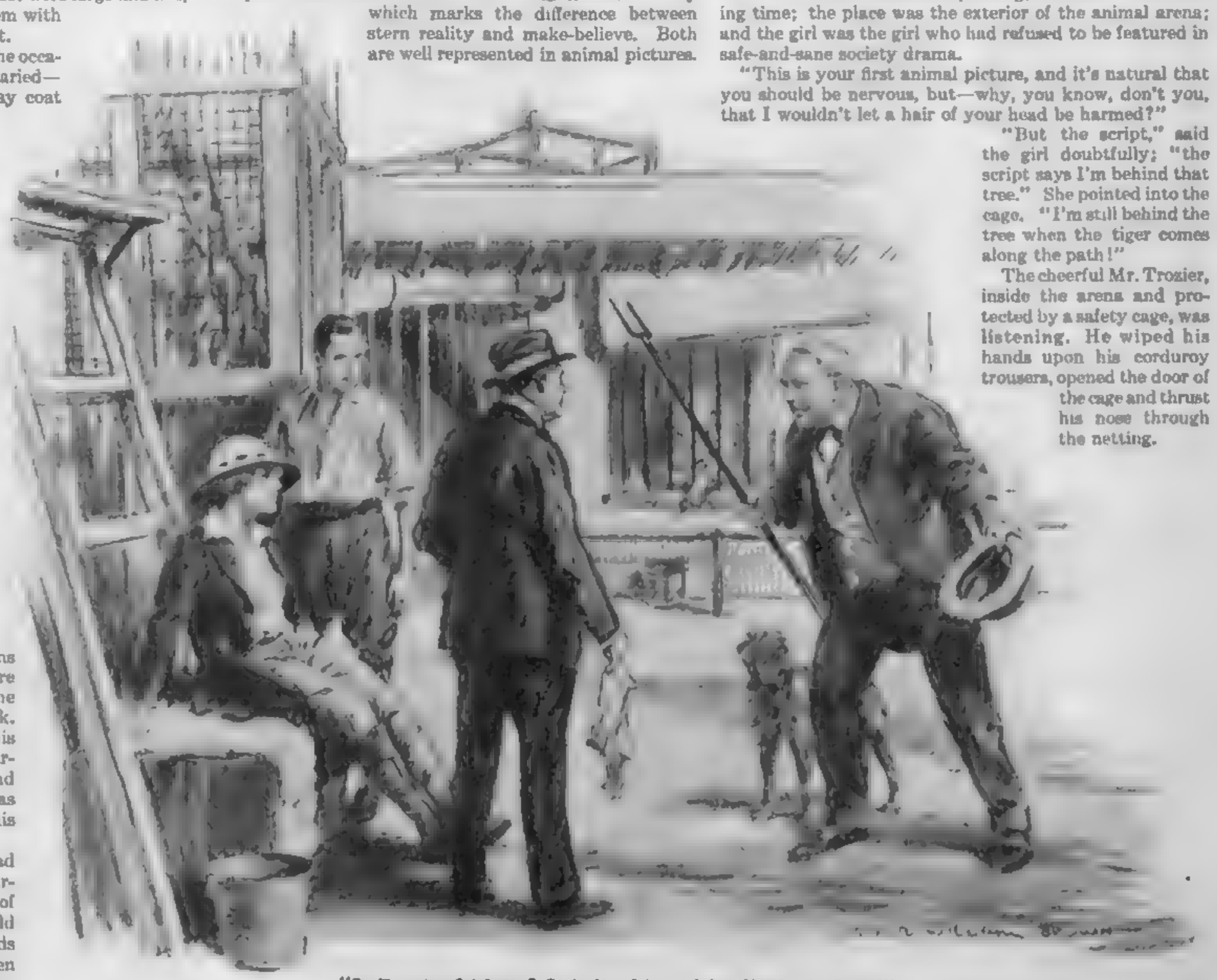
"NOW there's nothing in the world to worry about, Jean."

It was David MacWade speaking; the time was shooting time; the place was the exterior of the animal arena; and the girl was the girl who had refused to be featured in safe-and-sane society drama.

"This is your first animal picture, and it's natural that you should be nervous, but—why, you know, don't you, that I wouldn't let a hair of your head be harmed?"

"But the script," said the girl doubtfully; "the script says I'm behind that tree." She pointed into the cage. "I'm still behind the tree when the tiger comes along the path!"

The cheerful Mr. Trozier, inside the arena and protected by a safety cage, was listening. He wiped his hands upon his corduroy trousers, opened the door of the cage and thrust his nose through the netting.



"By Yeomiay Crickets, I Ain't Stand by and Let Murder be Done!"

"Leave it to me, Davy," said he. "I'll explain it all to her."

"Shoot!" said David. "I've got to put a few notations on this script."

"Now then," said Gabby, "what's a tiger, anyway? Nothing but a big striped cat. That's all he is."

"But I'm not fond of cats," objected Miss Campbell; "and the bigger they are, the less I like them."

"Quit scaring that girl!" ordered MacWade, glancing up from his typewritten sheaf. "A fellow that has to have a safety cage to protect him from a harmless old billy goat ——"

"As I was telling you before the chief butted in," said Gabby quickly, "cats ain't bad to work with. I've had a dozen lions in the arena with me at once—and shot 'em in the open too—but I'm not saying you'll ever be asked to do that. Now in this first scene you're hiding behind the tree, and that's where the audience will see you when this monstrous, man-eating Bengal beef-hound comes strolling down the line. You're there, Miss Campbell, and again you ain't there—get me?"

Jean shook her head.

"Aw," said Gabby, "it's trick stuff with the camera—what we call blocking-in and blocking-out. You're both on the same piece of fillum, but not both in the cage at the same time. We wouldn't let her work with Rajah, would we, Baron?"

The old animal man was inside the arena, leaning upon a meat hook. His faded blue eyes rested upon the girl's face with an expression of almost paternal solicitude. When Jean looked at him he smiled and removed his hat with a gesture at once graceful and dignified. There was something of a transfiguration in the Baron's smile, an appearance of youthfulness that lighted his features with a sudden glow. There were days when the Baron looked nearly as old as Mount Baldy, but those were the days when he did not smile.

"No," said he in his gentle, halting speech, carefully separating his syllables; "no, you mustn't be afraid, young lady. Nobody work with Rajah—nobody but me. That tiger he got a mean soul. I expect one time maybe he was a wicked man. His eye look like it. Sometimes, you know, young lady, that rascal Rajah he get mad at me!"

"I don't see how he could!" said the girl impulsively.

The Baron bowed. "I thank you for the compliment."

"Say," remarked Gabby, "do you want to know about this or not? You do? All right. First I'm going to shoot the tiger coming down the path. The Baron has had him walking down it all morning—in a sort of a wire tunnel. That's to rehearse him. They've taken the wire tunnel away now, but Rajah knows what's expected of him, see? As soon as they open the door back there and give him a jab with a meat hook, he'll come in and do his stunt, and he won't vary an inch from the line he took before. I'll get the tiger, and then I'll turn the fillum back ——"

"And vision me in?" asked the girl.

"No, no!" grinned the camera man with patience foreign to his nature. "You're there in the flesh; it won't be a vision. We only use those to show what people are thinking about, and this tiger he's supposed to be thinking about his supper. See this little piece of brass? That's what we call a matt. When I'm shooting the tiger I put the matt in between the lens and the fillum, and one-half of it won't be exposed at all—the matt shuts the light off and cuts the scene square in two, see? All I'm getting the first time is the path and the tiger and maybe half of the tree. Then, when Rajah has done his bit and made his exit, I wind the fillum back to the point where the scene started, switch the matt over to the other side to protect the fillum already exposed—and get a lovely picture of you being scared to death by a tiger that ain't there at all!"

"Perfectly wonderful!" cried the girl.

"Pshaw!" boasted Gabby. "That ain't a marker to some of the blocking-in and blocking-out stuff I've done. I can take twenty men marching down a road, and turn 'em into forty, or sixty, or a whole standing army! I can take ——"

"Take a run into your little cage," suggested David as he stuffed the script into his pocket. "Think we've got all day to fool round here? Jean, honest Injun, don't you know I won't ask you to take chances?"

The Baron heard this remark, and his staring blue eyes opened even wider. He had known MacWade for several years and felt for the little director a genuine affection. He had known at least five of MacWade's leading women, and all of them had taken chances, desperate chances—the Baron had been forced to rescue three of them at the point of an animal fork. Yes, the other girls had taken chances, but never before had the Baron identified anything but crisp command in MacWade's voice; never before had he surprised an expression of tenderness in the little director's eyes. The Baron looked first at David, then at Jean, and back at David again, and his smile held a trace of doubt as well as wistfulness. An old gentleman, part dreamer and part warlock, does not need to be told certain things; he sees a great deal and feels even more than he sees.

"Say, Baron," called MacWade, "we'll be wanting that goat in the next scene."

"Oh, that Socrates, eh? All right, Mr. Mac. My assistant he fetching him pretty quick. That goat he make a great actor. He got—what you call it?—personality, stage presence. Yes, Mr. Mac, he's a fine character, and smart? Yeeminy crickets, how I wish that goat could talk! He could tell me so many things I want to know. He look like it in his eye. You know, Mr. Mac, that goat he make me think of what Walter Kelly say about the camel—'he got such a noble smell!'"

"You'd better kiss your philosopher good-by!" called Gabby from the safety cage. "He came a long way to get it, but he's going to get it good! All the way from Catalina just to play one death scene."

"What's that?" ejaculated the Baron. "Death scene? Who going to die, Mr. Mac? Surely not that goat! You won't hurt him, eh?"

"Not me," was the reply, "but Rajah—he might mess him up some. It's in the script that he will."

"It's Natural That You Should be Nervous, But—You Know That I Wouldn't Let a Hair of Your Head be Harmed"

"Rajah!" The name had the sound of an explosion. The aged Baron burst from the arena, animal fork in hand. "Rajah! Why, that damn tiger—young lady, please to pardon an ole man who get excited sometime and talk rough but don't mean any harm—that tiger, he kill Socrates! He kill him dead!"

"Here's hoping he does!" said Gabby fervently.

"Oh, Mr. Mac," pleaded the Baron, "please don't you harm that goat. He's such a fine goat. To kill him would be a sin on your conscience. Ain't there some way we could fix it up—a fake or something?"

"Don't see how," said the director. "I want to establish the fact that this is a bad tiger, a killer, so I've got to show him killing something. It might as well be a goat."

"Poor goat," murmured Jean. "It does seem too bad."

"But, Mr. Mac," entreated the old man, "don't you see if you kill him—if you kill the lowest creature what have life—you hinder him on the path that lead to perfection!"

"Aw, where do you get that stuff?" grumbled Gabby. "A goat's a goat, and he ain't got anything to do with perfection. No goat ever did."

The Baron gazed at the camera man with mild reproof in his aged eyes.

"My son," said he gently, "I get that stuff a long time ago, in India, when I am a young man like you, and don't have a whole lot of sense ——"

"Oh, cut it out, Baron!" interrupted MacWade. "Stand by for the tiger's entrance everybody! Ready in there, Gabby? No, Baron, I'm sorry you've taken a fancy to this goat, but the teachings of Buddha don't jibe with animal stuff. Rajah has got to kill something to put a punch in this picture, and your friend Socrates is elected—a goat to be the goat. That's fair enough. Now hadn't you better go into the arena?"

The Baron removed his gray slouch hat and mopped his forehead with a large white-silk handkerchief.

"My assistant," said he with dignity, "he look after Rajah in this scene. Mr. Mac, you and me is friends for years now. I ask you, as a favor to the ole Baron, who love you like a father almost, please—please ——"

"Why, Baron, you're getting hysterical. Where's your philosophy? What is to be, is to be—and I've got to have a punch in this picture."

"Damn the picture!" yelled the old man, flourishing the animal fork. His carefully controlled Scandinavian accent slipped all moorings and rode high on the tide of his wrath. "By Yeeminy crickets, I ain't stand by and let murder be done! Yu ain't kill my goat, Maester Mac! I make a kick tu the Yeneral Manager! I holler like hal ——"

"Well, don't holler round here," said MacWade. "Go and holler to the boss. He'll say you're making an awful lot of fuss over one stinking billy goat ——"

But the Baron was already out of earshot, walking with long rapid strides and waving the animal fork wildly in the air. The direction which he took was the general direction of the executive office of the Mammoth Film Corporation, and the distance from cage to office was fully half a mile. MacWade looked after him and shook his head.

"That's what you get for having privileged characters on the lot," said he to Jean. "He's a great old fellow, but he always was kind of cracked. I've never seen him violent before ——"

"I think he's just lovely!" cried the girl. "That poor goat ——"

"Ready everybody?" blared MacWade. "If we hurry up we can have this goat business over with before he gets back. All set with the tiger there? Then come on; let's go—let's GO!"

IV

SOCRATES made no violent objection when the assistant animal man entered the small corral with a rope in his hand. No faint stirring of instinct warned him that here was the mute with the bowstring.

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Abraham Lincoln and the Issues of the World War

By George Wharton Pepper

DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

MANY of us in America who have hitherto taken only a languid interest in the World War are to-day seriously asking ourselves what it is all about.

A good many of the explanations that satisfied us in its earlier stages are now found to be wholly inadequate to account for what is happening. It will not longer suffice to say that the issues are local issues, mere questions of national boundaries, access to the sea, and other similar matters. Nor can we longer content ourselves with attempts to decide who caused the war, just so that we may gratify our irritation by calling somebody names. The time has passed for comforting ourselves with the theory that only a few unprincipled leaders were willing to fight, and that the peoples of the world were being driven to slaughter against their will.

Reflection has satisfied us that forty million men cannot thus be led or driven. We begin to perceive that no such world struggle could be precipitated over local issues. As fast as we get reliable information from the belligerent countries we are forced to admit not only that the people on each side of the conflict believe themselves to be fighting for a great cause but that they are actually so fighting. The men in the trenches, the desolate noncombatants and the heroic dead are seen to be just as truly martyrs to a principle as the Christian people who were burned alive to make torches for Nero. There is a World Issue in this World War. It is not possible that Americans can longer refuse to recognize it.

What is the issue?

Words That We Cannot Afford to Forget

IN THE Gettysburg Speech Lincoln expressed our idea of popular government in words that may become immortal. Every schoolchild can now speak glibly about "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Possibly the words are so familiar that we forget to consider their meaning. Perhaps the best way to grasp what is behind them is to think for a moment of government that does not proceed from the people, that is not administered by the people, and that is conducted for an end which may or may not be for the good of the people.

There are, in fact, two great types of government in the world. In one of them the individual is a subject; in the other he is a citizen. In the one case the state is regarded as an organism greater and higher than any and all of its people. It is the source of all rights. The individual has such privileges only as are ceded to him. The representative of the state is a ruler, in the sense in which we speak of God as the Ruler of the Universe. He is the personification or embodiment of the state. The public lands and the revenues are his. The people are his subjects. His are the army and the navy.

In the other case, instead of working from the top down, you work from the bottom up. You begin with a man. There he stands: a living being, a responsible soul, a free man to be reckoned with. His gifts, indeed, differ from those of the man next to him; but politically and socially the two are on the same footing. These two and others like them have grown into an association for the establishment of justice, for the securing of common rights, and for the promotion of general welfare. If they choose a legislative body and a chief executive it is the people who are the masters. The legislators and the executive are servants. Certain powers and functions are ceded to these representatives. All powers not granted belong to the people.

But, you may ask, does it really make much practical difference which of the two kinds of government a man lives under? Is there any important advantage in being a citizen rather than a subject? May it not, perhaps, be desirable that one being, with powers derived from On High, should rule over the daily concerns of the masses of the people, instead of intrusting to the masses the power to govern themselves? When Lincoln spoke so earnestly of government proceeding from the people, was he being merely rhetorical? Was he using high-sounding words that we can well afford to forget?

Before attempting an answer to these questions let us ask ourselves another: Why did Lincoln, in 1863, suggest there was danger that the idea of popular government might perish from the earth? Was there really any such danger? If so, why?

Lincoln regarded the Civil War as a test. It was, in his opinion, to determine not merely whether this nation but whether any nation similarly conceived could long endure. The contending parties, indeed, were both true Americans. If the cause of the Confederacy had been victorious, would there not merely have been two neighboring groups of the same sort, each left free to develop its own national life in its own way and upon the same fundamental theory? Why was Lincoln disturbed about the survival of the very ideal of popular government?

It was because the real issue in the Civil War was whether a government of associated individuals is strong enough to hold together in an internal crisis. If a popular government formed under such favorable conditions as ours could not survive an acute internal difference of opinion between two groups of citizens, then democracy as a permanent form of government was doomed.

Lincoln was right. The very conception of government by the people was on trial. Nobody could afford to be indifferent to the issue.

Is any similar issue before the world to-day?

A Perfect Embodiment of the Imperial Idea

THE so-called Central Powers are embodiments of that political theory which deduces all individual rights from the state. We stand aghast when we read that Louis XIV of France had the effrontery to say "The state, it is I!" But our astonishment is not creditable to us. Once grant that government begins at the top, and we shall find that the state and the ruler will in practice be merged in one another whenever the man under the ruler's crown is, in fact, a man of power. Louis was a king in fact. He was not a constitutional monarch, like the King of England. In England the old-fashioned language incident to kingship is still used; but there has been no personal rule in England since William IV. When Louis affirmed that he was the state he was not making a claim but stating a fact.

Since imperialism is monarchy raised to its highest power, the Kaiser might truthfully repeat the affirmation of Louis. There are always, of course, some checks on absolutism, even if they are as primitive as assassination. There are legal restraints on the Kaiser's power; but, after all, he is conceived of as God's vicegerent, the *summus episcopus* of the Church, the ruler of the state, the dispenser of rights, the disposer of the resources of the state, the official object of reverence and loyalty, the final arbiter of all those questions in theology, scholarship, art and social custom that affect the daily life of his people.

The imperial theory in Austria-Hungary is the same. The practical differences are merely such as result from the accident that the late Emperor Francis Joseph was not so strong a man as the Kaiser. The Kaiser is strong, clear, impressive, compelling. Some people have thought him crazy. This is a strange misconception; in fact, he is a

(Continued on Page 101)

THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

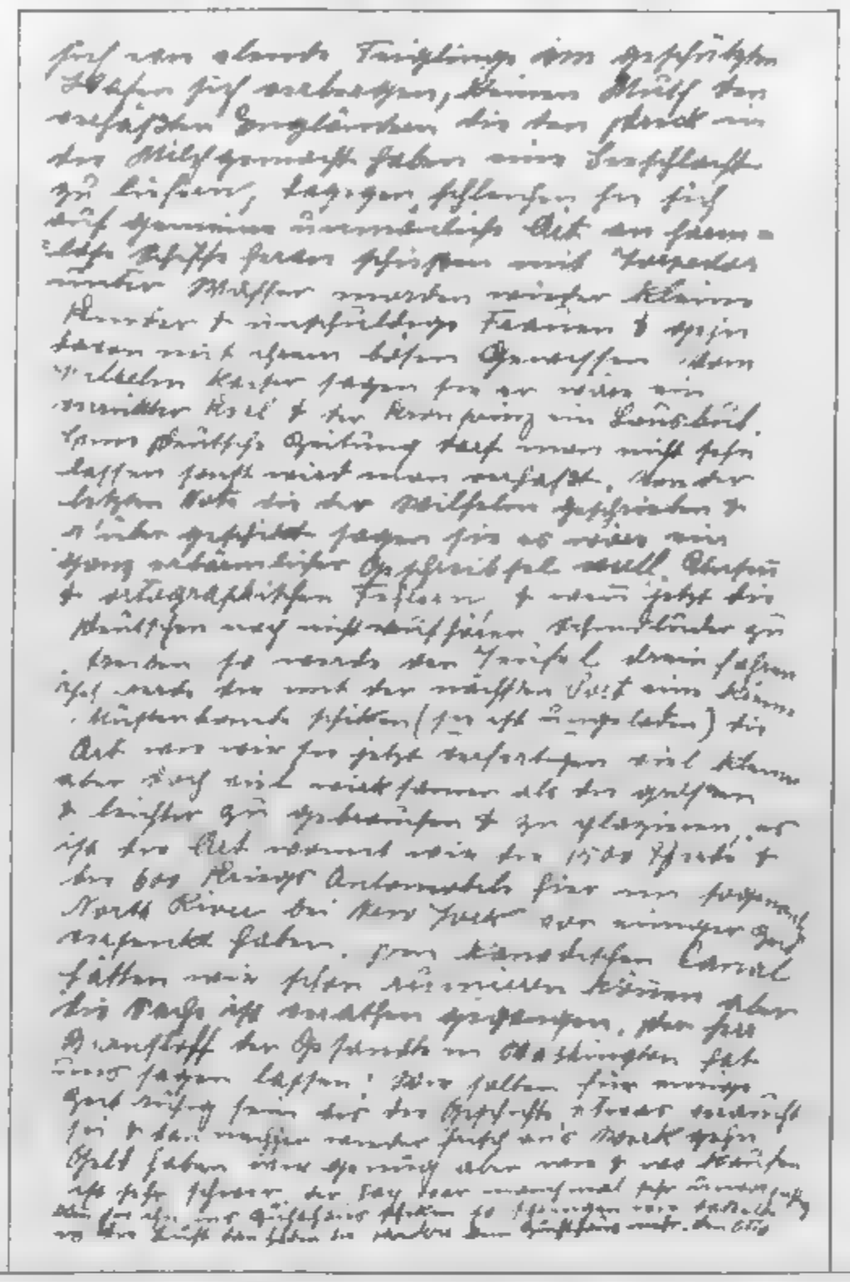
FOR the purposes of organization the censorship is divided into three principal departments: The Naval Censor, who examines wireless messages and searches couriers found upon the high seas; the Cable-Telegraph Censor; and the Postal Censor.

Of these three the postal censorship is by far the largest and most important. It employs nearly five thousand people, the majority of whom are skilled linguists.

There is, of necessity, a great variation in the volume of mail passing through this branch of the censorship. Sometimes for several days at a time it dwindles away to almost nothing, while on other occasions, when several large steamers from different parts of the world arrive simultaneously, it increases to a perfect flood.

This unavoidable variation leads to the most difficult problems with which the executive force has to deal. The five thousand employees are theoretically sufficient to cope rapidly and efficiently with maximum mails. As a necessary consequence, a considerable percentage of the total staff is obliged to be idle during dull times. This evil is, however, put up with in order that neutral mails shall not be unduly retarded; for Great Britain, having discovered the vital importance of the censorship and having determined, on no conditions, to relinquish it, thereupon began to take all possible steps, at any lesser sacrifice, to prevent its becoming unnecessarily irksome to neutrals.

It has been deemed inadvisable to allow even neutral mails to pass uncensored to Scandinavia and Holland, because those countries have proved to be honeycombed with German agents and with intermediaries who allow their names to be used as covering addresses, who thereby act as relay depots for the communications that German spies in all parts of the world attempt to send to their headquarters in Berlin. Entire sacks of mail, coming from neutral countries and directed to Gothenburg, Stockholm or Flushing, have, upon examination, been found to contain nothing but commercial and military reports sent from German spies and agents in neutral and Allied countries to the Wilhelmstrasse and its subsidiaries. German agents have been known to send "intelligence" from an Allied country to Germany through as many as four neutral countries in succession, in the hope that the British Censorship would be deceived as to its true source and ultimate destination.



THE page reproduced above is the second sheet of a letter written by a German residing in New York to the assistant editor of a German newspaper:

. . . I will send you by the next mail a small sample bomb—it is not loaded—the sort we are now making; much smaller but also much more effective than the larger ones, and easier to manipulate and place. It is the sort with which we sank the 1500 horses and 600 war automobiles here on the so-called North River, near New York, a short time ago. We might already have destroyed the Canadian Canal, but the affair was betrayed. Mr. Bernstorff, the Ambassador in Washington, has sent us word to lie low for a time until the excitement dies down, and then to go to work again. We have plenty of money, but it is a difficult matter to know how and where to buy materials.

Fay has at times been very imprudent, but if they send him to prison we shall blow up the prison, and then the Yankees will have no more prison.

Censoring by Express

THE whole effect of the censorship would be vitiated if it refrained from examining neutral mails and confined itself to the examination of mails proceeding by direct routes to the Central Empires; for Germany would then avail herself of neutral intermediaries and neutral mails to carry on her intrigues.

Though Great Britain has thus found it necessary to examine even neutral mails, she has made every possible effort not to inconvenience neutrals unduly and not to abuse the privilege she has been forced to take to herself. During my study of the censorship I saw no evidence that the business correspondence of neutrals was ever retarded more than a day or two, or that the commercial information contained therein was ever made use of unless it was clearly evident that the writers were acting as intermediaries for German trade. The only business letters that seemed to be withheld or utilized were those written by British subjects or by enemy citizens or agents.

An interesting illustration of the censorship endeavors not to delay neutral letters is furnished by the case of mails from America to Scandinavia. Ships from the United States to Sweden or Norway almost invariably touch at a British port. There are numerous reasons for this. They frequently have mail or cargoes for England. Moreover, such ports as Falmouth possess special bunkering facilities. Welsh steam coal is the finest in the world and gives the highest mileage per ton and per unit of cost. In addition the British cruisers frequently exercise the right of search for contraband, which belongs to every belligerent; and this is a tedious and time-wasteful job if undertaken on the high seas, especially when the weather is bad; whereas, ships touching at British ports are searched in port and thus escape the more troublesome examination at sea.

As soon as a vessel bound from America to Scandinavia docks at a British harbor its mails are promptly removed and transported on an express train to the postal censorship in London. Their arrival is awaited by a large staff, which has been assembled while the express train is on its way, and which performs the necessary examination with the greatest possible dispatch, sometimes finishing a thousand bags in as short a time as eight hours.

The mails passed by the censors are then placed upon another express train, and reach The Downs in time to be replaced upon the same steamer from which they were removed at Falmouth when that steamer calls at The Downs for her final clearance papers.

Sorting Out the Suspect Letters

IN ACTUAL practice the maximum staff has sometimes proved inadequate to deal with an exceptional flood of mail. In such an emergency time limits are established for all mails, beyond which they may not be detained in the censorship. Letters from England to America, for instance, are never held longer than twenty-four hours; and on several occasions, before the censorship had become as efficient as it now is, large consignments of mail, still unexamined, were promptly forwarded at the expiration of that time limit.

The postal censorship is divided into the censorship of American mails, situated at Liverpool, which employs fifteen hundred people, and the censorship of European mails, situated in London, employing over three thousand people. The sole reason for maintaining a separate branch at Liverpool is to decrease the delay imposed upon American mails.

The Liverpool and the London branches are organized along similar lines. Each is subdivided into departments for commercial and for private mail.

The first step in the process of censoring occurs when the General Post Office delivers mail bags to the mail-censorship department. The latter records the country of origin, the country of destination, the weight of each bag, and other statistical particulars.

The unopened bags are then handed to the sorting department. The sorters are divided into groups. Each group deals with the contents of all bags having their destination or origin in one particular foreign country. Privileged correspondence and suspect letters are first extracted for special treatment, and then the remaining correspondence is divided into trade and private—the two principal classes.

Privileged correspondence and the letters of suspects are recognized by the aid of lists that give the names and addresses of diplomats who receive their correspondence unexamined, and of suspects whose letters must be examined with particular care.

One of the Rooms in the Library of German Propaganda

Sorters commit to memory the names of privileged and of suspected persons. There is a very long list of suspects; and as it is necessary to limit the number of names that the sorters must memorize, they are formed into groups, each one of which deals exclusively with the mails to and from a particular country.

The sorters make the selection between trade communications and private communications by the outward appearance of the envelopes. A trade letter is easily distinguished by the fact that the name of the firm is printed in the corner of the envelope or on the flap, and that it is directed to a commercial address. Occasionally a mistake is made; but there is machinery to put a wrongly sorted letter back into its proper course.

Privileged correspondence is immediately returned uncensored to the Post Office; suspect letters are transferred to the proper department for special examination; trade and private mails are then delivered to the tables of the censoring departments which are charged with their examination.

The actual examination of letters is carried on in the censoring departments by readers, nearly all of whom understand at least English, German and French, and seventy per cent of whom read other languages in addition. These examiners are organized into groups of from sixteen to thirty-two, each group of which is carefully constituted from a linguistic point of view, so that any particular one of the several languages spoken by the twenty-odd nationalities of Europe's polyglot population will be understood by at least one of its readers.

Each group works at its own large table under a foreman called a deputy assistant censor, who is responsible for the discipline and efficiency of his table. All suspicious letters are referred to him for decision. Each table thus becomes a well-balanced team under a team captain, and is competent, without outside help, to deal with letters in English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, Gaelic, Norwegian and Flemish.

By successive sortings trade correspondence is gradually sifted apart, so that one reader examines all the mail of a certain group of writers and addresses. Letters to firms dealing in metals, textiles, foodstuffs, banking, insurance or shipping, for instance, are distributed to the particular examiners who have had most experience in the censoring of correspondence connected with the particular branch of commerce concerned.

A Typical Table of Mail Examiners

The Uncommon-Language Department

A TWOFOLD object is thus attained: Not only is the special knowledge possessed by each examiner made use of to the best advantage, but each is made to regard his particular group of correspondents as clients or old acquaintances. Transactions between the United Kingdom and foreign countries can thus be watched with a maximum of efficiency, for each examiner knows the peculiarities and foibles of his correspondents and instantly recognizes an old friend or a suspicious character; if an enemy trader, even once, commits a single indiscretion, it reflects upon everything he subsequently writes.

Letters that the initial examiner finds to be harmless and unobjectionable are sent on without delay; but a letter that is in any way peculiar is referred to the deputy assistant censor of the table, who decides whether the examiner's suspicions are justified. If he concurs in them he may do one of several things: He may send the letter to the blacklist department, or may refer it to the testing department or to the uncommon-language department; or he may submit it to a higher authority for transmission as intelligence to the War Office, Trade Department, Admiralty or Foreign Office.

In addition to the actual censoring departments the censorship contains a large number of auxiliary sections and subsections, some of which have already been mentioned.

In the uncommon-language department eighty of the most expert linguists of Great Britain are gathered together. They examine letters written in obscure dialects and in such languages as Chinese, Lettish, Hindustani, Malay, Maltese, Hungarian, Arabic and Czech.

The Press Room has been created to afford special facilities in the way of prompt examination and transmission for communications emanating from newspaper correspondents and intended for publication in the press of neutral countries. Correspondents of neutral journals send their manuscripts direct to this room, where they are examined and sent on within a few hours.

American representatives have access to the Press Room at all times, and are there able to post their material up to four o'clock on the day previous to a sailing date, special facilities being employed to transport their correspondence to Liverpool and other ports of departure in time to catch the steamer before it sails next morning. All letters from American editors to their correspondents in England are mailed from New York in special bags, which are sent to the Press Room in London on the first train after the steamer docks; whereupon the Press Room calls all the reporters by telephone and informs them that the mail has arrived.

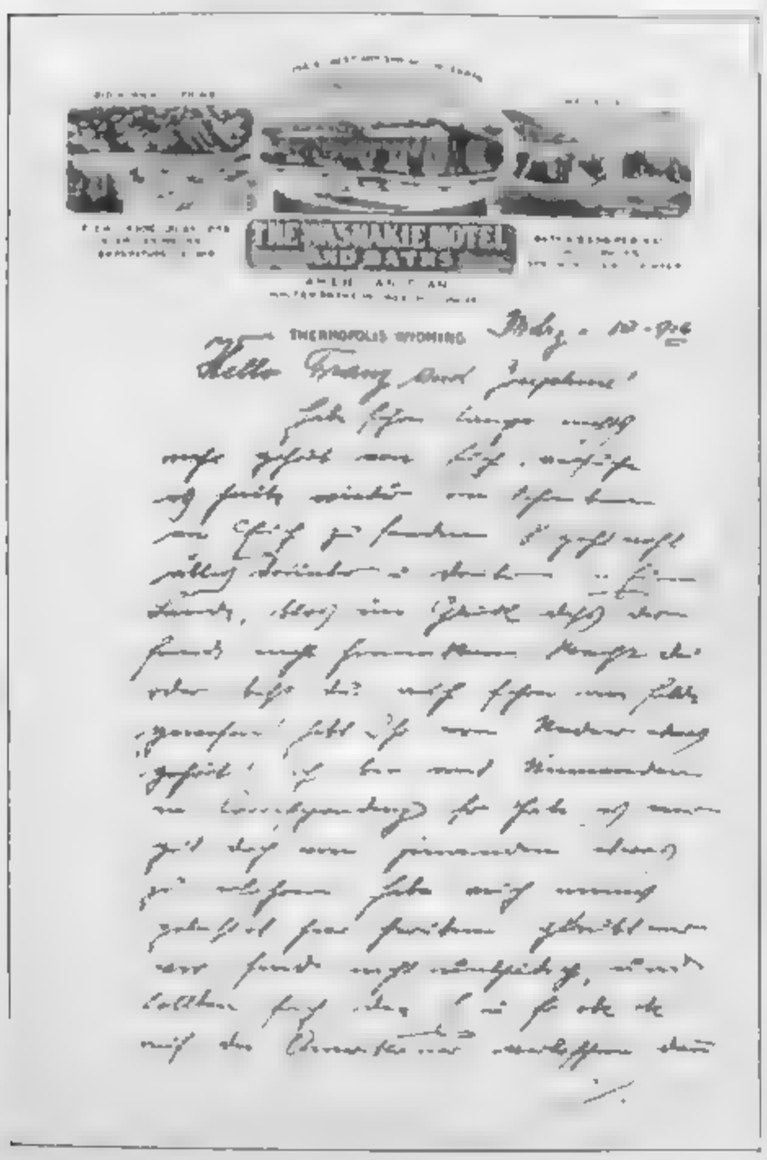
The Experts in Secret Writings

THERE is a Museum to which all visitors are taken, where are exhibited samples of the various German merchandise held up by the censorship. The principal articles exported from Germany by mail are books, diamonds, jewelry, drugs, chemicals, dyes, violin strings, lace, seeds and instruments. Six thousand sacks of such articles are being detained until the end of the war, in order that Germany may not receive financial credit therefor until after peace has been declared.

The principal articles of trade addressed to Germany are food, rubber and leather. The need for these articles is so keenly felt in the Central Empires that Germans in neutral countries try every conceivable method to get supplies thereof into Germany. Three thousand one-pound packets of rubber were, by one man, dispatched to Germany by registered mail at different times during a period of several months. Hams are frequently sent by first-class mail, sometimes paying postage to the amount of five to six dollars.

There is a testing department, where Britain's best research chemists and scholars match their wits against those of the wily enemy spy to discover his secret writings and decipher his complicated codes. An extraordinary lot of men they are—gleaned from Oxford and Cambridge, from

Continued on Page 105

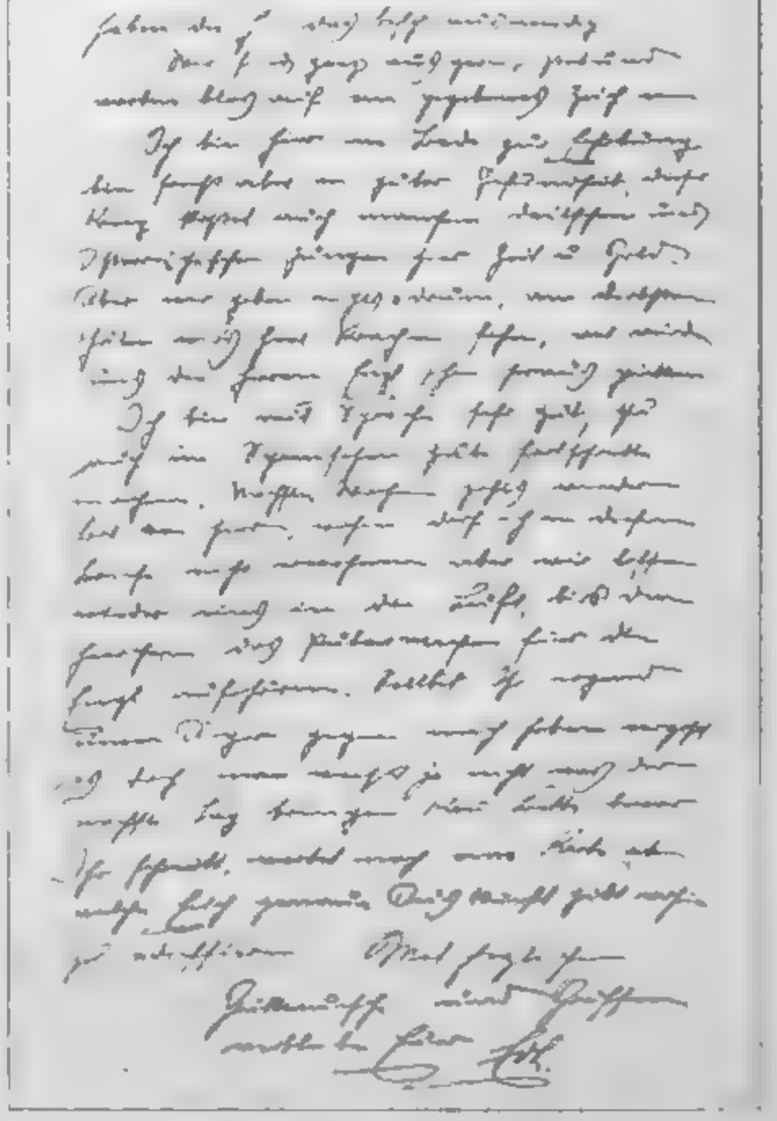


THE accompanying letter was written to Austria in March, 1916:

Hello Franz and Josephine:

I have not heard from you for a long time, but I will try again to send you a letter. I suppose everything is topsy-turvy in your country. It is lucky that the enemy cannot get in. Are you guarding at home, or have you already been to the Front. . . . I am not corresponding with anyone, and I should be glad to hear something from someone. I already have done my share over here. Believe me, we are not idle, and should the English and the French, etc., be relying on the Americans, they will see what will happen. We are all ready and are merely waiting for a given signal. I am having a rest here at the Baths, but otherwise I am perfectly well. The war is costing many Germans and Austrians here both time and money, but we do not mind that. We should be glad to see a break here. . . . I am getting along well with languages and am making good progress with my Spanish.

Next week I must leave here again, but cannot tell you in this letter where I am going, but we are going to blow up something else, until these people here give up making powder for the English. If you are annoyed at me for any reason please forgive me, for one never knows what the next day may bring. Before writing again, wait until you receive a card from me giving you full particulars where to address me.



TALISMANS

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IF EVER a young man should have been lucky it was Philander Jepson, and among his acquaintances it was unanimously agreed that he was lucky, though there were various theories propounded as to the reason therefor. It may be argued that luck has nothing whatever to do with reason; that Fortune, like Justice, with whom she is eternally at war, is blind; and that unlike Justice—of course—she generally clutches the wrong fellow and makes him the recipient of her favors. "A fool for luck!" is proverbial, and there were those who applied that aphorism to Philander. Others contended that no fool can be uniformly successful at penny-ante, high-man-out, picking 'em, and, above all, at guessing whether any given stock happened to be on the soar or the dive. Philander was not uniformly successful in these adventures; but there is no denying that he was generally lucky. There was a growing impression in the office that he was lucky to hold his job; but the supreme instance of his luck was getting a girl like Brunhilda.

Philander himself knew very well why he was lucky. That was his secret, unguessed by his most intimate friend; not even confided to Brunhilda. In his upper left-hand vest pocket he carried at all times a small dried-up furry object that had a mysterious influence on the run of cards, the fall of dice, and the speed and staying qualities of horseflesh. A rabbit's foot! Not a common, ordinary, everyday rabbit's foot, such as may be obtained without any trouble from a provision dealer or, capped with nickel or sterling silver, in nine out of ten curio stores; but the time-tried pedal extremity of a sure-enough witch rabbit, caught in the imperative graveyard at the magic hour of midnight and with the moon in its proper aspect. Philander won that talisman from a seedy individual who claimed Alabama as his native state, and who had, by his own confession, stolen it from a negro professor of voodoo then under arrest for chicken stealing. No money could have bought it.

That was not Philander's only reliance. In his lower right-hand vest pocket reposed a large thick copper cent, of the 1813 mintage, which had peculiar properties of an occult nature. If Philander threw it up and the other fellow called "Heads," it fell "Tails" uppermost, and vice versa—almost always. If Philander did the calling—to confound any base suspicion—it flopped obediently as its owner desired—nearly every time. There was a third charm, which ought to have clinched and triple-clinched luck—a stone perforated almost in the center by entirely natural agencies; an irregular waterworn stone that had rolled down from past ages into Philander's trousers pocket to attract to him by its benign power all the good things of life.

And in Philander's bedroom, over his bed, hung a rusty old horseshoe, still retaining three twisted nails. In a small lacquered box of Japanese manufacture, wrapped carefully in tissue paper, was the big end of a chicken's wishbone, now over a year old. There was a sentimental association with that wishbone.

Did you ever spend your two weeks' summer vacation at Saugatuck? Some swell resort—believe me! Not exactly swell in the sense of being fashionable and exclusive, though mighty nice people go there at that; but a fellow can have a swell time there and not spend much more than he would at home. For that matter, if a fellow is a spender he might as well scatter his coin one place as another. Yes; some mighty nice people go there. You see some of them on the boat—whole families, and girls in the families—peachelettes; pippinos! One family consists of a gray-whiskered old chap, built pretty solidly and dressed in a baggy crash suit; his wife, constructed on comfortable lines and attired simply and expensively; one leggy boy of sixteen, in blue serge; an even leggier sister, of perhaps thirteen, in a middy waist; and another sister ——

Well, you notice that last sister particularly. She has brown hair, with some copper color in it, and hazel eyes, very bright and shaded by long lashes. You always notice a girl's hair and eyes first, don't you? She has a pretty figure, rather slender than otherwise, and her little feet are nicely shod. She is about eighteen, you guess. You like the sound of her voice as she talks to her brother and sister, but you don't try to make her talk to you, because she sticks round the family circle, and there is something about her father's eye, as he gives you the once-over, and something about his mouth—and his whiskers —— Anyway, you don't say anything to her just then; and if she knows you are on earth she doesn't show it.

But presently you are down below, playing the paddle game with a dash and spirit that makes you the cynosure of all eyes. Your rabbit's foot and your lucky stone are working, all right, all right! You are actually beating the game; and if you ever went against the paddle game you know what that means. The paddle man is sore, and trying to hide it. You kid him. Then you become aware that the girl with the hazel eyes and her young brother are in the group that surrounds you. You continue to win and your gibes at the pale, hatchet-faced paddle man are wittier than ever. Then you hear a voice, severely calm, which says "Come, Brunhilda!" And out of the corner of your eye you see the girl's mother leading her away.

Very soon after that, at the paddle man's suggestion, you give some of these other folks a chance. The next thing you are on the dancing floor; and, if you do say it yourself, you have got your feet trained about as well as any of 'em. It isn't long before you see little Hazel Eyes again. She is not dancing, but sitting with her kid sister on one of the benches and looking as if she would like to. Hard to keep Sweet Eighteen away from good music and the rhythmic shuffle and patter of dancing feet! Her kid sister is with her; but you should worry! Nevertheless, you lose some of your self-confidence as you approach her, and you stammer a trifle as you ask her whether she doesn't want to take a little turn.

"No, thank you!" says Hazel Eyes.

She gives you an embarrassed smile; but it is easy to see that she means it. The kid sister looks at you indignantly and you retire, more or less gracefully, with a muttered half apology. Almost immediately the sisters get up and make their way to the promenade deck.

You should worry!—again. Still—you do a little promenading yourself before the boat gets to Benton Harbor; but there is nothing doing. You know, somehow, that she sees you; but you can't catch her at it. Only—just as everybody is scattering at the dock—she turns and looks at you. Just for that one moment your eyes meet squarely, and then she is gone, and not a chance in the world that you will ever see her again.

But you do see her again. You don't carry a lucky stone in your white ducks for nothing, though one of your two weeks has gone by in a giddy whirl of boating, swimming, fishing and flirting before it happens. You take a boat one morning and row down the old Kalamazoo River, being dated for a ride with a jaunty little Jane at another boarding house; and on your way you notice somebody on a small wooden pier at the foot of the bluff. There are three somebodies—in fact, two girls and a boy. You take another look, and then you turn in your course, row in alongside the pier, and ask those three somebodies if they don't want to take a little ride. If you address any one of the three particularly, it is the kid sister.

"Oh, let's!" says the kid sister as Brunhilda hesitates.

"Sure thing!" says the boy decisively.

Thereupon Brunhilda says:

"If it's only for a little way ——"

And being assured that she can return at any moment she pleases, she follows the others into the boat.

You are a wise old owl; and you don't say much to Brunhilda, but jolly the kids along. You have forgotten all about the jaunty little Jane you dated up, and take your party almost down to the lake before you turn back. By the time you are alongside the pier again you have made yourself solid with the kids, learned that they are staying at Inglebrae, which is up on the bluff above the pier, discovered that you have a mutual acquaintance in Jim Widdicum, one of the boarders, and declared your intention of calling on Old Jim that same evening. Brunhilda tells you that it was "awfully kind of you to take us"; and you tell her that you are always mighty good to Phil Jepson.

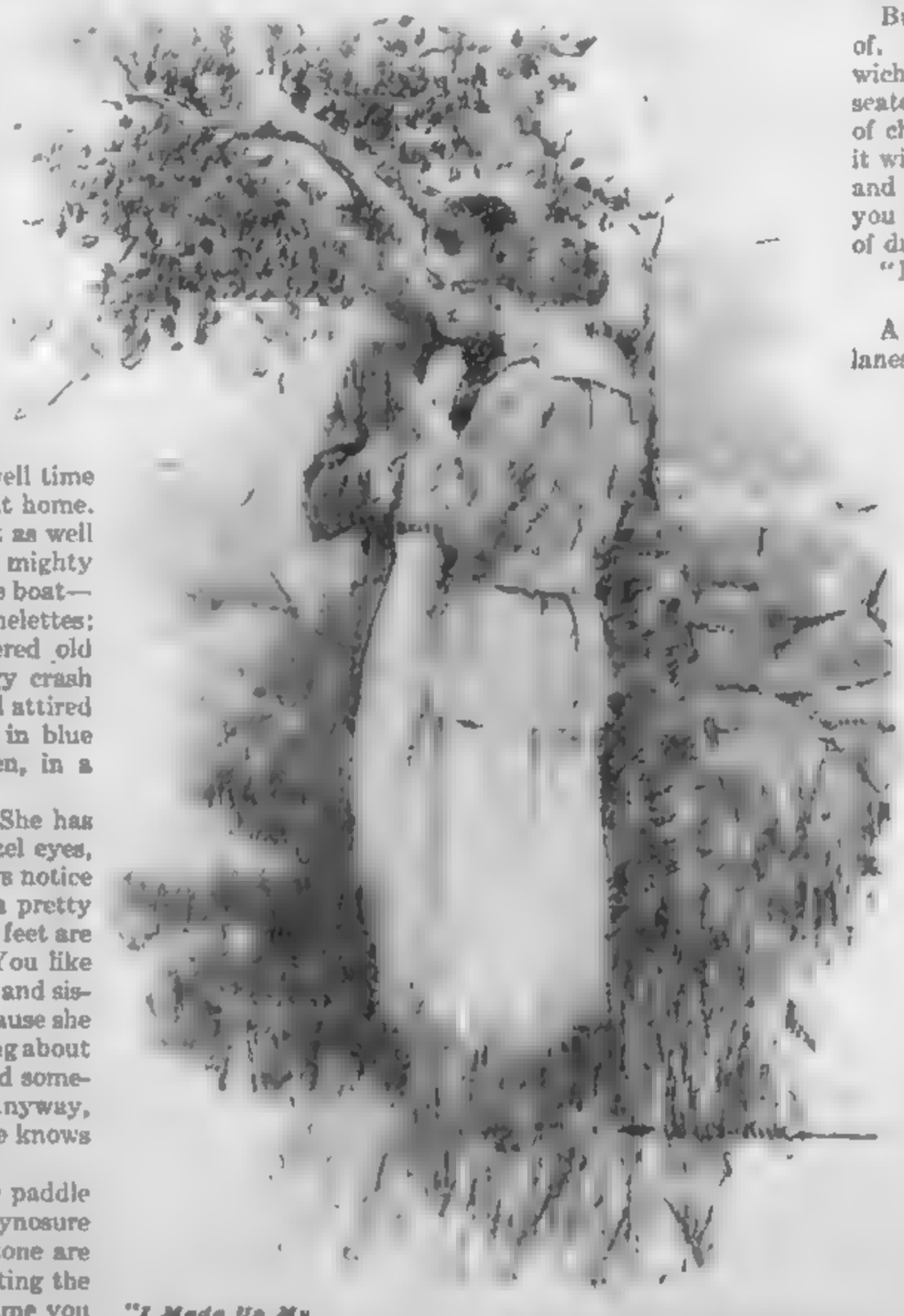
Right after supper you chase yourself up to Inglebrae, and there you meet Brunhilda's mamma and Brunhilda's papa; and mamma is cooler and papa a little more genial than you expected. You renew your acquaintance with Jim Widdicum, and you play catch with the bunch, including the kids, with a soft ball. You strenuously strive to please, and leave at last with the feeling that you have not striven in vain.

The days flit by with rainbow wings. Mamma has warmed up a little and forgotten the paddle-game incident. Jim Widdicum has told her that you are all right and holding down a pretty good job. Papa seems to like you. You have listened with marked interest to his long-winded stories, refrained from cigarettes, shown him a couple of good places for bass, and conducted yourself like the well-behaved young man that you are not. He has asked you to "Come to see us when we get back to town."

Brunhilda? You know the changing lights in Brunhilda's hazel eyes by this time. You know she has a special smile with a special dimple for you. You have told her a good deal about yourself. There is a growing reluctance in your partings; they are more protracted. One moonlight night on the bluff overlooking the river, seated in the kindly shade of the big trees that fringed its edge ——

But the picnic —— Broad noon and no shade to speak of. All the bunch present. Fried chicken, ham sandwiches, lemonade. You and Brunhilda are, however, seated side by side; and presently you find that your piece of chicken has a wishbone. You invite Brunhilda to pull it with you; she takes one end in her pretty little fingers, and you look, both of you, into dangerous depths. Then you pull, and Brunhilda's smile changes into an expression of dismay. "Oh!" she cries sadly.

"I've got my wish!" you exclaim joyfully.



"I Made Up My Mind Right Then to Ask for a Couple of Days Off and See You"

A lucky chap—Philander—indeed! But luck, longest lanes, and worms all have a way of turning—wishbones, rabbits' feet, holed stones and pocket pieces to the contrary notwithstanding. Philander had been traveling a pretty long lane both before and since the day of the picnic. Brunhilda's father was beginning to realize that fact, and he didn't like that lane's direction or its downward inclination. The old gentleman was no worm, but he was turning. Brunhilda was no worm, though in her mother's opinion Philander had been treating her like one.

Philander's disposition seemed to be gradually changing. It had become jealous and irritable. There was no doubt that he was occasionally rather neglectful of Brunhilda too. You see, when a fellow has the claims on his time that Philander had, something or somebody has to be neglected. It takes time to make easy money, and it takes time to spend it. If it is spent as a good fellow should spend it, a certain nervous irritability is bound to result.

So it happened that when Philander went up to the house, after a week's absence, to show Brunhilda where she got off, Brunhilda's father was laying for him.

"Is that Jepson?" he called gruffly from the library. "Tell him to come in here."

Philander went in there. He found the old folks sitting alone, and they both looked pretty serious. He greeted them with even more than usual affability; but they vouchsafed no responsive smile and he correctly guessed that something unpleasant was about to happen.

"Where's Brunhilda?" he asked.

"Never mind about Brunhilda!" said the old gentleman brusquely. "I called you in here because I want to talk to you. It won't take me long to say

it either. I don't want you round here any more. Keep away from this house and keep away from my daughter! Is that perfectly plain and clear?"

It should have been; but Philander hardly seemed to understand for a moment. For a young man of his ordinary aplomb, he was tremendously disconcerted.

"Why—why, what's the matter, Mr. Fletcher?" he gasped.

"If you want me to I'll tell you," replied Brunhilda's father. "I don't often size a man up wrong, but I've got to admit that I was mistaken in you. I thought you were a pretty decent sort of boy, outside of some puppy foolishness. I find that you are not. I had the idea that you had a promising future, and I've come to the conclusion that you are going straight to the devil with a clear track. That seems to be all that's the matter."

Philander had turned very pale.

"I don't allow anybody to insult me!" he began.

"I'm not trying to insult you," said Brunhilda's father. "I'm telling you what ought to be good for you. I doubt that it will; but it ought to. I'm not guessing either. I've taken pains to be sure. You're in bad company; you're spending more than your salary amounts to in ways I don't like, and neglecting your business. Keep cool now, and don't try to interrupt me. I don't think you are robbing your employer, and I don't think you will—because he's taking notice of you himself. I know how you are getting your money perfectly well, and I don't approve of your methods any more than I approve of your drinking."

"Are you quite through?" asked Philander with forced calm.

You and Brunhilda are Seated Side by Side; and Presently You Find That Your Piece of Chicken Has a Wishbone

"Not quite," said Mr. Fletcher. "I might as well finish. I think quite a good deal of Brunhilda, and the fellow that gets her has got to be all right. You haven't even been treating her well; and it doesn't agree with her any more than it does with me. Her mother and I have had a talk with her, and I'm proud to say that she's sensible enough to take our view of the matter and to leave it in our hands."

"I suppose you've been knocking me then," said Philander fiercely; "but you can't run that kind of bluff and get away with it. If Brunhilda ——"

Mrs. Fletcher rose very quietly and left the room. Her husband held up his finger in a compelling sort of way.

"Wait!" said the old gentleman.

In a moment or two Mrs. Fletcher entered, and with her came Brunhilda—sensible Brunhilda; only there was no sense in having her eyes so red or her face so white. Still, she carried her head high, and when she spoke it was without prompting and in an unfaltering voice.

"Phil," she said, "I'm quite sure it will be better for us both if you don't come here again, or try to see me. I've thought this out for myself, and I'm quite decided. Take this, please."

It was a ring she offered—a seventy-five-dollar diamond that Philander had given her. Philander took it mechanically and tucked it into his waistcoat pocket, where it settled beside the 1818 cent that fell right every time—almost. Then his indignation again burst out.

"If you send me away I'm not coming back!" he cried. "Understand that!"

Brunhilda turned away with dignity. But just as she reached the door she had to spoil it with a half-choked sob. Then the door closed behind her, and simultaneously Mr. Fletcher started to his feet with a crimson face and a warlike gleam in his eye before which Philander quailed.

"That's right!" he roared. "You're not coming back! And now—get out, or I'll break your worthless neck!"

Philander went away with his thoughts crowding too thick and fast, one upon another, to separate and dwell on. It was some time before he had a definite idea of what had occurred to him, and why. Then he said savagely:

"Damn that ladder!"

There you have it. On his way to the house Philander had actually walked under a ladder that a painter had reared against a store front. One may easily imagine that he was very much preoccupied at the time. He was, in fact, anticipating a reconciliation with Brunhilda, and the anticipation was not unpleasant. He knew that he had been in the wrong—very much so; but he was pretty sure that Brunhilda would admit that the fault had been hers. She had made such admission and submission before, more than once, more than half a dozen times, and when he had not stayed away more than two or three days after a fuss. Anyway, he walked straight, square and spang under that ill-omened contraption; and now he was suffering the consequence of his carelessness.

"Rotten luck!" he exclaimed.

He walked several blocks and then took a through car to the North Side, where a certain bunch had their hang-out. He wanted diversion. Never in his life had he so wanted to spit out the cud of reflection and get busy. Action! Action! The voice of glad welcome where it's never stormy weather! A potion—or maybe two or three potions—to put the bloom of youth upon the cheek and drive away dull care! Any old thing rather than solitude and meditation.

He met the bunch when the evening was still young. It must be owned that there was no glad shout of welcome on his arrival; but they made room for him to sit in and gave him what chips he wanted. Fool that he was!—with the lesson of the ladder still fresh. Time passed; potions were drained; the limit was raised—at Philander's special request. Then the glad shouts began to rise and continue to rise until, at some time past midnight, they culminated in a joyous whoop from all present, with one exception.

"Well, boys," said the exception, pushing back his chair rather clumsily and stumbling from the table, "ish taken you yearsh, but you've cer'nly go' me skinned good'n' proper a' lash."

"Wha's mazzer with m' rabbish foot?" he asked plaintively.

Rotten luck!

The alarm clock went off. That should have surprised Philander, because if he wound it up when he went to bed it must have been a surprising instance of the force of habit. It was an unusually clamorous and persistent sort of clock, however, and it was useless to try to disregard its summons to the activities of the day. Philander groaned once or twice, and then reluctantly raised his muddled head from the pillow and slowly heaved the rest of himself out of bed.

"Wow!" he cried.

It was that head of his. Some head! Still, the symptoms from which he was suffering were not altogether new to him, and he forthwith set about their amelioration. Cold water, first internally and then externally, a good rubdown, and—such is the blessing of a strong, youthful constitution—he felt nothing worse than a dull ache and a certain mental muzziness. It was no doubt owing to the muzziness that he put on his first garment wrong side out, and then—reversed it. That is not a thing he would have done if his faculties had been clearer, for everybody knows that the way to avert the disaster a wrong-side-out garment portends is simply to leave it on and wear it wrong side out. The thing was done, however, and Philander completed his toilet with deepened gloom upon his brow. Then he went down to breakfast.

Will it be believed that in the course of that repast he overturned a saltcellar and its contents—and that an officious waitress swooped on the spilled salt with a napkin and tray and removed it before he could throw a pinch of it over his left shoulder? Believe it or not, that is what happened.

He started for the office in that state of mind which is more easily imagined than described—for which cogent reason it is left to imagination. He reached the office safely and on time, and applied himself as well as he could to his work; but within an hour the girl at the switchboard turned to him and said:

"Mr. Lamkin wants to see you, Mr. Jepson."

Nice, pastoral, sportive and innocent sort of a name—Lamkin—suggestive of duisied meads and purling brooks and sunshine. He wasn't at all that sort of person though. He was Philander's boss—everybody's boss—and no easy one. Few of his employees ever entered his room without a self-examination on the way for faults of omission or commission, or left it without conviction of sin. Philander rose wearily to answer the call, and tried, for the benefit of the switchlady, to look unconcerned; but he wasn't.

Mr. Lamkin glanced up from his desk with a wolfish display of teeth and, dropping his pen, joined his thumbs and forefingers together in a wedgelike fashion that he had, and which somehow added to the incisive effect of what he said. He went directly to the point now.

"Jepson," he began, "I've sent for you to tell you that I'm going to cut your salary. . . . Not on account of the war or any depression of business," he went on, after satisfying himself that his statement had sunk in. "It isn't a general cut; it's special for you—and very special, because it's my general rule to fire a man when he doesn't work to suit me. I'm making this exception to give you a chance—because I've been asked to."

"I—I didn't know there had been any complaint of my work," said Philander, moistening his dry lips with his tongue.

"There hasn't been," Mr. Lamkin admitted. "Nor has there been any praise of it," he added. "I raised you to where you are because I thought you were taking an active and intelligent interest in the business; but you've been at a standstill for over a year. I can get plenty of young men to do the work you are doing now for the salary I propose to pay you, and there's no reason on earth why I should discriminate in your favor. Another thing: If you expect to stay here at all, you've got to stop gambling. I've only recently learned about that, or you'd have been hunting a new job long ago. As it is, you are going back to eighteen a week. That's all—unless you have anything to say."

"Not much," replied Philander. "I just want to put you right on one little thing: I'm not going back to eighteen a week. I'm going to let you get one of those cheap men—and quit you. I've quit now—and you've told me that there hasn't been any complaint of my work, at that."

Mr. Lamkin disjoined his fingers and thumbs, picked up his pen and scribbled on a pad.

"Give that to the cashier," he said coldly. "You get your salary to the end of the week; but I wouldn't advise you to apply to me for a recommendation."

"I'll see to it that you don't knock me, anyway," declared Philander defiantly; and with that he walked out, not ill-pleased with himself for having shown proper spirit and self-respect.

He stopped at the cigar stand as he was leaving the building, feeling the need of a smoke to tide his nerves over to the nearest cocktail. The cigar man threw a box of cigarettes on the counter as Philander approached.

"Don't shoot! I'll come down," he said. "Take these on me, and let it go at that."

"Be a sport!" said Philander, picking up the dicebox. "Horses or single flop?"

"A single flop is easier and the result's always the same," said the cigar man. "Let 'em roll. But I wish you'd lay offa me."

Philander dropped the dice out of the box and the cigar man chuckled.

"I can beat that, anyway," he said, and did so.

"Let's try it again," Philander proposed, forgetting his underwear and the salt. They tried it again and again; and Philander paid for six boxes of cigarettes and took away three. A small thing—but wait!

He found the cocktail place. There was a ticker in it; and, being long five thousand bushels of September wheat, he naturally picked up the tape and scanned it with considerable interest. September wheat had dropped one, and one and a quarter cents, into the wastebasket. Two minutes later it tumbled another three-quarters of a cent and Philander had lost one hundred dollars.

Could you beat it! Cleaned out of all but carfare the night before by a measly, paint-bespattered ladder, which had already turned his girl against him; separated from his good job; stuck for ninety cents' worth of cigarettes; and finally robbed of a hundred—cold cash—by a combination of chloride of sodium and mercerized cotton. What do you know about that!

Well, at least Hoboken Rapid Transit was steady and certainly due to go up. The lucky stone was still in his pocket, with his week's salary. He could feel it when he dug for change for the second cocktail. Only he would make no new ventures that day. Nor would he waste any time looking for a new job.

He finished the second cocktail and then went back to the tape. Hoboken had declined ten points.

He hurried to the telephone booth and called for the number of his broker. He still had that week's salary, and there was enough of it to cover his margin for five points more. The stock was bound to advance as soon as news of the dividend got out, and the dividend was a cinch. He had inside information that it would be declared. He could get over to the broker's office inside of ten minutes, and Joe wouldn't wipe out an old customer for a matter of ten minutes.

"Busy!" said Central.

"Busy nothing!" returned Philander. "They're —— Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!"

Silence. Philander jiggled the hook furiously, and in half a minute Central asked him what number he wanted—"please."

He told her, and after a short interval a manly voice responded with "Northwestern Freight Office."

"Wrong number!" snapped Philander, and hung up the receiver and wiped his streaming forehead.

He was about to try again when he suddenly remembered. What was the use? Let it go, and let 'em wipe him out! This day was hoodooed—jinxed to the last minute of its twenty-four hours. To-morrow his talismans would be working, with no malign influences operating against them. To-morrow he might—would—make a killing; but to-day everything was hopeless.

There was only one safe thing to do. Philander did it three or four times; and in between two of the times he had the dusky gentleman in the white coat fix him some corned-beef sandwiches from the magnificent brisket that decorated the lunch counter. What with the food and the drink, he began to feel better. He took a great fancy to one of the bartenders, too, and found him decidedly sympathetic—an understanding soul.

He wouldn't have mentioned the break with Brunhilda and her parents to everybody—he had too much delicacy; but this bartender was different, even if he did speak out of one corner of his mouth. Philander told him about Mr. Lamkin's behavior too; and the bartender applauded his spirit. He had had a similar experience himself only worse. His employer had quit paying him wages entirely and had actually kicked him. Thereupon the bartender had done exactly as Philander had done.

"I quit him!" said the bartender.

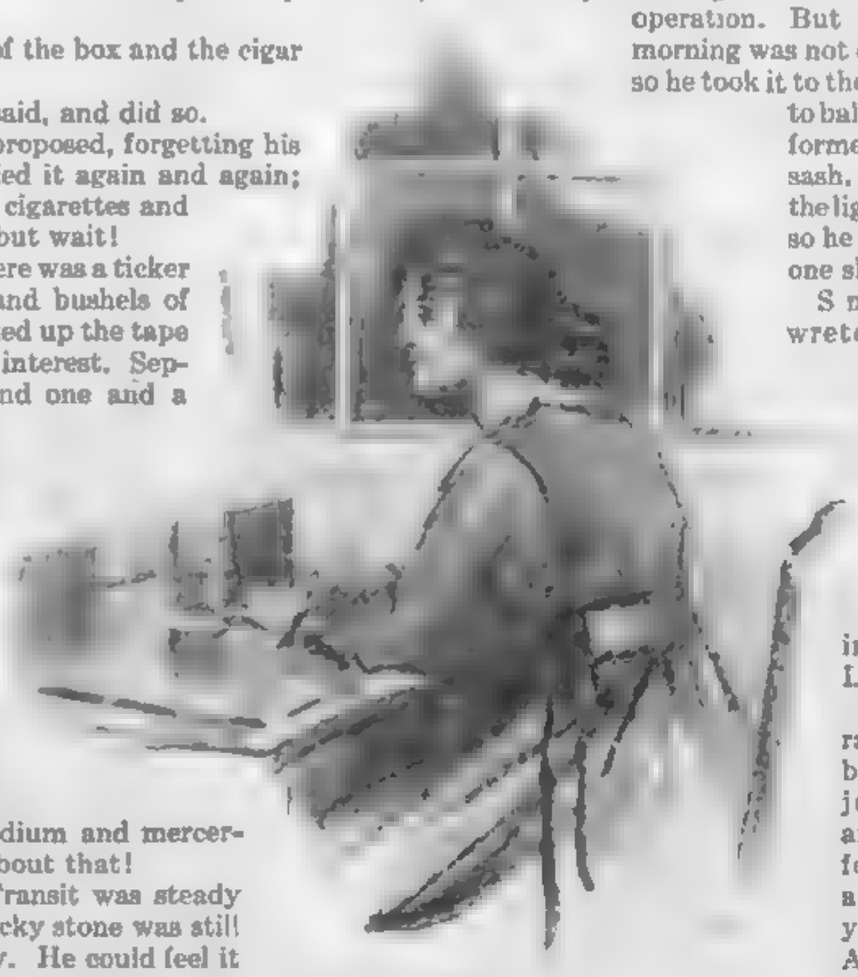
Philander nodded unqualified approval.

"Tha's right!" he said; and then, leaning a little farther over the bar and lowering his voice confidentially: "Wha' would you do now if you were in my place?"

The bartender wiped the young man's arm back with a sweep of his checked towel.

"I'd go jump into the Lake," he said.

To-morrow came to Philander with its matutinal ache and throb and muzziness. Again he heaved himself out of bed, with groans and exclamations of pain; but this time he saw to it that his underwear went on with the buttons properly outward. He had deluged himself with water—that blessed cold, cold water of old Michigan—within and without, and he almost took the skin off with the vigor of his subsequent rubbing; but, in spite of that, he was pretty shaky as he began to shave. He had a large triplicate mirror, which was placed to give him enough light for the operation. But its position this morning was not quite satisfactory; so he took it to the window and tried to balance it on the ledge formed by the double sash. It balanced, but the light was still wrong; so he readjusted it with one shaky hand.



The Supreme Instance of His Luck Was Getting a Girl Like Brunhilda

Smash! The wretched thing had fallen on the tiled bathroom floor and the broken glass slithered in every direction.

"Oh, Lord!" cried Philander in anguish. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!"

No little temporary setback here, but a blanket injunction against any kind of good fortune, with no appeal! Seven years of bad luck! An interminable train of ills until the expiration of the decree!

Philander sat on the edge of the bathtub, with his head in his hands, and stared ruin in the face, with bloodshot eyes. He was then twenty-four years of age. He would be thirty-one—on the brink of old age—before misfortune ceased to claim him for her own. A shattered mirror? A shattered life!

He stooped and, picking up the hinged remains, saw that all three of the glasses had been broken. Would that make twenty-one years?

"I don't suppose it matters much," he muttered despairingly. "Since Brunhilda's gone back on me —— Well, she's in luck, anyway, getting rid of me in time!"

After a little it occurred to him to see how much of that week's salary he had left. He tried his trousers pocket first. One crumpled two-dollar bill, a dollar and sixty-five cents in silver—and the lucky stone. He threw the money and the stone on his dressing table and picked up his waistcoat. Fifteen cents—and the 1813 cent made sixteen—in the lower right-hand pocket. The upper left-hand pocket yielded nothing but the rabbit's foot.

Then Philander suddenly burst into a fury of rage and brought his fist down with a thump on the table.

"I'll show 'em!" he cried. "They can't bluff me!"

He strode to the window and raised it with a jerk. Back to the table he went; and, gathering up rabbit's foot, lucky stone and copper penny, he hurled them out into the street with savage energy. He leaped up on the bed, tore down the horseshoe and flung that out. Finally he opened his bureau drawer and took out the Japanese lacquer box that held the wishbone. He hesitated for a moment before he threw that, but only for a moment. Then he slammed the window down.

"Now we'll see what happens!" he said hoarsely.

And then, being somewhat overwrought, he dropped limply on his disordered bed and, hiding his face in his bent arms, began to shake all over and make queer noises.

Quite naturally Philander had no luck in his hunt for a new job. There seemed to be no reason in the world why he should not have landed something within a reasonable length of time. He was a good-looking chap, with a businesslike manner calculated to make a good impression, a neat dresser, and his wardrobe was in good condition. He could state his qualifications concisely and convincingly, without swagger; also, he had a large acquaintance, tolerably well disposed toward him. Nevertheless, he had no luck. Prospect after prospect petered out just as he felt sure that he had landed, and soon he could hardly persuade himself that he had prospects.

He managed to get credit at the café in the building where he had his room and private bath, for a time, and the woman who rented him the room let him keep it until the month was up; but after that he had to move into a cheap hall bedroom in a poor neighborhood and borrow a ten-dollar bill from a friend to pay for the week in advance and buy a meal ticket at a twenty-five-cent restaurant. That friend in need would have bought Philander a drink too; but this the young man declined. He may have been a fool, as some people contended, but he was not enough of a fool to take an alcoholic breath along with him in his search for work. For the same reason he refrained from cigarettes at that time. He had to get that job.

He was living entirely on borrowed money. It may be argued that he was in luck to be able to borrow, but not by those who have been reduced to that humiliating necessity. To feign surprise and pleasure at the sight of a man whom you have waylaid with premeditation and for whom you never did care much, anyway; to make conversation leading up to your casual loan application; to note the changed expression in his face and the alteration of his manner—and then, to accept the grudgingly granted accommodation asked for—or a reduced sum of it —— No; in that respect Philander was not lucky, even when he succeeded.

He began to think that Mr. Lamkin was knocking him; and perhaps that was true to some extent. He had invariably replied that he had resigned from the Lamkin & Smedly Company when questioned as to his last employment. He had also mentioned the respectable salary that Lamkin & Smedly had paid him, not proposing to cheapen himself—at first. Later on he said salary was not so much an object to him, to begin with, as a chance to make good. He was beginning to consider a peripatetic agency for some one of the thousand attractive novelties he saw advertised, when he fell in with Old Man Johnson, of Johnson & Wasserman's. That was in the tenth week of his nonemployment, after he had pawned everything pawnable that he had, except his linen, one pair of shoes, one hat and one good business suit, and a diamond ring which had cost seventy-five dollars, but which, in his greatest extremity, he never reckoned among his assets.

It was largely owing to his depressed state of mind that Philander had not tried for Johnson & Wasserman's at the outset, because the firm was even more important than Lamkin's and in the same line of business. A job there would have seemed like the biggest kind of luck. As it was, Philander walked in there on a sudden impulse that in happier days he should have called a "hunch." Contrary to expectation, Old Man Johnson proved easily accessible; and Philander made his application. Old Man Johnson listened courteously and then looked Philander over reflectively. He had mild blue eyes and a benevolent expression, but Philander felt uncomfortable under that reflective look. It was so prolonged, for one thing.

"We're stocked up with office men," he said at last.

"There are office men and office men," Philander ventured to say.

"Which kind are you?"

"If you give me half a chance I'll show you," Philander replied.

"Why did you resign?"

Philander told him the reason, and told him without reserve. Something in Old Man Johnson's manner gave him the idea that frankness would be his best course. Then Old Man Johnson surprised him.

"I sympathize with you, Mr. Jepson," he said. "I'm a gambler myself. Always have been, and I suppose I always shall be. But I'm generally lucky, and I think I'll gamble on you—ten dollars' worth weekly. It looks to me like a long shot, but we'll see how you get away from the barrier. Think you'd like to enter—at ten a week for the start?"

"You're on!" said Philander with a happy smile.

That was the last Philander saw of the Old Man for a considerable length of time. They took him and wedged him into a low-level limbo of routine drudgery that would have taken the heart clear out of him three months before. It is a remarkable thing how much a man can learn in a ten weeks' course of lessons in the school of adversity. The difference between ten dollars a week and eighteen is considerable; between ten and twenty-five it is still greater; but the difference between nothing and despair and ten dollars a week and hope is something tremendous. It puts pep into a man to an unbelievable extent; it raises his head, throws back his shoulders, sharpens his wits, stimulates him to constant exertion, and makes him exceedingly wary of relapse. In time it may raise him to fifteen, to eighteen—each step giving him more elbowroom—and then to the old Lamkin figure of twenty-five.

Wary of relapse? "Wary" was the word. Old Man Johnson had required no promise of reform from Philander. He had, indeed, conveyed the impression that he was not particularly interested in a man's habits outside the office. Nevertheless, Philander studiously avoided all games of

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THE NARIKIN—By Samuel G. Blythe

WE HAVE it on high authority that everything is relative. Therefore, money must be. And, looking at it in that light, a millionaire is a millionaire, whether he counts his millions in pounds sterling, dollars or yen.

Now a yen is worth half a dollar—a little more at the moment, because of a high exchange—but ordinarily it takes two yen to make a dollar. Wherefore a Japanese millionaire is, as we view such specimens, worth only half a million dollars; but he is a millionaire just the same, for he has his million yen; and, if you care to, you may take it from me that a man in Japan with a million in his jeans is of considerably more importance and power than a man in the United States with a million dollars tucked away. First, there are comparatively fewer men with a million yen in Japan than there are men with a million dollars in the United States; and, second, the great bulk of the people have fewer yen a head than the great bulk of the Americans have dollars. Hence, a Japanese millionaire stands out more prominently. It is a distinction to be a millionaire in Japan. It is a habit to be a millionaire in the United States.

The Stock Exchange at Tokio

However, the processes of accumulating a million, whether of yen or of dollars, do not materially differ in the two countries. It requires the same sort of effort or luck or skill, or whatever it is that gets a man a million, no matter whether the currency accumulated is dollars or nickels, yen or rin. And the process produces the same sort of millionaires, whether their habitat is Wall Street or Kabuto-cho, in Tokio. There was a time, after the formation of the Steel Trust, when we spoke of a certain sort of millionaire as a Pittsburgh millionaire; and another time when we denoted another sort as a copper millionaire. Lately we have shipping millionaires, and many other kinds, from peppermint to onion, from automobile to airship. So has Japan.

Japan's Crop of Mushroom Millionaires

IT WAS not my intention to write of the basic millionaires of Japan, such as the Mitsui barons, the Iwasaki, Asano, Shibusawa, and many of the others who correspond in their yen terms with the Rockefellers and Morgans and Fricks and Clarks and Carnegies and Reids of America. They are simply millionaires—mere money masters. They have the same ideas about money, get it in the same ways, and worship it and the power it brings as avidly. There is neither romance nor interest—save the six-per-cent kind—in the story of their garnerings. They have been a long time at their work, and have piled it up with the leverage of banks, corporations, trusts, and what not. They are just millionaires or billionaires, as the case may be.

The sort of millionaire who interests us all is the man who leaves home in the morning with two dimes and a paper dollar, and comes back at night with a truck load of hundred-dollar bills—the get-it-quick boy. And while this war has been producing a good many of that kind for us, it has also produced a fair crop for Japan; and the Japanese sort is a citizen who deserves examination and consideration. He is a chop-chop millionaire, all right; and he is, at the present moment, the most interesting of all the interesting people who live in the same group of islands with the Mikado.

In the first place, while we call our sudden millionaires by various names, mostly designating each particular type or source, the Japanese have a generic title for them all—narikin. Roll that over on your tongue—narikin. Sounds like something interesting, doesn't it? And it is. The narikin is a millionaire—right; but he has one great difficulty: he has limited opportunities for letting the world—his world—know about it. There are no lobster palaces or cabarets, or Broadways, or Biltmores, or Ritzes, or Waldorfs in Tokio, or in Kobe, or in Osaka; no Fifth Avenues, save the Ginza, in Tokio, and that isn't much when considered as a place to throw yen about; and not many chorus girls or automobiles, or such. To be sure, the narikin does as well as he can with his restaurants and geishas; but the best a narikin can do isn't comparable to the splurge a Middle-Western new millionaire can make in New York after he gets his.

The word "narikin" comes from the name of a chessman in the Shogi game, an old Japanese chess. It came into use in this connection when Japan got her first sudden millionaires during the boom that came in Japanese values after the finish of the Russo-Japanese War. It is now the universal Japanese term for the man who gets a large sum of money quickly, makes an extraordinary fortune by some skillful or lucky turn of business or speculation, secures a fortune overnight. In the old Shogi game the chessman from which the name was taken, as the Japanese said, possessed the power of "kin," or gold, for audacity and force when it invaded the enemy's field. So the word "narikin," which literally means "to become gold," has come to designate the man who gets money rapidly.

There was a great Japanese stock boom after the end of the Russo-Japanese War, and many speculators became rich. These generally began with nothing but their nerve, and came out with large accumulations of yen. Then followed a reaction and a depression in financial affairs that lasted for seven or eight years; and there were no new narikins. Indeed, most of the old ones blew up and the term lapsed into disuse, because there was no occasion to apply it. With the beginning of the European war Japan began to boom again, just as the United States began to boom; and the present crop of narikins is large and luxurious. However, there is a marked difference between the present-day narikins and those who came with the boom after the Russo-Japanese War. The first crop was composed almost entirely of stock speculators, and nothing more. The present-day narikins are to a considerable extent business men of the forehanded sort. Few of them started empty-handed. Most of them had some capital other than their wits, and business experience other than gambling in stock-market shares.

When Adding Machines Get Discouraged

THE principal sources from which Japan's new crop of narikins sprang are shipping, iron and steel, dyestuffs, and speculation in the stock market. Combined with these narikins are many who resulted from the extraordinary period of inflation, noticeable in promotions of all sorts, increases in the capital stocks of going concerns, great rises in value of speculative stocks—especially stocks in such concerns as had war orders—war babies, and expansion generally. They are as quick to seize upon a period of inflation on Kabuto-cho as they are in Wall Street, and quicker to turn it to their own account; for the Japanese, like all other Orientals, are better gamblers than the Anglo-Saxons.

Japan had been poor for several years. Her finances were in bad shape. Business was slow. Taxation had reached its uttermost limit. Her bonds were low and not wanted. New capital could not be found. The Mitsui, the Iwasaki, and a few others of the big concerns, had about all. The government had subsidized the big shipping concerns, as well as most of the other big concerns, and, even with the subsidies, they were in hard case. Then came the war, and Japan leaped, almost overnight, from potential bankruptcy to a better position financially than the country ever had been in. Prosperity arrived. Japan, having done her bit for the Allies in the taking of Tsingtau

A Lantern Procession in Tokio, Previous to the Final Surrender of Tsingtau

from the German holders, proceeded to reap the harvest. Japan is now rich—for Japan.

Whereupon the narikin began to develop. And the great narikin story is the story of Shinya Uchida, of Kobe, who made five million yen—two and a half million dollars—in a year, and is still making yen so fast that he cannot begin to keep count of his fortune on his adding machines. He owns the Uchida Steamship Company; and last year the Uchida Steamship Company paid a dividend, mostly to Shinya Uchida, of six hundred and fifty per cent, the greatest dividend ever paid in Japan.

Shinya Uchida is the son of a middle-class Japanese and was educated at the Tokio Higher Commercial College. When he had finished school he looked about for a position; and, through the influence of some friends of his father, he was given a place in the Kobe shipping section of the great Mitsui Bussan Company, the largest commercial organization in Japan, which owns ships, mines, banks and factories, and is engaged in many other business enterprises in all the large cities and in neighboring countries. Uchida was strictly business. He never read a book or went to a play or took any diversion. All day and all night he devoted himself to business, working and studying. He scoffed at his fellow clerks who read books and sought amusement. He said bookish knowledge is of no use in business. What he wanted was knowledge of the practical side of things; and he got it.

Uchida had a most favorable opinion of himself, and he came to think Uchida the wisest man, in the shipping line, with the Mitsui. He was smart, pushing, eager to get money, and strictly commercial in the Japanese way. After he had served ten years with the Mitsui he got an idea that he knew more than all the rest of the Mitsui shipping people together; and there came a day when his opinions clashed with those of his superiors. The result was that Uchida lost his job. He was fired.

Money Talks in All Tongues

ALL he knew was shipping, and there were no opportunities in Kobe for another connection such as that he had had with the Mitsui. So he opened a shipping office for himself, renting a room in a shabby house on Naniwa-cho and furnishing it with an old desk and one chair. His office staff consisted of a coolie, who drew his ricksha and was his servant. Uchida knew the shipping business and he picked up a little brokerage business—not much, but enough to keep him going. His principal support was a sort of commission on tonnage coal from a coal mine in China, where a friend of his was an assistant manager. This man threw some business in the way of Uchida.

Uchida has sense and business foresight. As soon as he read the first telegram that there might be a European war—even before war was declared—he hustled to the office of the Oake Steamship Company and chartered a steamship at a charter price of five thousand yen a month. He had little money and he put it all up as a forfeit. Shipping was dull in Japan at the time and freights scarce; and the manager of the Oake Company was willing to take a chance on Uchida for five thousand yen a month. Uchida held the charter of his ship for ten days, and then rechartered her to another company for seven thousand one hundred yen a month, cash. Things were beginning to stir in the shipping line even then. Uchida saw the possibilities. He chartered five other ships, using his seven thousand yen for contract-binding installments, and in two months he had rechartered these ships at big increases over the charter prices he was paying.

Presently he began to buy ships. He paid one hundred and sixty thousand yen for the Taisho Maru, held her a few months, and sold her for seven hundred and fifty thousand yen. When I was in Japan in February Uchida owned six big ships, had charters for five more, and was building five in the yards at Kobe and Nagasaki. He is now worth five million yen and is getting more money every day. The staid Japanese business men of Kobe speak of him as a reckless and wild fellow; but he isn't. He is a man of instant decision and excellent courage.

Money came so quickly that he couldn't begin to spend a tenth of his income. He gave great feasts to his friends, showered gold on the geishas, and conducted himself generally just as a mushroom millionaire in the United States does. He bought costly clothes, built himself a house, and then gave one hundred thousand yen to his Alma Mater, the Tokio Higher Commercial College. And, in order to make himself entirely solid with the powers who will rule the Japanese hereafter, as well as those who control religiously at the present time, he gave ten thousand yen for the building of the Meiji Shrine.

He speaks of himself as "the Carnegie of Japan," and impresses his acumen, his money and his bold, decisive personality on whoever he meets. But, at that, he has a sense of humor. After the money began to come in and Uchida felt sure he would have a fortune, he sent agents out one day and hired every available motor car in Kobe. Also, he hired every collection of musicians who could, by any combination or amalgamation, be made into something that resembled a band. He trimmed his motor cars gaudily with paper flowers and wreaths, flags and banners. Every car carried a dozen flags of the Uchida Steamship Company. He put a band in each car—there was a long procession of them—and sat alone in the first car. Then he made a parade through the business section of Kobe and went to the branch office of the Mitsui Bussan Company, where he formerly worked. He moved his procession up and down in front of the Mitsui office and round it, bands playing and flags flying—especially the flags of the Uchida Steamship Company.

Then he stopped in front of the main entrance and sent in his greetings and compliments, asking the manager of the Mitsui if all was well with the Mitsui business. "Hello, my dear old friends!" he said. "I trust you are in good health. Is your business prospering? In case you need any financial assistance do not hesitate to call on me. I am always at your service." And his servants distributed great packets of the advertising matter of the Uchida Steamship Company among the Mitsui employees.

Kamesaburo Yamashita, of the Yamashita Shipping Company, Keizo Oake, of the Oake Shipbuilding Company, and Tadasaburo Yamamoto, of the Shosho-Yoko Company, are three other shipping narikins. They live in Tokio. Each has made a large fortune.

Before the war Yamamoto had a little office near the tramcar stop in Hibaya Park, in Tokio. It was a small office and Yamamoto was in a small way of business. He was an importer of coal from China and an exporter of lumber from Japan to China. He didn't do much; he had little capital and was hard put to it to make a living. He called his company the Shosho-Yoko Company, which distinguished it as a company operating in China; but the name was the most imposing thing about the business. He had a few ships chartered at low prices, because there was more shipping than there was freight in the days before the war. Then came the war. Ships went to a premium, and Yamamoto stopped the coal and lumber business and put the ships he had chartered at general freight carrying. Also, he had the keen business sense to get other charters. Now he has fifteen ships under charter at low prices, and is getting any price he cares to ask for freight.

Yamamoto's capital originally was sixty thousand yen, or thirty thousand dollars; and most of that was not his. After the war had been going for a year he increased his capital stock to two hundred and fifty thousand yen, all of which was his, and moved his offices to a big building on the Ginza. The Toki Maru, which was sunk by the Germans in the Bay of Biscay, was one of his ships, and the flag of the Shosho-Yoko Company is seen in every port in the world. Yamamoto is a careful, saving man, not given to excesses or wild spending of money. About the only donation from his big fortune has been ten thousand yen to the Salvation Army.

Fortunes That are Born at Sea

A RIGGING merchant at Kobe, name Naruse, is another shipping narikin. Naruse is a graduate of Keio University. After he had taken his degree he emigrated to the United States and got a job in a machine shop in Boston. He worked there a few years, saved his wages, and went back to Japan and opened a small rigging shop at Kobe. He saw the shipping advantages that would accrue after the war began, and took all his resources and bought a ship before the ship demand became great. He sold this ship at a great profit and bought another. He now owns five ships, which are in the general freight business, trading at all the ports of the world, and has amassed more than a million yen in profit.

A similar case is that of Harada, of Osaka, who was an assistant engineer on an excursion boat on Lake Biwa. Harada had a little money and he chartered a ship soon after the war began. He went into the Australian trade and now has three big ships, and is a real narikin.

Last summer Ginjiro Katsuta, of Kobe, gave a large sum of money to the Aoyama Gakuin Mission School. Katsuta was a graduate of the school. He was known as a shipping agent in Shikoku, but no one thought he had more than a small fortune. The truth of it is that Katsuta started out to be a philosopher. He studied philosophy at the Mission School, and delved deep into first principles. Then he decided that though philosophy is a most admirable calling for philosophers, it was of small use to a young Japanese who had an idea he would like to have a fortune. So he abandoned philosophy and went into business, beginning as a shipping agent at Matsuyama. He did not do much and was poverty-stricken, but probably philosophical, when the Boxer troubles began in China. He saw opportunities then, and became a shipping broker. This business grew to a considerable extent and Katsuta was rich—for Matsuyama.

The war came. He remembered the opportunity the local Boxer difficulty in China gave him and figured that a world war would provide a much greater opportunity; wherein he was wise. He mortgaged everything he had, sold all his securities, got all available yen together, and borrowed all he could; and with the sum, which was of some size, he began to charter ships. This student of philosophy now controls thirteen ships and has a fortune that is estimated at two million yen.

The youngest of all the narikins is Ichiju Tojo, of Yokohama. He is not yet twenty-eight, and he got his money in iron and steel. The iron-and-steel narikins are numerous in Japan; but they are not iron-and-steel manufacturers, like Schwab or Frick or any of the other great steel magnates. They are mostly dealers in hardware; in articles made from iron and steel. Japan makes little of this ware, and before the war she imported most of what she used from Germany. When the war began imports stopped and hardware advanced in price enormously.

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PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Geisha Girls Made a Glowing Spot in the Coronation Procession

Over, Under, Around or Through

It Was as if the Mythical Agent or His Ghostly Principal Had Set Apart That Old House to Mirth and Joy and Laughter, to Youth and Love

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

VIII

THE hills send down a buttress to the north; against it the Susquehanna flows swift and straight for a little space, vainly chafing. Just where the high ridge breaks sharp and steep to the river's edge there is a grassy level, lulled by the sound of pleasant waters; there sleep the dead of Abingdon.

Here is a fair and noble prospect, which in Italy or in California had been world-famed; a beauty generous and gracious—valley, upland and hill and curving river. The hills are checkered to squares, cleared fields and green-black woods; inevitably the mind goes out to those who wrought here when the forest was unbroken, and so comes back to read on the headstones the names of the quiet dead: Hill, Barton, Clark, Green, Camp, Hunt, Catlin, Giles, Sherwood, Tracy, Jewett, Lane, Gibson, Yates, Hopkins, Goodenow, Griswold, Steele. Something stirs at your hair-roots—these are the names of the English. A few sturdy Dutch names—Boyce, Steenburg, Van Lear—and a lonely French Mercereau; the rest are unmixed English.

Not unnaturally you look next for an Episcopalian Church, finding none in Abingdon; Abingdon is given over to fiery Dissenters—the Old World word comes unbidden into your mouth. But you were not so far wrong; in prosperous Vesper, to westward, everyone who pretends to be anyone attends services at Saint Adalbert's, a church noted for its gracious and satisfying architecture. In Vesper the name of Henry VIII is revered and his example followed.

But the inquiring mind, seeking among the living bearers of these old names, suffers check and disillusion. There are no traditions. Their title deeds trace back to Coxe's Manor, Nichols Patent, the Barton Tract, the Flint Purchase, Boston Ten Townships; but indwellers of the land know nothing of who or why was Coxe, or where stood his Manor House; have no memory of the Bostonians.

In Vesper there are genealogists who might tell you such things; old records that might prove them; old families, enjoying wealth and distinction without perceptible cause, with others of the ruling caste who may have some knowledge of these matters.

Such grants were not uncommon in the Duke of York, his Province. In that good duke's day, and later, following the pleasant fashion set by that Pope who divided his world equally between Spain and Portugal, valleys and mountains were tossed to supple courtiers by men named Charles, James, William or George, kings by the grace of God; the goodly land, the common wealth and birthright of the unborn, was granted in princedom parcels to king's favorites, king's minions, to favorites of king's minions, for services often enough unspecified.

The toilers of Abingdon—of other Abingdons, perhaps—know none of these things. Winter has pushed them hard, summer been all too brief; life has been crowded with a feverish instancy of work. There is a vague memory of the Sullivan Expedition; once a year the early settlers, as a community enterprise, had brought salt from Syracuse; the forest had been rafted down the river; the rest is silence.

Perhaps this good old English stock, familiar for a thousand years with oppression and gentility, wonted to immemorial fraud, schooled by generations of cheerful teachers to speak no evil of dignities, to see everything for the best in the best of possible worlds, found no injustice in the granting of these broad manors—or, at least, no novelty worthy of mention to their sons. There is no whisper of ancient wrong; no hint or rankling of any irrevocable injustice.

Doubtless some of these land grants were made, at a later day, to soldiers of the Revolution. But the children of the Revolution maintain a not unbecoming unreticence as to all things Revolutionary; from their silence, in this regard, as from the name of Manor, we may make safe inference. Doubtless many of the royalist estates were confiscated at that time. Doubtless, again, our Government, to encourage settlement, sold land in such large parcels in early days. Incurious Abingdon cares for none of these things. Singular Abingdon! And yet are these folk, indeed, so singular among citizens? So unseeing a people? Consider that, within the memory of men living, the wisdom of America has made free gift to the railroads, to encourage their building, of so much land as goes to the making of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; a notable encouragement!

History does not remark upon this little transaction, however. In some piecemeal fashion, a sentence here, a phrase elsewhere, with scores or hundreds of pages intervening, History does, indeed, make yawning allusion to some such trivial circumstance; refraining from comment in the most well-bred manner imaginable. It is only the ill-affected, the malcontents, who dwell upon such details. Is this not, indeed, a most beautiful world, and ours the land of opportunity, progress, education? Let our faces, then, be ever glad and shining. Let us tune ourselves with the Infinite; let a golden thread run through all our days; no frowns, no grouches, no scolding—no, no! No ingratitude for all the bounties of Providence. Let us, then, be up and doing—doing, certainly; but why not think a little too?

Why is thinking in such disfavor? Why is thinking, about subjects and things, the one crime never forgiven by respectability? We have given away our resources, what should have been our common wealth; we have squandered our land, wasted our forests. "Such trifles are not my business," interrupts History, rather feverish of manner; "my duty to record and magnify the affairs of the great."—Allow me, madam; we have given away our coal, the wealth of the past; our oil, the wealth of to-day; except we do presently think to some purpose, we shall give away our stored electricity, the wealth of the future—our water power which should, which must, remain ours and our children's. "Socialist!" shrieks History.

The youth of Abingdon speak glibly of Shepherd Kings, Constitution of Lycurgus, Thermopylæ, Consul Duilius or the Licinian Laws; the more advanced are even as far down as Elizabeth. For the rich and unmatched history of their own land, they have but a shallow patter of that; no guess at its high meaning, no hint of a possible destiny apart from glory and greed and war, a future and opportunity "too high for hate, too great for rivalry."

The history of America is the story of the pioneer and the story of the immigrant. The students are taught nothing of the one or the other—except for the case of certain immigrant pioneers, enskied and sainted, who never left the hearing of the sea; a sturdy and stout-hearted folk enough, but something press-agented.

Outside of school the student hears no mention of living immigrant or pioneer save in terms of gibe and sneer and taunt. The color and high romance of his own township is a thing undreamed of, as vague and shapeless as the foundations of Enoch, the city of Cain. And for his own farmstead, though for the first time on earth a man made here a home; though valor blazed the path; though he laid the foundation of that house in hope and in love set up the gates of it, none knows the name of that man or of his bolder mate. There are no traditions—and no ballads.

A seven-mile stretch of the river follows the outlines of a sickle, or, if you are not familiar with sickles, of a hand-made figure five. Abingdon lies at the sickle point, prosperous Vesper at the end of the handle; Vesper, the county seat, abode of lawyers and doctors—some bankers too. Home also of retired business men, of retired farmers; home of old families, hereditary county officials, legislators.

Overarched with maples, the old road parallels the river bend, a mile away. The broad and fertile bottom land within the loop of this figure five is divided into three great farms—"gentlemen's estates." The gentlemen are absentees all.

A most desirable neighborhood; the only traces of democracy on the river road are the schoolhouse and the cemetery. Malvern and Brookfield were owned respectively by two generals, gallant soldiers of the Civil War, successful lawyers, since, of New York City. Stately, high-columned Colonial houses, far back from the road; the clustered tenant houses, the vast barns, long red tobacco sheds—all are eloquent of a time when lumber was the cheapest factor of living.

The one description serves for the two farms. These men had been boys together, their careers the same; they had married sisters. But the red tobacco sheds of Malvern were only three hundred feet long—this general had left a leg at Malvern Hill—while the Brookfield sheds stretched full five hundred feet. At Brookfield, too, were the great racing stables, of fabulous acreage; disused now and falling to decay. One hundred and sixty thoroughbreds had sheltered here of old, with an army of grooms and trainers. There had been a race track—an oval mile at first, a kite-shaped mile in later days. Year by year now sees the stables torn down and carted away for other uses, but the strong-built paddocks remain to witness the greatness of days departed.

Nearest to Vesper, on the smallest of the three farms, stood the largest of the three houses—The Meadows; better known as the Mitchell House.

McClintock, a foreigner from Philadelphia, married a Mitchell in '67. A good family, highly connected, the

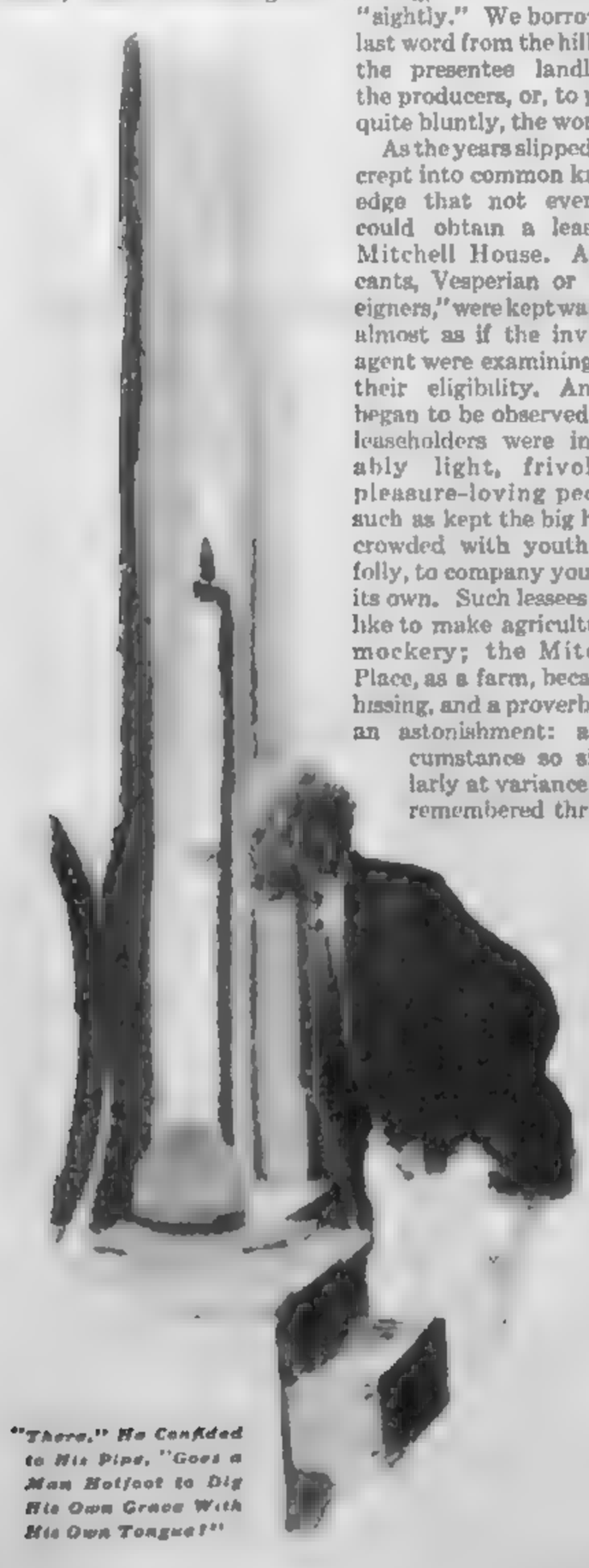
Mitchells; brilliant, free-handed, great travelers; something wildish, the younger men—boys will be boys.

In a silent, undemonstrative manner of his own McClintock gathered the loose money in and about Vesper; a shrewd bargainer, ungiven to merrymakings; one who knew how to keep dollars at work. It is worthy of note that no after hint of ill dealing attached to these years. In his own bleak way the man dealt justly; not without a prudent liberality as well. For debtors deserving, industrious and honest, he observed a careful and exact kindness, passing by his dues cheerfully, to take them at a more convenient season. Where death had been, long sickness, unmerited misfortune—he did not stop there; advancing further sums for a tiding-over, after careful consideration of needs and opportunities, coupled with a reasonable expectation of repayment; cheerfully taking any security at hand, taking the security of character as cheerfully when he felt himself justified; in good time exacting his dues to the last penny—still cheerfully. Not heartless, either; in cases of extreme distress—more than once or twice—McClintock had both written off the obligation and added to it something for the day's need, in a grim but not unkindly fashion; always under seal of secrecy. No extortioner, this; a dry, passionless, pertinacious man.

McClintock bought the Mitchell House in the seventies—boys still continuing to be boyish—and there, a decade later, his wife died, childless.

McClintock disposed of his takings unobserved, holding Mitchell House only, and slipped away to New York or elsewhere. The rents of Mitchell House were absorbed by a shadowy, almost mythical agent, whose name you always forgot until you hunted up the spidery signature on the receipts given by the bank for your rent money.

Except for a curious circumstance connected with Mitchell House, McClintock had been quite forgotten of Vesper and Abingdon. The great house was much in demand as a summer residence; those old oak-walled rooms were spacious and comfortable, if not artistic; the house was admirably kept up. It was in the most desirable neighborhood; there was fishing and boating; the situation was "sightly." We borrow the last word from the hill folk, the presentee landlords; the producers, or, to put it quite bluntly, the workers.



"There," He Confided to His Pipe, "Goes a Man Hotfoot to Dig His Own Grave With His Own Tongue!"

As the years slipped by it crept into common knowledge that not everyone could obtain a lease of Mitchell House. Applicants, Vesperian or "foreigners," were kept waiting, almost as if the invisible agent were examining into their eligibility. And it began to be observed that leaseholders were invariably light, frivolous, pleasure-loving people, such as kept the big house crowded with youth and folly, to company youth of its own. Such lessees were like to make agriculture a mockery; the Mitchell Place, as a farm, became a hissing, and a proverb, and an astonishment: a circumstance so singularly at variance with remembered thrift of the reputed owner as to keep green that owner's name. Nor was that all. As youth became mature and wise, in the sad heart-rending fashion youth has, or flitted to new hearths, in that other heartbreaking way of youth, it was noted that leases were not to be renewed on any terms; and the new tenants, in turn, were ever such light and unthrifty folk as the old, always with tall sons and gay daughters—as if the mythical agent or his ghostly principal had set apart that old house to mirth and joy and laughter, to youth and love. It was remembered then, on certain struggling hill farms, that old McClintock had been childless; and certain hill babies were cuddled the closer for that.

Then, thirty years later, or forty—some such matter—McClintock slipped back to Vesper unheralded—very many times a millionaire; incidentally a hopeless invalid, sentenced for life to a wheeled chair; Vesper's most successful citizen.

Silent, uncomplaining, unapproachable and grim, he kept to his rooms in the Iroquois, oldest of Vesper's highly modern hotels; or was wheeled abroad by his one attendant, who was valet, confidant, factotum and friend—Cornelius Van Lear, withered, parchment-faced and brown, strikingly like Rameses II as to appearance and garrulity. It was to Van Lear that Vesper owed the known history of those forty years of McClintock's. Closely questioned, the trusted confidant had once yielded to cajolery.

"We've been away," said Van Lear.

It was remarked that the inexplicable Mitchell House policy remained in force in the years since McClintock's return; witness the present incumbent, frivolous Thompson, foreigner from Buffalo—him and his house parties! It was Mitchell House still, mauger the McClintock millions and a half century of possession. Whether this clinging to the old name was tribute to the free-handed Mitchells or evidence of fine old English firmness is a matter not yet determined.

The free-handed Mitchells themselves, as a family, were no more. They had scattered, married or died, lost their money, gone to work, or otherwise disappeared. Vesper kept knowledge of but two of them: Lawyer Oscar, solid, steady, highly respectable, already in the way of becoming Squire Mitchell, and like to better the Mitchell tradition of prosperity—a warm man, a getting-on man, not to mention that he was the older nephew and probable heir to the McClintock millions; and Oscar's cousin, Stanley, youngest nephew of the millions, who, three years ago, had defied McClintock to his face. Stan Mitchell had always been wild, even as a boy, they said; they remembered now.

It seemed that McClintock had commanded young Stan to break his engagement to that Selden girl—the schoolma'am at Brookfield, my dear—one of the hill people. There had been a terrible scene. Earl Dawson was staying at the Iroquois and his door happened to be open a little.

"Then you'll get none of my money!" said the old gentleman.

"To hell with your money!" Stan said, and slammed the door.

He was always a dreadful boy, my dear! So violent and headstrong! Always picking on my poor Johnny at school; Johnny came home once with the most dreadful bruise over his eye—Stanley's work.

So young Stan flung away to the West three years ago. The Selden girl still teaches the Brookfield District; Stan Mitchell writes to her, the mail carrier says. No-o; not so bad-looking exactly—in that common sort of way!

IX

"FAR be it from me to—to ——"

"Cavil or carp?"

"Exactly. Thank you. Beautiful line! Quite Kipling. Far from me to cavil or carp, Turn-tee-tum-tee-didy, Or shift the shuttle from web or warp. And all for my dark-eyed lydy! Far be it from me, as above. Nevertheless ——"

"Why, then, the exertion?"

"Duty. Friendship. Francis Charles Boland, you're lazy."

"Ferdie," said Francis Charles, "you are right. I am."

"Too lazy to defend yourself against the charge of being lazy?"

"Not at all. The calm repose; that sort of thing—what?"

Mr. Boland's face assumed the patient expression of one misjudged.

"Laziness!" repeated Ferdie sternly. "'Tis a vice that I abhor. Slip me a smoke."

Francis Charles fumbled in the cypress humidor at Ferdie's elbow; he leaned over the table and gently closed Ferdie's finger and thumb upon a cigarette.

"Match," sighed Ferdie.

Boland struck a match; he held the flame to the cigarette's end. Ferdie puffed. Then he eyed his friend with judicial severity.

"Abominably lazy! Every opportunity—family, education—brains, perhaps. Why don't you go to work?"

"My few and simple wants ——" Boland waved his hand airily. "Besides, who am I that I should crowd to the wall some worthy and industrious person?—practically

"Some Fine Day You Will Exhaust My Patience and I Shall Have to Let You be Hanged!"

taking the bread from the chappie's mouth, you might say. No, no," said Mr. Boland with emotion; "I may have my faults, but ——"

"Why don't you go in for politics?"

"Ferdinand, little as you may deem it, there are limits."

"You have no ambition whatever?"

"By that sin fell the angels—and look at them now!"

"Why not take a whirl at law?"

Boland sat up stiffly.

"Mr. Sedgwick," he observed with exceeding bitterness, "you go too far. Take back your ring! Henceforth we meet as str-r-r-rangers!"

"Ever think of writing? You do enough reading, heaven knows."

Mr. Boland relapsed to a sagging sprawl; he adjusted his finger tips to touch with delicate nicety.

"Modesty," he said with mincing primness, "is the brightest jewel in my crown. Litter and literature are not identical, really, though the superficial observer might be misled to think so. And yet, in a higher sense, perhaps, it may almost be said, with careful limitations, that, considering certain delicate nuances of filtered thought, as it were, and making meticulous allowance for the personal equation ——"

"Grisly ass! Well then, what's the matter with the army?"

"My prudence is such," responded Mr. Boland dreamily—"in fact, my prudence is so very such, indeed—one may almost say so extremely such—not to mention the pertinent and trenchant question so well formulated by the little Peterkin ——"

"Why don't you marry?"

"Ha!" said Francis Charles.

"Whacha mean—'Ha'?"

"I mean what the poet meant when he spoke so feelingly of the

" —— *eager boys*
Who might have tasted girl's love and been stung."

"Didn't say it. Who?"

"Did, too! William Vaughn Moody. So I say Ha! in the deepest and fullest meaning of the word; and I will so defend it with my life."

"If you were good and married once you might not be such a fool," said Sedgwick hopefully.

"Take any form but this"—Mr. Boland inflated his chest and held himself oratorically erect—"and my firm nerves shall never tremble! I have tracked the tufted pocolunas to his lair; I have slain the eight-legged galliwampus; I have bearded the wallipaloova in his noisome den and gazed into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian liar; and I'll try everything once—except this. But I have known too many too-charming girls too well. To love them," said Francis Charles sadly, "was a business education."

He lit a cigar, clasped his hands behind his head, tilted his chair precariously, and turned a blissful gaze to the little rift of sky beyond the crowding maples.

Mr. Boland was neither tall nor short; neither broad nor slender; neither old nor young. He wore a thick mop of brown hair, tinged with chestnut in the sun. His forehead was broad and high and white and shapely. His eyes were deep-set and wide apart, very innocent, very large and very brown, fringed with long lashes that any girl might envy. There the fine chiseling ceased. Ensued a nose bold and broad, freckled and inclined to puggishness; a wide and generous mouth, quirky as to the corners of it; high cheek bones; and a square, freckled jaw—all these ill-assorted features poised on a strong and muscular neck.

Sedgwick, himself small and dark and wiry, regarded Mr. Boland with a scorning and deprecatory eye—but with private approval.

"You're getting on, you know. You're thirty—past. I warn you."

"Ha!" said Francis Charles again.

Sedgwick raised his voice appealingly.

"Hi, Thompson! Here a minute! Shouldn't Francis Charles marry?"

"Ab-so-lute-ly!" boomed a voice within.

The two young men, it should be said, sat on the broad porch of Mitchell House. The booming voice came from the library.

"Mustn't Francis Charles go to work?"

In the library a chair overturned with a crash. A startled silence; then the sound of swift feet. Thompson came through the open French window; a short man, with a long shrewd face and a frosted poll. Feigned anxiety sat on his brow; he planted his feet firmly and wide apart, and twinkled down at his young guests.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sedgwick—I fear I did not catch your words correctly. You were saying ——"

Francis Charles brought his chair to level and spoke with great feeling:

"As our host, to whom our bright young lives have been intrusted for a time—standing to us, as you do, almost as a locoed parent—I put it to you ——"

"Shut up!" roared Ferdie. "Thompson, you see this—this object? You hear it? Mustn't it go to work?"

"Ab-so-lutissimusly!"

"I protest against this outrage," said Francis Charles. "Thompson, you're beastly sober. I appeal to your better self. I am a philosopher. Sitting under your hospitable rooftree, I render you a greater service by my calm and dispassionate insight than I could possibly do by any ill-judged activity. Undisturbed and undistracted by greed, envy, ambition or desire, I see things in their true proportion. A dreamy spectator of the world's turmoil, I do not enter into the hectic hurly-burly of life; I merely withhold my approval from cant, shams, prejudice, formulæ, hypocrisy and lies. Such is the priceless service of the philosopher."

"Philosopher, my foot!" jeered Ferdie. "You're a brow! A solemn and sanctimonious brow is bad enough, but a sprightly and godless brow is positive-itutely the limit!"

"That's absurd, you know," objected Francis Charles. "No man is really irreligious. Whether we make broad the phylactery or merely our minds, we are all alike at heart. The first waking thought is invariably What of the day? It is a prayer—unconscious, unspoken and sincere. We are all sun worshipers; and when we meet we invoke the sky—a good day to you; a good night to you. It is a highly significant fact that all conversation begins with the weather. The weather is the most important fact in any one day, and, therefore, the most important fact in the sum of our days. We recognize this truth in our greetings; we propitiate the dim and nameless gods of storm and sky; we reverence their might, their paths above our knowing. Nor is this all. A fine day; a bad day—with the careless phrases we assent to such tremendous and inevitable implications: the helplessness of humanity, the brotherhood of man, equality, democracy. For what king or kaiser, against the implacable wind ——"

Ferdie rose and pawed at his ears with both hands.

"For the love of the merciful angels! Can the drivel and cut the drool!"

"Those are very good words, Sedgwick," said Mr. Thompson approvingly. "The word I had on my tongue was—balderdash. But your thought was happier. Balderdash is a vague and shapeless term. It conjures up no definite vision. But drivel and drool—very excellent words."

Mr. Thompson took a cigar and seated himself, expectant and happy.

"Boland, what did you come here for, anyhow?" demanded Ferdie explosively. "Do you play tennis? Do you squire the girls? Do you take a hand at bridge? Do you fish? Row? Swim? Motor? Golf? Booze? Not you! Might as well have stayed in New York. Two weeks now you perch on a porch—perched and sat, and nothing more. Dwaddle and dream and foozle over your musty old books. Yah! Highbrow!"

"Little do you wot; but I do more—ah, far more!—than perching on this porch."

"What do you do? Mope and mowl? If so, mowl for us. I never saw anybody mowl. Or does one hear people when they mowl?"

"Naturally it wouldn't occur to you—but I think. About things. Mesopotamia. The springtime of the world. Ur of the Chaldees. Melchisedec. Arabia Felix. The Simple Life; and Why Men Leave Home."

"No go, Boland, old socks!" said Thompson. "Our young friend is right, you know. You are not practical. You are booky. You are a dreamer. Get into the game. Get busy! Get into business. Get a wad. Get! Found an estate. Be somebody!"

"As for me, I go for a stroll. You give little Frankie a pain in his feelings! For a crooked tuppence I'd get somebody to wire me to come to New York at once. Uttering these intrepid words the brave youth rose gracefully and, without a glance at his detractors, sauntered nonchalantly to the gate. Unless, of course, you meant it for my good?" He bent his brows inquiringly.

"We meant it ——" said Ferdie, and paused.

"—— for your good," said Thompson.

"Oh, well, if you meant it for my good!" said Boland graciously. "All the same, if I ever decide to 'be somebody' I'm going to be Francis Charles Boland, and not a dismal imitation of a copy of some celebrated poseur—I'll tell you those! Speaking as a man of liberal—or lax—morality, you surprise me. You are godly and cleanly men; yet, when you saw in me a gem of purest ray serene, did you appeal to my better nature? Nary! In a wild and topsy-turvy world, did you implore me to devote my splendid and unwasted energies in the service of Good, with a capital G? Nix! You appealed to ambition, egotism and greed. . . . Fie! A fie upon each of you!"

"Don't do that! Have mercy! We appeal to your better nature. We repent."

"All the same, I am going for my stroll, rejoined the youth, striving to repress his righteous indignation out of consideration for his humiliated companions, who now—alas, too late!—saw their conduct in its true light. For, he continued, with a flashing look from his intelligent

(Continued on Page 113)

"Only That You Stick in Your Shell, Like a Turtle, You'd Have Heard Before Now That We Were Engaged. And You Mustn't Say a Word"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 5, 1917

Approved

THE Administration's war program satisfies the nation's conscience. It brings to a consistent climax that patient, forbearing, peace-hoping but not supine course in respect of the European situation which, from beginning to end, has expressed the will of a great majority of the people. Peace having been denied us, this program puts the United States into the war in a way fitting its dignity and self-respect.

This is the gravest business in which a nation can embark—involving death to its subjects. Embarking in it with feebleness, paltering and half steps would be intolerable. To say a nation has a cause which requires the sacrifice of its subjects' lives, and then to meet that cause with timid, slothful, paltry measures would be disgraceful.

An army of a million men in a year and two millions in two years, chosen by selective draft; an immediate loan of three billion dollars to the Allies; war taxes rising to a billion and a half or more—these are such steps as the people of the United States, being at war, would wish to take.

It must be war with the utmost power of the nation until the enemy is brought to terms. The time for discussion of policies is all past. Until peace is restored there can be but one policy—to fight for all we are worth. There will be scant consideration for anybody in any position who tries in any way to prevent the fullest possible exertion of national power until the war is won. Wherever expediency points a lawful place to strike the enemy he must be struck, and struck hard.

Submarine Attrition

THE chairman of the United States Shipping Board proposes building an immense fleet of wooden merchant ships, each of about three thousand tons burden. After eight months, in which to get the plants started, such ships could be turned out at the rate of two hundred thousand tons a month, virtually overcoming the submarine menace; and, if the whole investment of fifty million dollars were written off at the end of the war, Mr. Denman thinks it would still be well worth while.

Major General Goethals stands ready to supervise the building of the huge fleet proposed. His record at Panama is a guaranty that the gigantic task would be speedily and effectively performed.

Ships are the key to the war problem now. British political and military leaders repeatedly give warning against taking the U-boats too lightly. So far, unrestricted submarines have destroyed shipping at the rate of about half a million tons a month. This is decidedly in excess of ship construction.

Last year the world's foreign trade amounted to forty-five billion dollars—five billions above the best previous record, made in 1913. But Germany, which stood second in 1913, was practically stricken out last year, when the vast interchange of goods preponderantly represented supplies of all sorts to the Allies.

Moreover, Germany's merchant fleet, second only to England's, was out of commission in 1916 and half of England's ocean-carrying capacity was in the service of the government.

That indicates the enormous strain upon the world's shipping which is involved in this business of supplying the Allies. And shipping is a vital factor in the Allies' military program. Without ships, England's great army on the Continent would soon be helpless; and a large part of Russia's munitions come overseas. The ability of the United States to take part in war against Germany depends, in the main, upon ships.

Germany was right enough in calculating that ships are the most vital point in the armor of her adversaries. Their resources in men and materials far exceed hers; but effective use of those resources depends upon ships. Against her attrition in men and materials she has set up a counter-attrition in ships by which she hopes to overcome her enemies' superiority in other resources. For immediate purposes the most effective way to fight Germany is to protect and increase ocean tonnage.

Soldiers' Insurance

A GOOD many men who carry life insurance will be called to military service—a risk the policy usually does not cover. A number of companies have already announced conditions upon which they will continue soldiers' insurance, as by reducing the amount for which they are liable and requiring an extra premium.

The companies must not assume risks which endanger their solvency. That point is so fundamental that insurance officers usually stop far short of the point where solvency might, in fact, be jeopardized. What the additional risk for American military service will be nobody knows. Insurance officers are far more likely to guess it too high than to guess it too low.

Usually the companies must not give one class of policyholders any advantage over other classes; they must charge one class quite as much, proportionately to its risk, as any other class. But that rule does not apply to soldiers' insurance, for all other policyholders are beneficiaries of the men who serve with the colors. The soldiers are protecting them and they can well afford to stand a discrimination in favor of the soldiers in the matter of their life-insurance premiums.

The companies should go to the extreme limit in adopting a liberal rule respecting soldiers' insurance. They must not imperil their solvency; but they should not draw the line an inch this side of the point that ability to meet their obligations requires. If that liberal rule trenches upon the dividends of other policyholders, the other policyholders can well afford to stand it.

The World's Cupboard

THE bad condition of our winter-wheat crop is little short of a calamity. That commodity recently sold in New York at two dollars and forty-seven cents a bushel, and corn at a dollar and forty cents—prices unheard of and undreamed of on a gold basis. The new crop in Argentina, usually a big exporter, seems to be a failure; and an embargo has been laid on wheat exports.

Wheat is only one item. New York dealers are talking about famine in certain staple lines of canned goods, notably salmon and tomatoes; while other canned foods are selling at double the price of a year ago. A great part of the world is on limited rations. One meatless day a week was recently prescribed for all public eating places in England. Over thirty million men have, for two years, been withdrawn from productive industry, including agriculture. That may be a factor.

The United States is undoubtedly the most prodigal of nations in respect of food. Food is wasted in the gathering of crops, in careless shipping, by bad distribution, by injudicious buying, by improvident cooking. The national garbage barrel consumes the sustenance of a state.

High prices are finally not only the most effectual conservators of a short food supply, but the most effectual means of stimulating production. They will surely be high this year. The Government may intervene and fix prices for certain staples; but the best remedy lies in stimulating production and inducing economical use of foodstuffs. By the right effort production of food this year can still be much increased and its waste much decreased.

It must come finally to individual effort. If you cannot grow anything to eat you can at least eat with better economy.

Morals and Money

A CORRESPONDENT in Iowa writes: "It is strange that this Republic, which was founded upon great moral principles, should, because of its commerce, be drawn into its present entanglement with foreign belligerents."

This nation was founded upon the principle that its people should not be taxed save by the consent of their duly chosen representatives. That was the big fact in its quarrel with England. Taxes are a sordid thing, but the age-long battle for political liberty has pretty much revolved round them; for men have felt that a government which took its subjects' property at its own arbitrary will could not be a free government. It was only taxes that John Hampden was talking about when he rallied the Puritans to defy King Charles; but it is generally believed that that movement was a great stroke for liberty. Or, if you wish to go back to Magna Charta, you will find it was mostly concerned with baronial property rights.

There can be no life, liberty and pursuit of happiness in a civilized community without commercial rights—the right to trade. When a nation asserts its indubitable right to trade, a right sanctioned by all law and custom, and another nation declares it will kill whatever subjects are engaged in exercising that right, you have exactly as great a moral principle as that for which the Colonists fought.

Our correspondent also asks what harm the "handful of willful men" in the Senate did when they blocked action on the Armed Neutrality Bill, and whether the President had exhibited such wisdom in the use of powers already vested in him that he should have been given more.

The German note, after our declarations, was a challenge to war—a slap in the face. In that situation a few obstinate men would not let Congress take the action which all but a few of its members deemed necessary for national protection and self-respect. The President's wisdom will long be a subject of partisan difference; but he stood as the duly constituted representative of the United States. The question was whether the Government should be made impotent and ridiculous.

All for the War Loan

THE war loan must be an overwhelming success. The question of interest is utterly insignificant in comparison with the other considerations. The man who can command a hundred dollars or the man who can command a hundred thousand should put aside the idea of return upon his investment, and pitch in at once to give a decisive demonstration of the spirit in which the United States meets war.

Historically, government bonds bearing low interest have always finally found lodgment in the hands of a comparatively small class of investors. That was true of the Civil War bonds and of the Spanish-American War bonds, which were originally widely distributed by popular subscription. It may prove true again. When peace has been restored bonds issued now may again drift largely into the hands of banks, insurance companies, estates, and the like, original holders disposing of them and reinvesting in more profitable ways.

But that is quite immaterial now. The thing now is a great popular response to the Government's call for money. Undoubtedly everybody will be given an opportunity to respond.

We want particularly to urge this opportunity upon those who have never been investors. Step into the nearest bank now and arrange to put something in the war loan. Any banker will tell you how to do it. It may be the means of getting you into an excellent habit.

A great many others, whose available money goes into their business or into land, cattle, and so on, and who have never thought of themselves as in line for bond investment, may well get into line for this occasion.

Every man and woman with an income above real necessities can help make the response overwhelming.

Unmargined

IN THE fifty years that ended with January, 1917, more people in the United States were fortunately situated than any great number of people had ever been for so long a time. They were liable to death, illness, bodily injury, a fire; but all their contingent liabilities seemed adequately covered by two or three insurance policies whose premiums consumed but a slight fraction of their incomes.

On the other hand, they were contingent ticket holders in the greatest lottery ever known. The enormous material expansion of the country not only tended to carry them on its rising tide but daily opened opportunities by which they might profit.

A man who got in the way of success of any sort in the United States might expect to win thousands where in any other country he would have won hundreds or only tens. Americans of the comfortably living, uplooking, opportunity-finding kind seemed to be partners in an enterprise with unlimited possibility of gains and virtually no possibility of loss. Quite naturally millions of Americans live practically unmargined, with no provision against a real assessment on the social account.

It is safe to say that war in Europe has altered that state of mind. Probably for the life of this generation the contingent-liability item will enter more actively into every man's calculations. We should like to feel sure that no American is fooling himself about war for the United States. It is a contingent liability of unknowable proportions for every man, woman and child in the country. That fact should enter into every man's calculations.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Reg. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Leonard Wood

IN HIS article, published in last week's issue of THE POST, Lord Northcliffe says that the American people are fortunate to have as one of the heads of their army "that great soldier, General Leonard Wood." They are fortunate and they know it. The military record of General Wood is familiar to everyone. He has earned and he has received many honors, but the greatest of them all is that in a national crisis like the present one, one of the first names to pass the lips of people abroad and at home is that of Leonard Wood.

Howard E. Coffin

THE E. in Mr. Coffin's name stands for Earle, though it might more suitably stand for any number of other words, such as effective, efficient, executive. He is an engineer by profession; but his hobby is Industrial Preparedness, and he has spent the last eighteen months riding his hobby in the service of his country. As Chairman of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board he and his aids inventoried some thirty thousand of the country's major industries, and as a member of the Council of National Defense he is directing the introduction of munition making into manufacturing establishments that have never previously made munitions. The picture of Mr. Coffin shown below was taken last fall on the Mexican border.

Daniel Willard

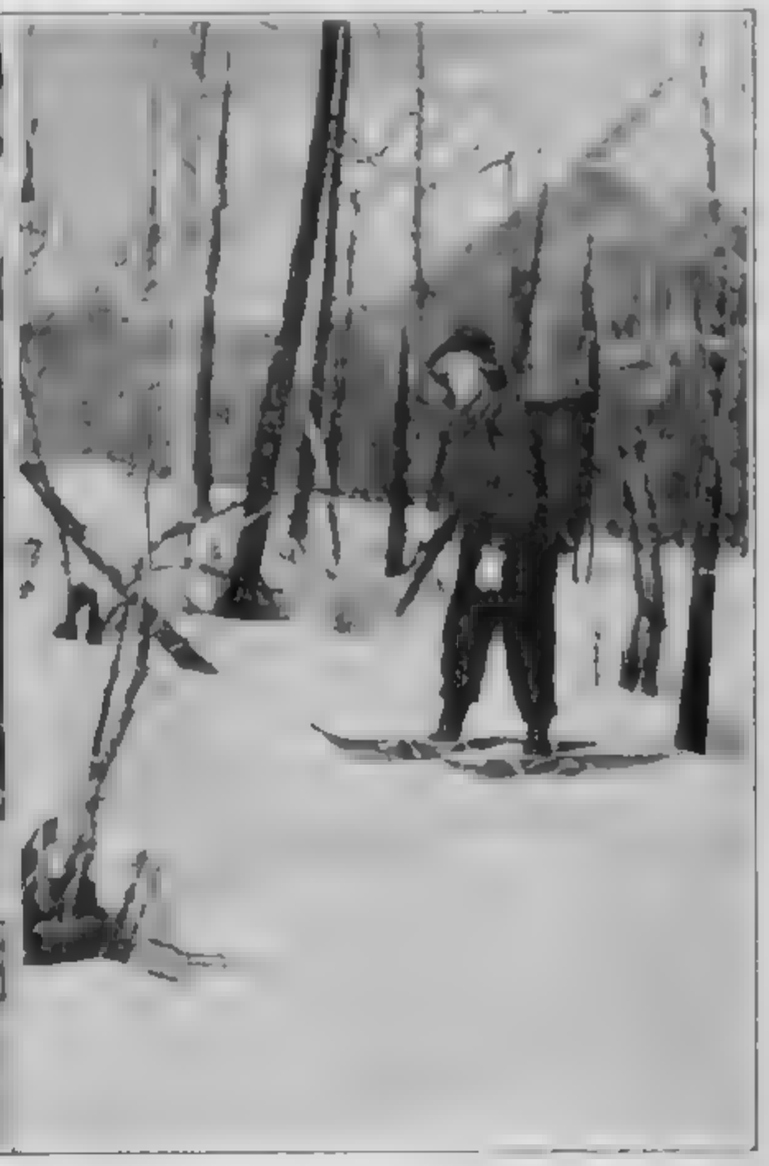
THERE is no better example than Mr. Willard of the man who starts at the bottom and arrives at the top. In the snapshot below he is shown in the act of arriving. It took him just thirty-two years to cover the distance between the job of track laborer and that of president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which position he now holds.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Willard's recent work on various railway boards and commissions recognize him as one of the biggest railroad men in this country. President Wilson indorsed this opinion last October by appointing him as a member of the Advisory Commission to the Council of National Defense, of which commission he has recently been elected chairman.

Helen Van Campen—Herself

By Herself

WHEN I was fourteen, unforeseen financial events sent me forth after a living. I made a good one, after the first year of feathers without much chicken, owning and racing horses professionally from Mexico to France. Later I changed to mining, in the West of the United States, where I packed my own horses and staked my own claims sold some, too, which permitted an occasional rush back to Europe, looks at the tropics and hunting in Western Canada. In 1905 I began writing fiction for the New York Morning Telegraph. New York was headquarters until I married Frank R. Van Campen. Alaska has been my home for several years, and there I learned to make my own clothes, carry forty pounds when on the trail, and to mind my own business. I have a vote, am thirty-four years old and a Prohibitionist, can't play bridge but darn socks cleverly, and like everything but cities.



WITH THE FRENCH WOUNDED

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

Every hour wounds;
The last one kills.

Old French Couplet on the Clock Tower of the American Ambulance, at Neuilly.

WHEN, one morning in Paris, I received orders to report without delay to the big American war hospital in Neuilly, and begin work there as a volunteer nurse's aid, I suddenly found myself reluctant, even rebellious; though it was precisely for that reason, and no other, that I had come to France. But I had just arrived in Paris and already that city of enchantments had cast its spell on me. I did not want to work—I never want to work. I wanted, I scarcely knew what: to taste Paris again; to breathe her air, which affects one like a mild champagne; to stroll about and enjoy her noble proportions and beautiful distances. I did not wish to be swallowed up immediately by another piece of work, no matter how fine or inspiring.

There were a few special, little, no-account personal things I wished to do first: I wanted to revisit the tomb of Napoleon and ask the little old gentleman reposing down there below what he thought of the present situation; I wanted to renew acquaintance with Rodin's statue, The Thinker, in front of the Panthéon, to see whether it cast as big a shadow as ever; I wanted to wander through the leafy alleys of the Luxembourg Garden, decorated with marble gods and goddesses and given over to the naïve delights of student lovers; I wanted to stroll once more up the Champs-Elysées in the twilight and see the Arc de Triomphe, gravely beautiful, looming solidly against the sky; I wanted to view again the statue of Jeanne d'Arc; I wanted to taste once more some Vouvray and see whether the world would turn into an enchanted bubble again; I wanted to discover whether the same immemorial fishermen were still fishing on the banks of the Seine—for dead cats, Mark Twain declared. These are but seven samples of the things I wanted to do. In brief, I wanted to loaf.

The Dog at the Foot of the Soldier Receiving a Decoration Saved His Master's Life by Digging Him Out When He Was Buried by an Exploding Shell

The Pluck of the Boys in Hospital

"BUT you can't!" said the crisp English nurse executive at the hospital, to whom I confided these noble ambitions. "In the first place, we need you. In the second place, we've got to have you. And in the third place, Paris just now is no place for loafers. With this present offensive on and so many of our staff completely worn out—do you know there are women working here who have not had a day off in twenty months?—we need every pair of hands that are available. Now, when can you come? Monday?"

This was Wednesday, and there was a nurse's outfit to buy, matriculation papers to procure at the Préfecture, and other odds and ends of official red tape to tie, which would take every hour of my time. But I was conquered. I acquiesced. My hopes of a holiday went a-glimmering. Hereafter, what I see of Paris in wartime will be hasty glimpses, caught on the fly; for it will be dark when I rise, at six-thirty, button myself into my *infirmière's* blouse, swallow my morning draft of chicory *au lait*, whose sole virtue is that it is so hot it scalds me all the way down; and it is dark again when in the evening, at six-thirty, the day's work done, I bundle into the Red Cross omnibus, which takes the auxiliary workers back to the Subway.

During the first week in the hospital the sheer physical strain was terrific. It seemed as if I were in a strange, mad, nightmare world, where everything was reversed; instead of health—disease, and mangled and torn bodies and suppurating wounds, some of them hideously green and yellow, like decayed meat; and smashed wrecks of men, with arms and legs swung up on apparatus that resembled nothing so much as the old torture racks of the Inquisition; as if shrieks and cries and groans and smells were the natural and normal order of things. For days I was nauseated. The sight of raw mangled flesh, the blood-saturated linen, the stench of gangrenous wounds, the nervous strain of bandaging freshly amputated stumps, and the screams of the dressing hour simply bombarded the unaccustomed senses and hit the newcomer fairly in the pit of the stomach. When I confessed this to the ward surgeon he laughed.

"That's nothing—the rebellion of healthy nature against disease. When I was at the Front, at the commencement of the war, at one of the base hospitals, I used to retire and gag at regular intervals. It was awful, for we had nothing to work with. But mobilize your emotions. Don't let them mobilize you. Imitate the sang-froid of the *poilu*. Yesterday I stopped by the bed of a youngster who's had a leg off and is dying of gangrene. 'Well, how goes it?' I asked him. '*Ça va. Ça va mieux.*'—It goes. It goes better, he replied simply. And he was dead up to his waist already! He was a dead man and he knew it, and he knew that I knew that he knew it; and still he looked me straight in the eye and said 'It goes. It goes better!' There's mobilization of spirit for you!"

Nevertheless, when the dressings were over I breathed relief. Never did I learn to control my nerves completely; to listen without a tremor to the cries of pain, the high, piercing screams, *"Oh, là, là!" "Ah, Nom de Dieu!" "Ah, doucement, docteur!* Easy there!" *"Oh, bon Dieu,* how I suffer!" The quality of pure agony in those broken cries was too much for me.

It was on trying occasions like these that Justin, the old French orderly, came to my aid, showing me exactly how to hold a broken leg; how to wind a difficult bandage with comfort and security; how to lift a heavy patient without injury to myself or to him.

Justin deserves a separate paragraph all to himself, a separate little niche in heaven. Kipling's celebrated Gunga Din had nothing on him—for Gunga Din had no sense, only goodness; while Justin is a Frenchman, with all a Frenchman's natural intelligence and sardonic humor. He had been an orderly in a French military hospital for twenty years; and what he did not know about sick humanity—their weakness and irritability, their heroisms and long, long patience—was not worth knowing. From morning to night he went trotting noiselessly about the ward in his old blue list slippers; dirty aproned; squat, ugly and strong as a gorilla; vulgar, gay, resolute and as tender-fingered as a woman. And the men leaned on him as on an elder brother.

All day long it was: "Justin, a basin—quick!" "Justin, lift me up!" "Justin, this plaster cast is killing me!" "Ah, Justin, how I suffer!"

And Justin's steady, cheerful voice would reply: "I come, *mon enfant.*" "There, *mon petit!*" "That goes better, *mon petit brave, eh?*"

Once only did I see him in a passion. Some negligent person had bound a damp bandage too tightly about a fractured leg; drying, it contracted still further; the result was acute torture. The soldier, a modest, shy lad, had appealed once or twice to a passing nurse; but the first big morning rush of dressings was on and no one heeded him. Minutes passed. The pain increased. Silently he began to weep. It was old Justin trotting past with a pail of soiled dressings who first noted the writhing young figure and caught a faint groan. He paused long enough to inquire: "What's the matter, *petit?*"

The soldier indicated his leg. The orderly's face darkened as he looked. He set down the pail, undid the bandage and rewound it properly, muttering angrily between his teeth the while. Presently a nurse bore down upon them. She was the one whom the men had nicknamed the old *mitrailleuse*—for reasons obvious. Competent enough technically, she had neither tenderness nor humanity nor gay spirits to commend her services to the men. She was like a soured, fibrous old schoolmistress, and the soldiers detested her cordially and, after the fashion of mischievous school-children, amused themselves by devising fresh nicknames for her each day.

Frenchmen love charm in a woman, and hate the reverse like a deformity. Accordingly, when she paused belligerently at the bedside, both Justin and the lad instinctively stiffened themselves.

"What are you doing, Justin?" she cried sharply. "Let that bandage alone!"

For an orderly to dare to rewrap a certificated nurse's bandage is, of course, a breach of etiquette. It is a situation that requires tact; but Justin at that moment was far too angry for tact. Stolidly he continued his task. When the last safety pin was refastened he straightened himself and faced the nurse squarely.

Old Justin Has a Plan

"SOME imbecile, some *cochon* of an *infirmière*," he began, mentioning no names, "put a wet bandage on the leg of that poor child!" And then he continued suavely, in French—of which the nurse understood nothing beyond a few scattering words: "Ancient female camel! Daughter of the union of a cannon ball and a hippopotamus: Do you conceive that I, a Frenchman and a soldier, shall not do what is good for these, my little children? *Nom de Dieu! Nom de Dieu!*" And with a shrug of contempt he gathered up his slops and trotted away.

It was not long after this, late one afternoon, when Justin beckoned me with a stealthy finger. By this time we had become firm allies. At noon I saved him a cup of wine from the men's lunch and let him rest his aching feet and smoke a cigarette undisturbed behind a screen. And in return Justin taught me all the fine subtleties of his art.

"You are very amiable, mees," he began now in a carefully lowered voice. "Will you help me?"

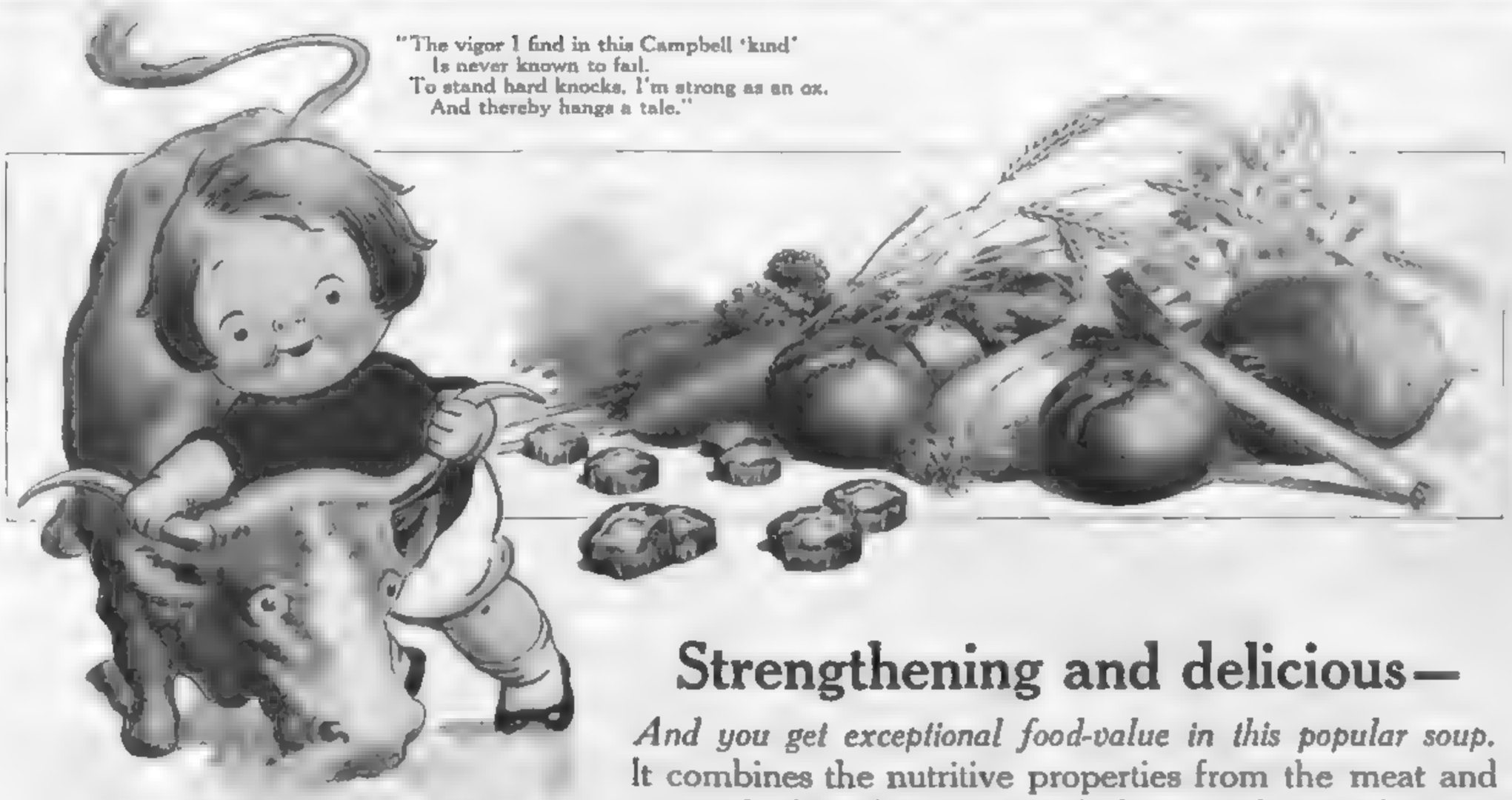
"What is it?" I asked; for by his conspirator air and his secrecy I knew he intended to achieve something, by his own initiative, which was against the rules.

"It's Simondon, out on the *terrasse*," he murmured, still in guarded tones. "His new cast hurts him. Last night he did not sleep for pain, and to-day the *pauvre petit* has a temperature of thirty-nine. I'm going to take off that plaster and rewad it!"

"But why don't you ask the nurse? It's her job, really. You and I have no right to touch that cast without permission."

"Simondon won't let her come near. He's crazy with the pain. They've decided to wait for the doctor. But the doctor is up in the operating room, and the Sacred

(Continued on Page 32)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To stand hard knocks, I'm strong as an ox.
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In this we combine freshly sliced joints which have not been used for stock, tender carrots and yellow rutabagas "diced," a touch of leek, an abundance of high-grade barley, beside celery, parsley, fragrant herbs and delicate flavoring.

This is an extremely palatable soup, always acceptable to a critical taste, as well as wholesome and satisfying.

Nothing else can take the place of good soup eaten every day as an aid to digestion and a promoter of vigorous health.

You will find it a constant source of benefit to the whole family if you keep an assortment of these tempting Campbell "kinds" on your pantry shelf; and have them always at hand for regular use and enjoyment.

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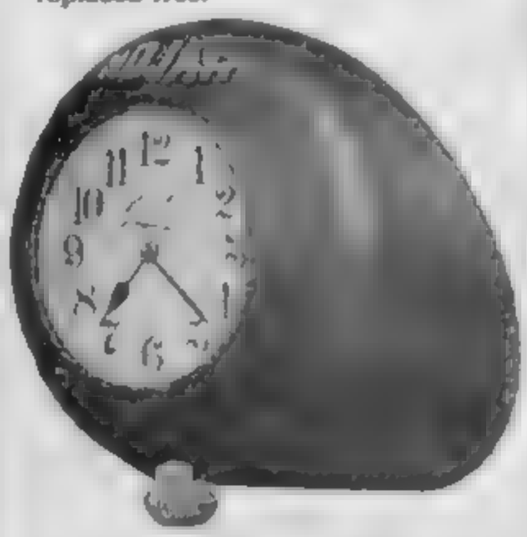

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(Continued from Page 30)

Virgin alone knows when he will return." He led the way to the terrace, a sleeping porch which gave on the garden.

I knew this Simondon. He had lost an eye and had a badly infected leg, due to four days and four nights spent on the field of battle, without food or water, before help came. As a consequence, of the five months spent in the hospital each separate hour had been a desperately fought struggle, a superb resistance of the spirit.

Small wonder that, after all these long months, the cool nerve that rarely deserts a Frenchman had worn down to rather a fine thread!

Upon the terrace we found him, a dark, painfully emaciated lad of twenty-one, his black hair already plentifully sprinkled with white from the hardships he had undergone. His cheeks were scarlet with fever, and in his torture he had bitten his lips until they were covered with a thin, bloody froth.

"No, no! You shan't touch it!" he began fiercely as we came up.

"*Courage, mon petit brave!*" soothed Justin. "Ten minutes, and it'll all be over and we'll have you up in the wheel chair. Say, old *embusque!* Will you have a small glass of cognac first?"

"Don't you touch it!" breathed Simondon passionately between his teeth. "Get out of here!"

"Hold up his leg, mees!" commanded Justin calmly. "Thus!"

Obediently I held the leg, incased from thigh to heel in an open plaster cast, at the desired angle. Simondon let out a piercing yell.

"*Oh, bon Dieu! Oh, là là!* Wait!" Tears of agony streamed down his wasted cheeks. Wildly he tried to seize my hands. "Can't you hear me?" he sobbed. "Imbeciles! Stop!"

"Maybe we'd better," I murmured.

But, with swift and sure precision, Justin had already begun to strip the bandages.

"Higher!" he ordered briefly.

Again Simondon made a furious swing at my wrists. Again he screamed madly.

"Let's wait for the doctor," I urged.

Justin never looked up.

"Don't heed him, mees," he said simply. "'Tis only his sickness speaking." Wise old Justin! "Rest tranquil, *petit*," he added; and he nodded to the young sufferer, who, suddenly docile beneath the firm, ministering hands, returned him a quivering smile of obedience. "It's almost finished," murmured Justin.

And indeed, in less time than it takes to tell, the cruelly binding plaster incasement was shed, extra layers of soft padding inserted, the cast readjusted and rebound; and Simondon, the tears still wet on his cheeks, was smiling happily and sipping a tiny glass of cognac. A half hour later, his fever abated and his red tasseled cap cocked rakishly over his one good eye, he was up in the wheel chair—for the first time in five months—and Justin was trundling him off for a brief promenade.

All in the Day's Work

By the sheer authority of his spirit, the squat, grotesque, vulgar little old man had achieved in a few minutes what two nurses had labored vainly over for an hour. Shortly after he was on his rounds again, at his perpetual dog-trot, carrying a basin and making, as he passed me, his invariable joke—that he was taking a small gift to the Kaiser!

The first month in the big ward I was worked to death. But so was everybody else. Some of the nurses were ill, some of the auxiliaries were away, and an offensive was at its height. Consequently the rest of us worked under a terrific pressure. Ward Eighty-three, at that time the heaviest in the hospital, had over fifty beds, each one filled with a *grand blessé*. Fifty backs to wash; fifty beds to make; fifty dressings to cut down, change and rebandage; fifty bedside tables to scrub; fifty meals to serve on individual bed tables; fifty temperatures and pulses to take—to say nothing of a thousand and one odd jobs, such as hot compresses every hour, hot drinks, medicines, diets, wounds to irrigate, beds to disinfect, which kept nurses and aids racing dizzily straight through the day. And even then we were always behind our schedule! The work was never done.

If anyone is suffering from a broken heart or a general stagnation of life—what O. Henry called "slow pulse"—a big hospital ward during the rush of an offensive is a good place to lose it. But there are compensations; for a sick warrior is nothing, after all, but a sick child, docile, naïve, craving for sympathy. He wants to be consoled for his suffering: he wants to be cured. He demands everything and gives everything. And at night as I passed, dog tired, down the ward, heads were raised, hands outstretched; and the shower of cries of "*Bonsoir*, Mees!"—"*à demain*, Mees Californie!"—were sweeter than bouquets of roses thrown across the footlights to a reigning star.

There were twelve soldiers for whose welfare I was specifically responsible, and who had the right to call me to their bedsides and demand whatsoever they pleased, from an extra piece of cotton batting over their toes to the reasons why there are so many divorces in my country. Of these twelve, nine were under twenty-three and two looked not a day over sixteen, rosy cheeked and downy. After the first mists of strangeness had cleared away, and I began to view things more normally, that was the first thing that struck me—the amazing youth of the men. Despite their wounds and the stress of trench life in a brutal wintry climate, they fairly shouted life and vivid vitality. Their eyes were as clear as those of children, their laughter as fresh, their joy as spontaneous.

The Back of Apollo

One morning I was washing the back of a young Breton lad whose torso, with its clean, flowing lines, would have delighted a sculptor.

"Claude," I laughed, "you have a back almost as nice as Apollo's."

"Yes, mees? Truly?" he cried, blushing and deeply pleased.

I was puzzled by his delight, for Claude was a young coal miner who could not even sign his own name, and I knew he did not know Apollo from Moses. The next morning, as I was rubbing him down with alcohol, he twisted about to ask shyly:

"Mees Californie, is my back still as nice as Apollo's?"

As I stared at him blankly he repeated the query in slightly different form; and then the truth dawned upon me: he thought Apollo was some other boy in the ward whose back didn't have any bedsores!

It would be a great mistake to conclude that the ward of a military hospital, simply because it is the container of so much concentrated pain, is, therefore, the natural abode of sadness and gloom. In the first place, the soldiers, taken as a whole, are not sick; they are only wounded—a vast difference. Save for their injuries, the majority of them are practically well men. In the second place, they are young, and, speaking again in the large, magnificently healthy.

Consequently the large airy ward, with its community of bedfast inhabitants, resembles a menagerie of fifty playful cubs—each chained to his own post, to be sure, but capable, nevertheless, of considerable mischief—rather than the classic conception of a sick room, with lowered lights and voices.

Pain there is, certainly, up to the limits of human endurance; but this is borne with a spirit, an ironic fortitude, which is a Frenchman's most natural possession. A soldier suffering the refined tortures of hell during the dressing of an infected wound is yet capable of making a jest with twitching lips that will send his comrades off into spasms of laughter.

Nor is this humor an affectation. It is his instinctive reaction to pain. And, as a reverse side of the same shield, he is also capable at such times of the finest flower of courtesy, such as saying simply, "Thank you, doctor!" to the man who has just cut off his leg without ether.

But if he can and does endure intense pain superbly, it is no sign, as the schoolboys say, that he intends to endure lesser, or what he considers unnecessary ones, with like dignity. As a matter of fact, a pain in the great toe, a crease in the draw-sheet, or, above all, that thing most dreaded by every Frenchman, a *courant d'air* from an open window, will produce loud lamentation, which will set the entire ward in an uproar. For these are the small ills that can be righted, and therefore must be—and instantaneously, if you please.

An incident in point took place recently in the ward. The chief surgeon, when making his morning rounds, decided that a superficial incision of perhaps an inch should

(Continued on Page 34)

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But, too, we are returning to the simpler way of health. The art of walking is being born again today.

America is afoot this year on Wingfoots. Goodyear Wingfoots. Heels of youthful rubber that animate your heart and step.

You should start *wingfooting* this Spring. It's a fine time to begin. Walk part-way to work. Or part-way home at night. Or get out into the countryside and enjoy Nature's calisthenics of the Open Road.

Be a part of Nature. *Wingfoot!* Not merely a spectator. *Wingfoot!* Feel the pulse of the wind, learn the fresh smell of the earth. Take *wingfooting* jaunts. *Wingfoot!* On Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

On Wingfoots you make every day a vacation day—every walk the soft, yielding velvet of a golf green—even about business, in your factory or store.

Buy Goodyear Wingfoot Heels this Spring. Have them attached to your new shoes or let them put new life in your old shoes.

Then you'll find it easy to walk more. Your health will thank you and you will thank this advertisement. It *was* a sensible hint we gave you.

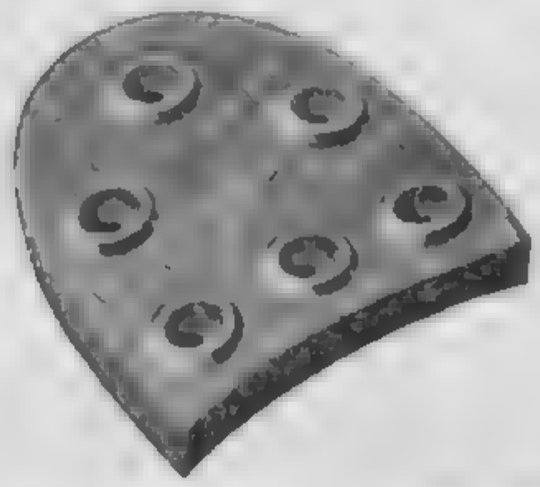
* * *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON



WINGFOOT HEELS

Benjamin
Correct Clothes
MADE IN NEW YORK

Half a century's experience in making Recreation Clothes for men and young men has taught us how to design them to give you comfort and to stand punishment.

Whether it be a golf suit or flannel trousers, a Norfolk suit or Knickerbockers, depend on it, a Benjamin garment will give you freedom of action, distinction and style, at modest prices.

Send for the Portfolio of Models.

Alfred Benjamin Washington Company
Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

(Continued from Page 32)

be made in a certain wound in order to permit the free passage of the Carrel-Dakin solution, the famous antiseptic irrigation which keeps down bacterial poisoning. It was not considered sufficiently important to remove the patient to the operating room, or even to administer ether. Three or four snips by the ward doctor and the thing would be done. But Georges, the party of the first part in the operation, had decided he wanted an anæsthetic. He did not intend to be hurt. He had understood that in this grand hospital *de luxe* the Americans had the latest methods; that they did not chop a poor soldier up without first "putting him to sleep." Vain were my efforts to soothe him.

The other men, delighted by this fantastic grievance—for most of them detest the anæsthetizing process—egged him on with a gayety that soon became riotous. They exchanged bets on the possible chances of recovery from such a grave operation. They promised to write to his mother and to his fiancée in the event of his death. One soldier, an erstwhile opera singer, consented to chant his mass. Another offered to confess him, and adjured him to make a clean breast of all his sins. At lunch, with their wine, they drank to him a solemn *morituri te salutamus!*

The day became a Fête of Death dedicated to Georges and his inch-long cut. And when at length the crucial hour arrived, and the doctor and nurse entered with a tray of glittering instruments, every man of them was up on his elbow in bed, and the opera singer began softly to chant the mass. But Georges was nowise abashed by all this jest and *blague*. As the doctor approached his bedside he began to writhe, and gasped:

"*Mon Dieu*, how I suffer! Oh! Ah! *Doucement!*—Gently!"

"*Un!*" murmured the opera singer at his side.

The nurse pulled down the covers and elicited another loud groan.

"*Oh, là, là! Doucement! Doucement!*"

"*Deux! Trois!*" counted his neighbor.

The ward meantime was one gurgle of suppressed laughter. The nurse started to undo the bandage.

"*Doucement!*" sang out Georges lustily. "*Quatre!*"

The doctor picked up an instrument from the tray and touched the wound opening tentatively.

"*Oh, Nom de Dieu! Oh, docteur! Doucement! Doucement! Doucement!*"

"*Cinq! Six! Sept!*"

"What's biting you, old man?" laughed the doctor in English. "You know this doesn't hurt."

"*Doucement!*" roared Georges in reply. "*Huit!*"

"I don't understand this," said the nurse, glancing at the chart. "He has no temperature."

"*Doucement! Doucement!*" moaned Georges.

"*Neuf! Dix!*" registered the opera singer.

Those Twenty-Eight Doucements

The doctor snipped off an infinitesimal flake of dead cuticle.

"*Oh, bon Dieu! Doucement! Doucement! Doucement! Doucement! Doucement! Oh, cher docteur! Doucement!*"

"*Onze! Douze! Treize! Quatorze! Quinze!*"

By this time the men were in a broad ripple of laughter—all save Georges, who continued to howl with every move the doctor made. But finally the operation was over. Doctor and nurse disappeared.

"How many?" I inquired.

"Twenty-eight!" grinned the opera singer.

Georges had screeched *Doucement!* eight-and-twenty times inside of five minutes, at a practically painless operation! And now the opera singer began to mock him by singing *Doucement!* in every conceivable accent up and down the scale.

"Son of generations of monkeys!" grunted Georges contemptuously. He turned to me: "A drop of cognac, mees! Regard how my hand trembles."

And he lifted that member and waggled it before my eyes without the faintest glimmer of a smile. Needless to say, he got his cognac; he had earned it. The men had expected amusement and Georges had done his best not to disappoint them. Such a mirth provoker in a ward is worth any amount of drugs. Moreover, it is only justice to Georges to add that, in a subsequent operation, he had his leg taken off above his knee with a coolness, a gay devil-may-caredom that touched even his pain-hardened comrades. Upon that occasion never a single *Doucement* fell from his lips. He was far more concerned over the noon meal he was forced to miss, and cursed like a pirate because he must lose both his lunch and his leg at the same fell clip!

But even Georges, with all his impudence and nerve, had his black moments, his fits of melancholy, of piercing nostalgia, of deadly ennui of the soul. *Cafard* the soldiers call these seasons of gloom. "Blue devils" is our equivalent term. While the Russian muzhik says simply: "My soul suffers!"

The men dread this *cafard* more than an operation. To fight off its approach they reread old letters, finger over beloved relics in their small sacks of personal belongings, smoke miles of cigarettes, read endless romances, or write up their simple histories—poor, meager, ill-spelled and laboriously penciled narratives of the individual rôles they played in the present mighty conflict.

But sooner or later the *cafard*, lying in wait, gets them. That Georges, however, witty, jeering, pungent as Javelle water, should fall a victim filled me with surprise. But one morning I came upon him with his head smothered under a pillow. And when I lifted it off, fancying him asleep, his young face startled me with its look of utter and naked misery, which he was too proud to show his little world.

"Why, what is the matter?" I cried.

Georges Has the Cafard

He looked at me silently with brooding, gloom-filled eyes.

"I have the *cafard*," he said simply at last.

Despite himself, his mouth quivered. Every one of those arid and sterile hours of his sickness had piled its heavy weight upon his soul.

"Ah, when will it all be finished?" he breathed. "When shall I see my mother, my little sister, again?"

For this I had no reply. Georges' chances of recovery at that time were about fifty-fifty.

"Do you see that verse?" He pointed to the high clock tower of the hospital, which bore, in old French script, the following couplet:

Every hour wounds;
The last one kills.

Georges repeated it slowly, with intense bitterness.

"The other day I counted how many hours I had lain couched here. Three thousand three hundred and twenty hours!" He held up to the light a yellow, emaciated hand. "Pretty, isn't it? Every hour wounds, and the last one kills, eh? Well, I'll take my killing all at once, thanks. I'm tired, you know. I'll dispatch myself some day!"

A tender word on my part at that instant and Georges would have wept outright—and never forgiven me for disgracing him! I tried a joke—his own favorite weapon.

"Well," I said, smiling, "if you want to die right away, this very minute, here's a method."

And I picked up from his bedside table a broken and rusted knife. It was his trench knife, a battered old wreck of an affair, the big blade of which was still crusted with dried blood—Georges' own blood, spilt there when he got his wound, and carefully preserved by him as a souvenir. As a lethal instrument that knife was a joke, and I trusted he would see the point. But I underestimated the depth of blackness in his soul. For a long moment he stared at me, silent. Then suddenly, with a swift and violent movement, he tore open his chemise at the throat.

"*Voilà!* There you are!" he exclaimed. I laid the knife out of reach in a hurry.

"*Peu!*" he said contemptuously, and turned his back on me.

It later appeared that the *cafard* in this particular case had its origin in a girl. Following hard upon his operation, as soon as he could grasp a pen, Georges had written to his fiancée, telling her that he was now a cripple and releasing her from her engagement. And it seemed that the girl had taken him at his word. Not a single line had he received from her! And added bitterness lay in the fact that, deep down in the unplumbed depths of him, Georges had a fine upstanding confidence in himself, and believed that, cripple or no cripple, he was a pretty fine match for any girl.

(Continued on Page 37)

The Luxury of Being Sure

Many a motorist starts his day's travel with his mind a question mark.

He may not expect tire trouble—few do in fact, in these days—but the fear of it lurks persistently with him, to the ruin of his comfort and his pleasure.

Of a totally different feeling is the motorist who carries a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit in his car—he knows the luxury of being sure.

He knows that whatever happens to his tires, he is prepared against the emergency—the means for temporary repair are at his disposal; he can get home.

The Kit is a handy package, complete and compact, containing tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge, and so on—all essential first-aids-to-tires.

Its cost—$4.50 to $5.00, according to size—is trivial in view of the peace of mind it brings.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Rigid Honesty

of construction is at the root of Scripps-Booth performance. The thing you will learn to admire most, is its stubborn devotion to duty. No matter how small the detail, its makers have not dared to compromise with conscience.

Scripps-Booth

is not afraid of hardships. It thrives on them. It has the reserve strength to meet any ordeal. Observers admire it most for its beauty—owners for its dogged endurance. Reliability is a dominant Scripps-Booth characteristic.

See the new Scripps-Booth roadster, now in the hands of the dealers. Its power has been increased by a larger motor; its luxury by a roomier body; its smartness by the latest idea in tops; its convenience by placing a vacuum gasoline tank in the rear.

Scripps-Booth Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

Four-Cylinder Roadster . .	$ 935
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The New Four-Cylinder Roadster

DISTINGUISHED BY ITS COAT OF GOLD

A Million Motors Need Help—

YOURS among them, no matter how good it is—unless your plugs are right.

It isn't enough that a plug sparks properly—as any one of the 30,000 Benford dealers will tell you. Did you ever test your plugs for compression leaks? Is there a drain on the electricity that you don't know about?

That drop in your motor's power is probably due to leaky plugs. Golden Giants will get your motor back to full power.

Golden Giants hold tight. They don't leak compression or electricity. They get every ounce of drive out of your motor—and you can prove it.

They deliver *all* the electricity—fire all the gas—keep your motor at top power.

Put Golden Giants on your car and learn for the first time the power of real ignition sufficiency.

Two things *prove* Golden Giants.

First, thirty thousand dealers back them.

Second, these dealers will replace any Golden Giant—any time—if you are dissatisfied. You are the sole judge. That's the Benford Guarantee.

We will send you your plugs direct (one dollar each) if your dealer doesn't carry Golden Giants. Get them today and end your spark plug troubles.

BENFORD MFG. CO.
MT. VERNON, N. Y.
"Fifteen Years of Spark Plug Success"

BENFORD'S GOLDEN GIANT

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 34)

As the days filed by without news he began to bleed inwardly. But one afternoon, shortly afterward, as I passed down the ward I beheld by Georges' bedside, her hand tightly locked in his, a small, pale-browed but radiant young person, in a heavy veil of black crêpe. Georges, exultant and gay, beckoned me over.

"*C'est ma fiancée!*" he introduced proudly.

Upon receipt of his letter she had waited only to bury a relative, and then had hastened up from their native village to give him her reply in person.

In the hospital there were innumerable love affairs that came under my eye as the busy, monotonously diverse days flowed by; and the soldiers, one by one, made me their confidante while I wrapped their bandages, made their beds, or scrubbed the ingrained mud of the Somme from their feet with liquid soap and a flesh brush. But there is one that lingers in my mind because it became a game, half playful, half serious, between me and the soldier lover.

On visitors' day the spacious *salle* was always crowded by a throng of wives, mothers, sweethearts and friends. Before the big double doors were thrown open each soldier had his tiny pocket mirror out, combing his mustache and grooming himself for the occasion. Among these, I came to observe Coussin, a jeweler by trade, who, with his wife and small son of three, lived in Montmartre before the war.

Coussin was a quiet young man with an understanding eye and an unfailing sunny smile. I always hated to hurt him in dressing his wound, because it hurt him so to hurt me. As the hands of the clock approached two he would shift on his pillow so that his glance could reach the door without obstruction. He was one of those rare Frenchmen who do not smoke; and he would lie thus, motionless, a little pale from emotion, his eyes glued to that distant door. They never left it save to consult his watch. And when finally, on the stroke of two, his wife, Fabienne, appeared, a pretty, dark young woman, trimly veiled, pushing her son ahead of her, Coussin would lift himself abruptly out of bed—despite stern orders to the contrary, for there was still danger of hemorrhage—and wave his uninjured arm.

And Fabienne would lift her wee son for a salute to *Papa!* After which she would start down the long, crowded aisle. Smiling, her eyes still clinging to those of Coussin, she moved sedately, controlling her eagerness; but at the end she always ran. The kiss that followed was—well, indescribable. You will have to imagine it. And the look which they exchanged afterward was even more than a kiss, more passionate, tender, revealing.

Coussin's Little Comedy

As the afternoon drew on to a close the bell rang, warning the visitors that it was time to begin to get ready to think of departure. It was at this juncture that the comedy with Coussin began. Earlier in the day he had secretly set his watch half an hour back. If he could have got hold of a stick long enough to reach from his bed I am convinced he would have unblushingly turned back the hands of the ward clock to match, without a single compunction. As it was, he and Fabienne blandly ignored the first bell, as none of their private concerns. But when it rang again, and the orderlies began shooing the dilatory ones out into the corridor, Coussin would glance guilelessly at his watch, start, compare it hastily with the ward clock, and then exclaim with an air of surprise, mingled with indignation:

"Again too fast! But it is no good—that big old clock. This admirable little watch of mine has not been out a minute in five years!"

And Fabienne would regard lovingly the admirable little watch of her admirable little husband. In the end, of course, he won his extra half hour, and after the departure of his wife his timepiece and that of the ward would somehow mysteriously synchronize. But this was not quite all of the comedy. When the visitors had gone basins were passed round and the men bathed themselves before supper. But on the day of his wife's visit Coussin always refused to bathe.

"I don't wish to!" he would say with gentle obstinacy.

"But you must. It's the rule. It's good for you."

"Not to-night. To-morrow."

"But to-night it's very necessary. Many visitors—many microbes."

"I don't wish to—to-night." He would shake his head with smiling decision.

"But why don't you want to wash to-night?" I asked him on the first occasion.

He gave me a single full look, and the truth dawned upon me: He did not wish to wash away the kisses of his wife and little son!

"To-morrow night I will wash twice!" he added magnanimously; and upon that we compromised.

There are certain French words—one can hardly call them slang—which have come into popular usage since the war, and which one hears constantly on the lips of the soldier. One of these is *pinard*, the trench word for wine, corresponding loosely to our term "booze." Another is *copain*. A *copain* is a pal, a chum, a trench comrade; one with whom a soldier shares his bed and his blanket and whiles away the long dull hours of inactivity. Not to have such a friend at the Front—or *là-bas*—Out There—as the soldiers call it—is a severe deprivation; for it means spiritual isolation; one puny soul bearing alone the terrific impact of the war. To illustrate this tender feeling toward a *copain:*

One day I was given the task of taking down the histories of the men in my ward; and I discovered, somewhat to my surprise, that a postman, a quiet, drab, nondescript little man with a bald spot, had won both the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire. To me, his tale was astounding in its valor, for this timid, oldish little person seemed the sort to flee for his life, like a frightened rabbit, at the first big thunder of the guns.

The Supreme Insult

It appeared that one night he had volunteered to go out upon the battlefield, still under French and German fire, to rescue a fallen soldier. While carrying his charge a shell exploded near at hand, injuring both his legs and wounding his companion afresh. At this point he might have saved himself by deserting his comrade. Instead of which, he remained all night beside him; made his dressings; fed him the dew that collected on the adjacent leaves, drop by drop; remained beside him throughout the following day, under constant bombardment; and at nightfall got him, like a sack of meal, up on his shoulders, and, crawling on his hands and knees, dragging his injured legs—"*Grâce à Dieu* it was not my arms," he said, "or I never could have made it!"—he eventually reached a dressing station, five kilometers away. But he had paid the toll of that long wait upon the infected field of glory. Gangrene set in and it was found necessary to amputate both feet. Never again could he be a postman.

"That was very splendid of you!" I said at the end of his recital.

"But no! But no!" he denied swiftly. "You see, 'twas my *copain!*"

There is still another word the war has brought into being; an epithet that, falling in anger from the lips of a soldier, is the supreme and ultimate insult. It is the word that has been coined to cover the case of the man who evades military service. *Embusque* is the French term. Literally it means one who hides in ambush. But practically it has come to embrace all who, through graft or influence, hide in easy administrative jobs, soft snaps, sinecures, saving their pusillanimous skins instead of taking their chances with their fellows in the trenches. The contempt for this particular brand of coward is great, and insults are extremely likely to be the portion of any civilian who walks the streets of Paris these days in mufti.

An American ambulance driver on the field service at Verdun told me that, on a recent *permission* in Paris, he had taken all his uniforms to the tailor to be cleaned.

"It seemed bully," he said, "to have a real American all-over bath and get into real American clothes again—that is, it seemed bully until I ventured out upon the boulevards *en civile*. But presently I began to hear '*Embusque!*' '*Embusque!*' all round me in the air. Sometimes it was hurled in my face in passing; sometimes it was hissed close to my ear. And finally there approached four *poilus* abreast, *mufflé* every one, taking the entire width of the pavement, stumping along on their wooden pegs, gay as larks, and chattering seventeen to the dozen. Convalescents, I figured them, out on their promenade. When they came alongside, naturally I gave them the road.

BLUE STREAKS

Your clothier or haberdasher—does he apologize for his deliveries? Or does his service win your admiration? Many such merchants today have advanced to the use of the motorcycle. And the shrewdest of these employ Goodyear Blue Streak Motorcycle Tires so that deliveries may be unfailing and prompt. Blue Streak reliability is a well known factor in business, pleasure, racing and military service. Somewhere in these fields, Goodyear will serve you.

Blue Streaks Deliver: Economy, Mileage, Speed, Service. Everywhere—one standard, one quality, one guaranty.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
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GOODYEAR
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Gives Every Woman a Hundred Hands

One shake of this no-acid, no-caustic cleanser sets a hundred hands at work for you.

Try Spotless Cleanser on your hard jobs and watch it renew your dingy tile and linoleum, banish scorch and burn from pots and pans, and paint a radiant smile on the dear old kitchen sink, dull spigots and tide-marked bathtubs.

Demand "Spotless" and these hundred hands are yours. Only a nickel in the whopping-big can.

Sold everywhere in the enameled, rustproof can. Made by
THE REYNOLDS CORPORATION
Louisville, Ky. Bristol, Tenn.

SPOTLESS CLEANSER 5¢

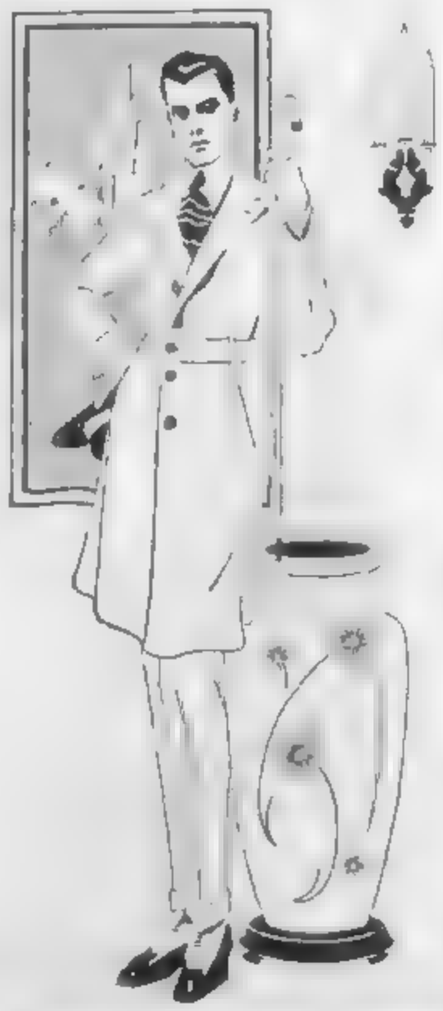
Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

THE STEIN-BLOCH
Dunmore

The Dunmore Full-Belted Top-coat is for crisp days and cool nights. Soldierly, with no trace of swagger, and sportsmanlike without being vulgarly "sporty."

When you say STEIN-BLOCH, *you've said* STYLE

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, N. Y.



4¢ PUTS YOU CICO*-WISE

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Carter Inx
Quality Products

Four cents will bring you our introductory size bottle of CICO Paste. Send for your bottle today.

Sticks Best When Spread Thin

Adjustable brush holder keeps jar tightly closed—no cap to turn every time you use CICO. Stationers sell CICO in convenient 45c and 25c refill desk jars (as shown). Also in spreader tubes and bottles. Send a couple of stamps and your name and address. Get CICO-wise now.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston New York
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Also Manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons

*Pronounced "Sy-ko"

But they halted, confronted me contemptuously, and cried: *'Embusque! Embusque vous!'* Well, it was too much for me. I beat it back to the tailor and got into respectable clothes."

Like many opprobrious epithets, however, *embusque*, among friends, has a different slant; used thus, it becomes a term of endearment, a sort of rough caress. A soldier, fresh from Out There, muddy-booted, unshaved, bristling with the accouterments of war, will clump awkwardly into the hospital, bend over his wounded comrade, salute him on both cheeks, and exclaim jovially: "Well, old *embusque*, how goes it?" And on the morning following my weekly afternoon off the men never failed to greet me: "Aha, Mees *Embusque!* You deserted us yesterday. *Embusque vous!*"

Used so, it was a term of affection. Nevertheless, it is a word to be handled with discretion. Returning from the hospital late one night to my quiet hotel, I found the place in a tumult. The police had invaded the kitchen; and the Dutch chef, a stout, pompous white-capped tyrant, before whom the entire establishment walked in terror, lay on the floor with his head smashed in, weltering in his own gore. Over him stood the head waiter, a tiny sprite of a Frenchman, hands clenched, eyes blazing, and looking ready to jump on the chef's fat stomach if that prostrate gentleman so much as batted an eyelid.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"He—he called me *embusque!* Me!" exploded the head waiter, stammering in his rage. "I knocked the fat swine down and his head hit the stove."

The police, upon hearing the provocation, vindicated the servant completely, and the Dutchman went to the hospital to mend his head and his manners. It was another version of Owen Wister's famous Western tale: "When you call me that—smile!"

At the end of three months I was transferred to another ward with only twelve beds—a small, tranquil family, it seemed to me, after the continual rush and hurry of the big receiving ward. But still there was plenty to do. No time to sit like a lady, with folded lilylike hands. And the first three days, in addition to the regular routine, I had a dying man in charge. For three days and three nights he lay dying from general gas infection, a poor wreck, too ghastly to look upon with composure. His face, under the process of decay, had turned a horrible greenish yellow; beneath one eye yawned a deep unhealed bayonet gash; his mouth was filled with poisonous ulcers; and his tongue was so swollen that he could scarce articulate.

Trying Days

One leg had been amputated at the thigh in a vain effort to arrest the gangrene; but the infection had immediately showed in the other leg. The stench of this moribund organism was such that, with every window flung wide open, the odor was still almost overpowering. And the danger of infection was no imaginary fear. A nurse, with her hands tender from being constantly in water, is always crocking off bits of superficial skin.

Conceive the daily dressing and bandaging of this poor wretch; the daily changing of linen, soaked through and through with deadly suppurations, down to the very mattress! In touching him the doctor, the nurse and the orderlies wore gloves; so, also, did I whenever that was possible. But at this time there was a temporary shortage of nurses and I had the ward to myself, save when the head nurse looked in for a minute to ask if all went well. And perhaps I would be busy when the cry would come:

"Mees! Mees! Number Two! A drink! Quick!"

Upon which I would drop everything in a panic and fly to his bedside, barely in time to prevent him from swallowing the contents of the spittoon; for he had long, lean, powerful arms, this Number Two, which were always wandering, always in motion. With these he would pull into his bed whatever of the adjacent landscape he could lay hands on; for this reason we were forced to discard the bedside screens that usually inclose the dying. Once this blind, wandering hand discovered a thermometer on the bedside table of a neighbor. Instantly it was in his mouth and was broken in two between his teeth. Nothing for it but to thrust in my bare hand and pull the pieces out. No time for rubber gloves! He might die of gas gangrene; but I was not going to have him die of a thermometer.

Happily he did not suffer and at times he was conscious. Once, as I held up his head—this time with gloves—to give him water, he looked into my eyes and said, quite matter-of-factly:

"*C'est la fin, n'est-ce-pas?*"—It's the end, isn't it?

As he lingered and still lingered on, there came a subtle change over the attitude of the ward with regard to this long-spun-out dying. At first, when, after what seemed to them a proper and suitable length of time, Number Two still stubbornly held on, complaints began to be heard. No Frenchman loves an open window. Were they all to die of colds in the head because of one inconsiderate fellow? Frankly, they had had enough of him. It was not courteous to linger thus!

"*Bon Dieu*, not yet? Will he go to-night, think you?" they would impatiently inquire.

But as the feeble flame still burned mysteriously on, unquenched, this feeling gradually altered; it merged into a wondering awe and respect. The gallant fight of Number Two, his gaspings, his wrestlings with the invisible foe, commanded their admiration.

"How strong he is!" they would murmur respectfully. "What force!"

"'Tis the force of youth," commented another.

"'Tis sad to die like that, so young, so brave—*n'est-ce-pas*, mees?"

A Plucky Boy's End

And when the final spells of periodic shuddering began, showing the last phase was at hand, they watched him with undisguised interest.

"He's passing!" announced one.

"Not yet," retorted another, almost with pride. "See him drink! *Pauvre brave!* 'Tis a good warrior."

"He'll go to-night—that's sure!"

They began to argue about it.

But he did not go that night, or yet the next morning; and the afternoon found him still battling feebly for breath. Late in the afternoon of the third day his wife arrived, a shabby, terrified little peasant woman, infinitely pathetic in her rusty black crêpe and her gnarled toil-worn, hands. Accompanying her was the soldier's father, a gaunt Breton, in smock and wooden shoes, with a small, round beribboned hat like that of a priest, and beneath it deep-set, intelligent eyes.

Upon me devolved the unpleasant task of breaking the news. I led them out into the corridor and, for a space, I could find no words. What is the polite formula in such a case, anyhow? Perhaps the wife read the trouble in my face, for her eyes upon me were like those of a dog, piteous, begging not to be beaten. She grasped me by both elbows.

"How goes it?" she breathed. "He is better? Say that my husband is better!"

The situation was intolerable.

"He is dying," I blurted out brutally.

With a loud cry she flung herself into my arms. The father gazed stonily out the window. Soon, however, she had composed herself, and I asked whether they wished a priest. Was her husband a Catholic? Briefly they conferred apart, and then the woman turned, with a timid query, Would it cost anything? And with that the whole bleak truth came out. They were poor, very poor, it appeared; so poor, indeed, that they had sold their cow to enable them to come to Paris.

They had counted the expenses down to the last sou; but they had not counted the expense of a priest.

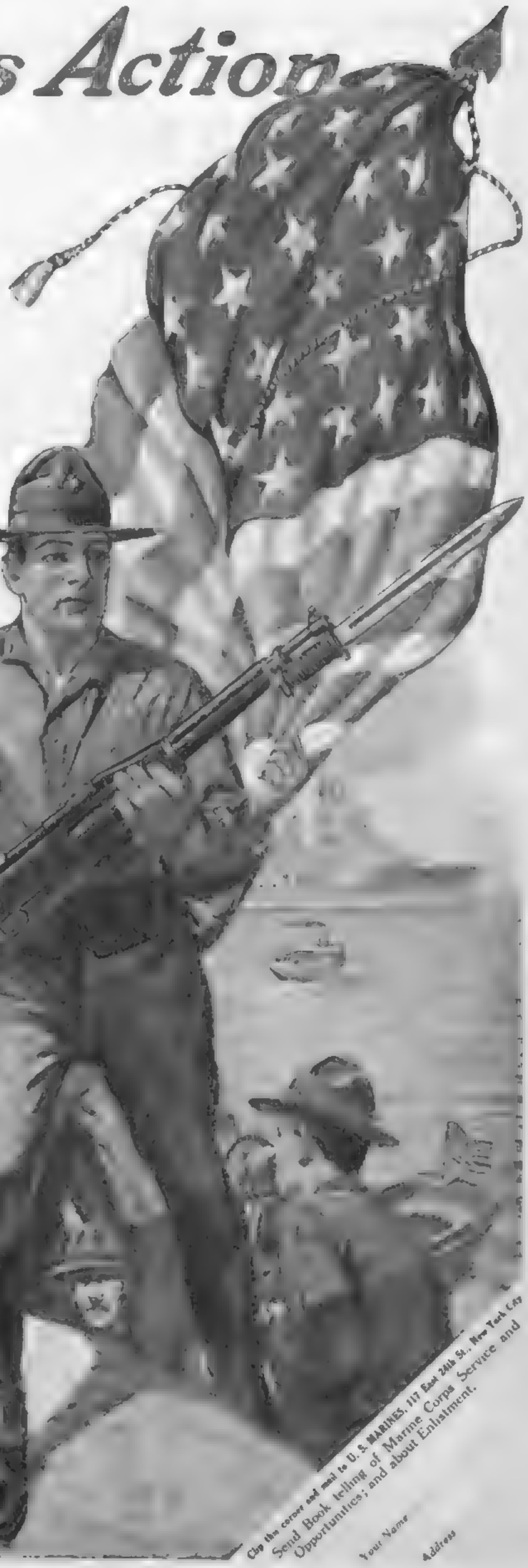
I assured them we had an abbé in the hospital and that his services were free. Upon which they decided to have him. An hour later he celebrated Holy Communion, the soldiers looking on with simple, unaffected interest. Only one blemish marred the serenity of the sacred event: At the crucial moment Number Two absolutely refused to receive the Host. Twice the murmuring abbé bent over him and inserted the holy wafer, and twice it was rejected by the swollen lips.

"Let's try it with water," I suggested.

The dying man drank thirstily as ever, but again refused the symbol. I was nonplused, for plainly those black eyes staring up into mine were conscious. After the departure of the abbé a soldier beckoned me to his side.

(Concluded on Page 41)

Where There's Action



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The Marines have a record you will be proud of; a standard of loyal efficiency you'll be glad to work up to. They're a tight little band—occupying a distinctive place among America's defenders.

They've shown the way to fighting men since 1798. Their history is one of splendid patriotism, heroism, gallantry and military achievement. They've upheld the honor of the flag, in peace and war, in every quarter of the globe. From Alaska to Patagonia, from Tripoli to Peking, from Hawaii to the Fiji Islands, the Marines have earned the reputation of "The Finest Fighting Corps in the World."

But, even more than a glorious past—to men of fighting blood—enlistment in the Marines means ACTION:

—For the U. S. Marines are the Soldiers That Go to Sea. And whether "action" comes on sea or land, there the Marines will be! ("'Send Marines,' is what the orders always say.")

Yes! The Marines are *soldiers*. And sailors, too. "For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the Marines don't know, nor do." They are drilled as infantry; naval gunners; field artillery; machine-gun companies. They form the landing parties from warships; are the first to go on expeditionary duty; defend all naval bases.

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These Stations are separate and apart from the recruiting places of the Army or Navy. Look for "U. S. Marines" in the telephone directory of any city.

Write for free Book, "Soldiers of the Sea." Illustrates and describes the patriotic and varied service, aboard ship and ashore, afforded by enlistment in the U. S. Marines: A graphic account of their travels and adventures; sea warfare and land battles.

Use the Corner Coupon; or drop a Postal, addressing—

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Clip the corner and mail to U. S. MARINES, 117 East 24th St., New York City
Send Book telling of Marine Corps Service and Opportunities; and about Enlistment.

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DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

(Concluded from Page 38)

"He's not a Catholic," he explained softly.

As daylight waned there came a brief respite in the struggle; Number Two breathed more easily; he lay quiet, relaxed; his invisible antagonist seemed to have removed a short way off. The men meantime chatted cheerfully. Some sang.

Presently a knock sounded at the door. It was the X-ray man from upstairs, who had come to take a photograph of a certain plaster cast, an extraordinarily fine specimen, made at the Front.

"Who's the new *blessé* with the leg cast?" he called out jovially. He consulted a card. "Peletier's the name."

"Present!" came a voice from the corner.

"But you can't take a picture now!" I protested, scandalized. "A man's dying in here. Wait until he's dead."

"Can't! The cast comes off to-morrow morning. Got to take the picture right away. Here's the order."

Perforce I let him come in. And now a lively bustle ensued. The bed containing the soldier adorned with the desired cast was wheeled into the center of the room, the leg exposed to the best advantage, bandages unwrapped, the bedcovers composed neatly, the tripod set up, the lights arranged.

Then the photographer's head disappeared beneath the black camera cloth. It would be vain to deny that the men enjoyed it hugely. They watched with eagerness as the photographer's head emerged from the dark folds. He altered slightly the position of the cast, looked again, and made a second change.

"Good!" he exclaimed at length briskly; and he held up a warning hand. "Now! Ready, old man! Tell your leg to smile! Tell it to regard the little bird."

At this threadbare joke a veritable shout of laughter went up from the ward. Even the dying man smiled!

"*Regardez!*" He smiles! cried a soldier, pointing. "*Bon garçon!*"

The mirth renewed itself. It was the strangest death scene I had ever viewed.

Number Two lingered through the night and slipped away the next morning so quietly that none of us knew the exact moment; and his strength and his smile at the photographer's jest became a legend in the ward.

There is much talk nowadays of the great number of desertions, and one's fancy is fed by all kinds of wild and fantastic tales. Most of them are pure inventions, or have grown, like snowballs rolling down hill, from the merest innocent fact. The French are not deserters by temperament. One does not hear of whole companies of Frenchmen, bereft of their officers, falling on their knees, lifting up their hands, and crying: "*Kamerad!* Spare me; for I am a father!" Simply, that is not the French note. To drag in his papahood at such a moment would appear to a Frenchman as grotesquely humorous and absurd.

The Case of Vernier

And yet it would be idle to assert that there have been no French desertions. But most of them are pathologic cases. The human brain can experience just so much bloodshed, so much killing, without going a little mad. And the more sensitive, finely tempered and humanitarian the person, the heavier the spiritual strain.

The following story is a case in point. It was told me by the would-be deserter himself, a young playwright of twenty-four, called, let us say, Vernier, who had been invalided back to Paris. He related it with a certain mordant humor, as being something of a joke on himself. The background of the story, his repeated wounds and illnesses, his hatred of killing, which grew with the months into a morbid soul sickness, were supplied by his mother and a friend:

Vernier, nervous, high-strung, idealistic, had been in the war since the days of mobilization. Repeatedly wounded, but never gravely, constantly ill from exposure, he gravitated back and forth between the trenches and the hospitals, not remaining very long at a time in either. He took part in a number of attacks and killed a number of Germans. He didn't like it. About Christmas he wrote to his mother: "To be a really successful trench warrior one should be made of pig iron clean through: no head, no heart, no nerves!" And he added: "Frankly I am sick, sick, sick to death of it all."

Shortly after this he was wounded again and went to the hospital; a month later he was back in the lines. Threatened with a relapse, he was sent to a shelter behind the trenches. And here the breakdown came. Fortunately his mother was with him. To her Vernier declared he had killed his last man in battle. He swore a solemn oath never to take another human life. He was through! He was going to clear out, escape to Canada, become a farmer and start life anew.

He spoke wildly, passionately, in tones that carried far beyond the small room. His mother listened, gray with terror. She implored him not to be foolish, to hush, to speak lower; to consider himself, his mother, France. Vernier, however, remained firm.

"But they'll shoot you, my son, as a deserter!"

And to this Vernier vehemently replied:

"Mother, can't you conceive that it's more honorable to stand up against a wall and die publicly for your faith than to die like a dog in a hole in the ground for something you don't believe? No; I've killed my last man, I tell you! If they want to kill me for that let them kill."

Frenzied, the mother flung herself upon him, trying to stifle with her hand that dangerous young mouth; but the damage was already done. His loud speech had been overheard. Within the hour he was summoned before the commandant and asked whether the charge were true. Far from denying, Vernier admitted everything up to the hilt; he even went farther and embroidered his point of view. The commandant listened attentively; and at the end he spoke.

A Wish Come True

"He told me," related Vernier in excellent English, "that in ordinary circumstances I should be shot the next morning as a deserter—and thus achieve what was so evidently my desire. But there was somebody else to be considered—namely, my mother. For, in overhearing me, they had overheard her entreaties as well. The son of such a mother must be worth saving; and, therefore, he was returning my life, plainly forfeit, to this brave mother of France. But he named a condition. And after that," continued Vernier with a reminiscent grin, "he simply cut loose and lit into me. Asked ironically whether I supposed I was the only man in France who was opposed to the shedding of blood! I was a socialist, eh? Well, he was a philosophic anarchist! Went me one stronger, you see."

And this was the commandant's condition: He asked Vernier to remember that this bloody war was a trial, not to him alone but to all Frenchmen with a spiritual nature; and, as they were strong for the common good, he asked Vernier to be strong also—and hold his tongue. Simply that—to be strong and hold his tongue! And to this Vernier consented. He had to, he said, after the commandant's courtesy to his mother. And, also, he was not going to be outdone in delicacy. When last heard of, Vernier was still holding his tongue Out There.

There is one question the soldiers asked constantly. They began the first day I entered the hospital; and I had no reply. On the last day they were still asking it; and still I had no reply. That question was: When will the United States enter the war?

Observe the form of that question. They did not say If, but When? For to most of them it seemed inevitable that, sooner or later, we, the big sister republic, with kindred form of government and ideals, should come to see what France, with her fine lucidity, had seen for so long: that she is battling not alone for her own right to exist as a free, unenslaved nation—though assuredly she is doing that—but for America also, and for the doctrine of democracy, as opposed to the doctrines of force and the gauntleted fist, all over the world.

But also, quite aside from this, the French soldiers want us to come in because they like us personally. They like us and they want us to fight upon their side.

Not long ago Georges expressed these sentiments in a nutshell. He had been lying staring up at the Stars and Stripes, which, with the Tricolor, was tacked above the ward door.

"It's pretty," he remarked pensively, "that starry flag. It's not bad at all, truly! And it goes well with ours. It would be pleasant to see them both flying at large over Verdun—*n'est-ce-pas, mees?*"

As I write this, that wish of a wounded French soldier boy has come true.

It's easy to tell them apart!

Frank wears 'any old clothes,'
but John always looks 'neat as a pin'."

To you young fellows in school or in business, the *right clothes* at the *right price* mean a whole lot. And in these days of high costs, you are in danger of choosing the wrong ones. For your absolute protection—for clothes that look right because they are *styled for you*—for clothes that will wear right because they are *tailored to meet the hard service you will give them*—go to any Michaels-Stern Dealer and ask for

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Appreciate, therefore, a dealer who serves you with Kelly's, for he is sacrificing something to keep your shoes looking good.

Shoes cost too much to spoil with poor polish. Learn how to keep your shoes in good condition. Buy one of Kelly's polishes and find inside the paper box the pamphlet, "How to Care for Shoes." If you do not readily find a store selling Kelly's polish write us and we will give you the name of a dealer in your neighborhood, or we will mail you the pamphlet direct, no charge.

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If the polish is bad

We are persuading the best shoe dealers to use their polish business to hold their shoe trade and attract new shoe customers, rather than use their shoe business to get a little more profit on polish. In other words, we are urging retailers to give

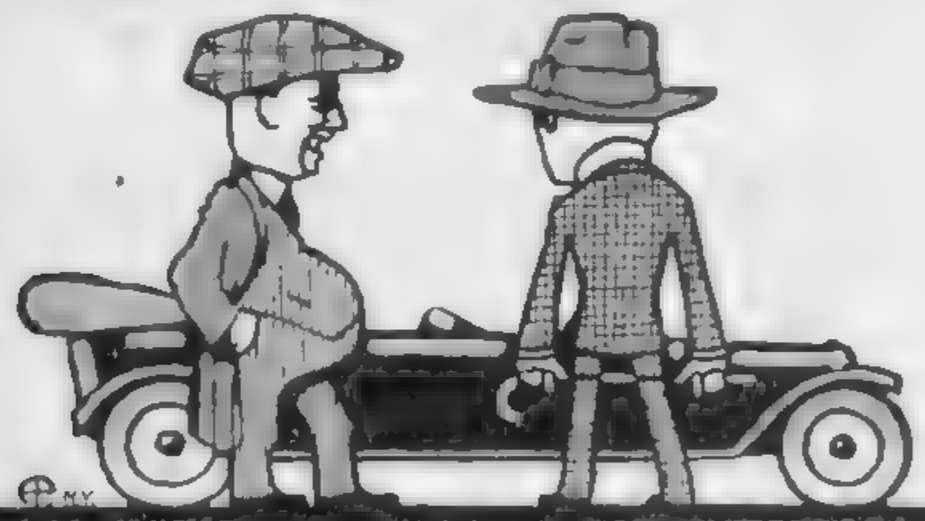
Shoe Service

"Let the buyer beware" is an outworn business maxim. The customer does beware of the store where he was stung, the rest of his life. Selling polish with the idea of "keeping them coming" for shoes is the modern idea, and Kelly's polishes were produced not to undersell competitors, for it is the highest-priced line of shoe polish made anywhere in the entire world, but to enable shoe dealers to give their customers

Shoe Service

Taking pains to buy good shoes, and taking no pains to see that the polish used on them is fit, is as foolish as to spoil a good skin with a bad soap, or a good stomach with bad food

Try the shoe polish made by Geo. J. Kelly Co., 535 Washington St., Lynn, Mass., U. S. A. Chain Lightning Shoe Cream for keeping light colored shoes in condition, made in white, natural, grey, brown and tan. Bagof for white buck shoes, Whiterightoff for white canvas, Kidorfab for badly stained white kid or fabric. Whiteheeledge for waterproof finish for the heels of white shoes. Reprus to make the toes of children's tan shoes look new. Slide for black shoes that have not been polished for a long time. Staydyed to dye colored shoes black, Onceaweek, Noworktoit, Brightkid and TheLynn, efficient polishes for all kinds of shoes. Be sure to read the pamphlet, "How to Care for Shoes."



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STINGY!

(Continued from Page 7)

"Sometimes," she suggested, "you must really deprive yourself of things you want, don't you? That would probably be the next step."

"Certainly!" he assented. "But I like appropriateness. Anything like that dance of yours gives me the creeps. If I want to give away any money I want it to represent me—to stand for something I've chosen to do, to be the result of a genuine saving, and not just a whim or a momentary impulse. That fifty dollars represented things I didn't positively need—but I might have had them. That's what I call giving!"

Miss Wolcott raised her eyes to his.

"I'm glad you relented," she said. "I value that gift now. . . . What are your other accounts for?"

"That's telling!" said Hamilton, affecting great jocularity.

"Anyway," she said, "I think you have a wonderful sense of proportion, Mr. Hamilton—wonderful! I didn't know your logic was so—sympathetic."

He grew incredibly ruddy at her praise.

"Most people don't agree with me."

"I do," she said gravely; "and most people don't grasp what you're doing. I wish you'd tell me more about it."

"No—it's too childish." He cleared his throat with excessive violence. "Everybody has a few pet eccentricities—I rather like to be frigidly rational. But I didn't come to talk about me; I came to talk about you."

"Oh!" Miss Wolcott was on guard.

"There's no use in being hypercritical," said Hamilton abruptly; "and I had enough time with you the other night to make me believe I've been missing something. I want you to like me."

He paused; and the hiatus was of such duration that Miss Wolcott eventually broke it out of sheer spasmodic compulsion.

"I hope I shall ——"

"I've read," said Hamilton, "that the experts can tell first-class diamonds offhand—it's the cheap ones that keep 'em busy overtime. Even when you were combating me the other night, I was sure that you had a message for me somehow—I don't know why I should have thought that, but I did. I'm surer than ever that I was justified. I want to be friendly with you—seriously. I'd watched you before Tommy introduced us; I wanted to meet you because I knew! And I wasn't mistaken."

Disturbed by his portentous sincerity, Miss Wolcott endeavored to lower the temperature of her voice. He was traveling too fast!

"Are you so sure," she inquired soberly, "that I should be worth whatever it might—cost you to have me for a friend?"

He came and stood over her, and she was alarmed. The alarm, however, was hereditary; again she had that subtle premonition that he was trustworthy.

"Don't say things like that!" he adjured her. "I'm not fooling—or half-hearted. I mean every word I say. I simply don't want to start off on the wrong tack. I don't believe I've ever wanted anyone for a friend in my life so much as I want you. Why shouldn't I tell you? I want to talk to you and have you talk to me—as though we'd known each other long enough to put nonsense aside. And if I can't help you somehow, if I haven't any quality to offer you—you'd be wasting your time if you let me come. I'm sure of me; I'm just asking about you."

She mutely indicated his chair, and he obediently reverted to it and sat down. Her nerves were tingling, and she was mentally bruised and battered by the will that had clashed with her own. She looked toward him, and suddenly capitulated at sight of the incomprehensible appeal in his eyes. There was nothing fleshy in his plea or in his ardor; he was the most Platonic of supplicants; he craved the boon of her subjectiveness, and nothing more. She recalled that he was said to have been a misogamist. She couldn't dissect his emotion; she didn't know its origin; she knew only that it was there, and that he was waiting.

"When you come next time," she said impulsively, "we'll pretend we've known each other for ages. . . . Now tell me all about your work!"

As a Platonic friendship it was singularly free from the barnacles of merchandise. It was fundamentally and exclusively an exchange of mind. Incidentally, of course, they discussed the usual topics and some that were distinctly unusual; but, in the main, they were helpful to each other, and their relationship was bounded by their respective ambitions. Hamilton aided Miss Wolcott in an investigation of what she had termed her career—a career of semi-professional altruism, which had been a subterfuge to conceal her intellectual loneliness—and in time she was delighted to discover that she was of practical service to him on the social as well as the ethical side.

He had fallen into the habit of calling regularly at dusk; he rarely came without a roll of blue prints under his arm; and he seldom bade her good-by without having derived inspiration and encouragement. She had perspective and imagination, and a fine sense of the eternal fitness of form and color; so that Hamilton consulted her freely with respect to the technic of interiors, and took advantage of many of her suggestions. He told her on several occasions that she could visualize a plan better than any draftsman he had ever encountered; and the statement thrilled her immeasurably.

He was by choice a designer of small houses; he liked to test the elasticity of a few thousand dollars, and devise pretty homes for young people who wanted comfort and convenience in the suburbs; but his fees were commensurate with his aspirations, and Miss Wolcott marveled.

"Well!" he said to her. "It's the same old question of cost price and selling price! When I'm actually working I never think about money; but when I'm through, and tired out, I remember that I haven't put simply my brains into the thing; I've put my heart and soul into it—and then I make 'em pay every last sou I can squeeze into the bill. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Fair—yes," she agreed; "but I do hate to have you argue that way, Herbert. It isn't the big items I mind—you certainly do earn your commissions!—it's the tiny little extras. It's that sort of thing which may make people afraid of you."

"I'll take a chance on that," said Hamilton. "I put in the extras only when I've put in myself. . . . Now the Berrian house is worrying me again. If I'd known there was so much responsibility I wouldn't have taken the job. What do you think about this dining room?"

The Berrian house was, at this stage, one of Hamilton's chief perplexities. At the outset he had told Miss Wolcott how an unfanciful pair of honeymooners had given him carte blanche, within a settled price, to plan and build and decorate a colonial homestead among the hills of Westchester; and, after that, the Berrians had wandered off to Honolulu, where they seemed inclined to stay until their domicile was ready for occupancy.

Hamilton had conferred with Miss Wolcott from the beginning; it was a unique opening, he said, for him to attain a masterpiece, and to educate the critical public to a proper appreciation of his skill, when he was unhampered. He had redrawn the sketches a dozen times; he had rearranged the rooms repeatedly; he had sat for endless hours in intimate research, because he held that the Berrian house would furnish the pattern upon which his future success might easily be traced.

And Miss Wolcott had eagerly collaborated with him. She knew that her counsel must be sage, because so often he accepted it in its entirety; she knew that her views upon the utilities of the house were sound; she knew that her taste in furniture and papers and hangings was excellent. Indeed, she had so thoroughly imbued the plans for the Berrian house with tokens of her individuality that Hamilton's complacent satisfaction and quiet gratitude were insufficient for her. She thought she had merited a more tangible reward. And at length she was unexpectedly seized by a conception that she made no effort to vanquish.

"Herbert," she said, "I want you to do something for me."

"Anything at all," consented Hamilton absently. "What is it?"

"I want you to take me into partnership with you."

Hamilton dropped his pencil in amazement and lifted his eyebrows.

"Not really?"

"Really!" she insisted.

(Continued on Page 45)

"Logan" created the piquant Loganberry—Its Pure Juice is called —

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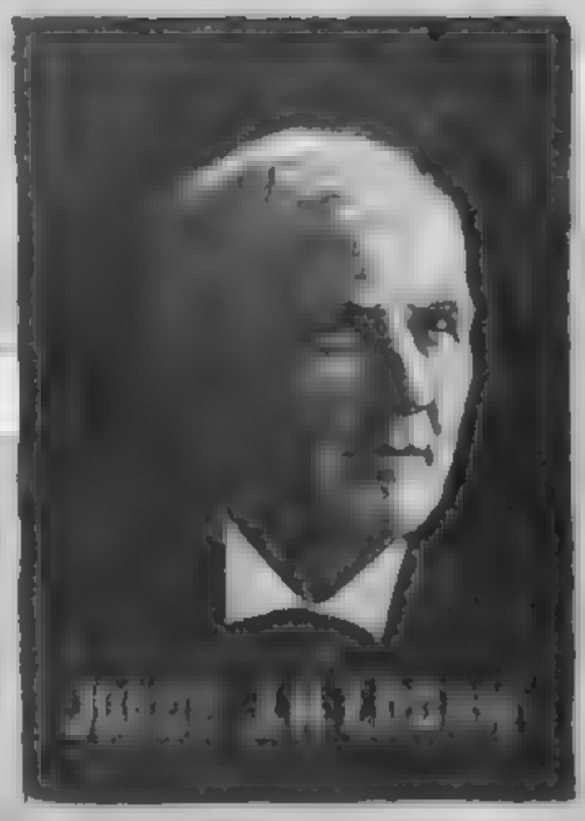

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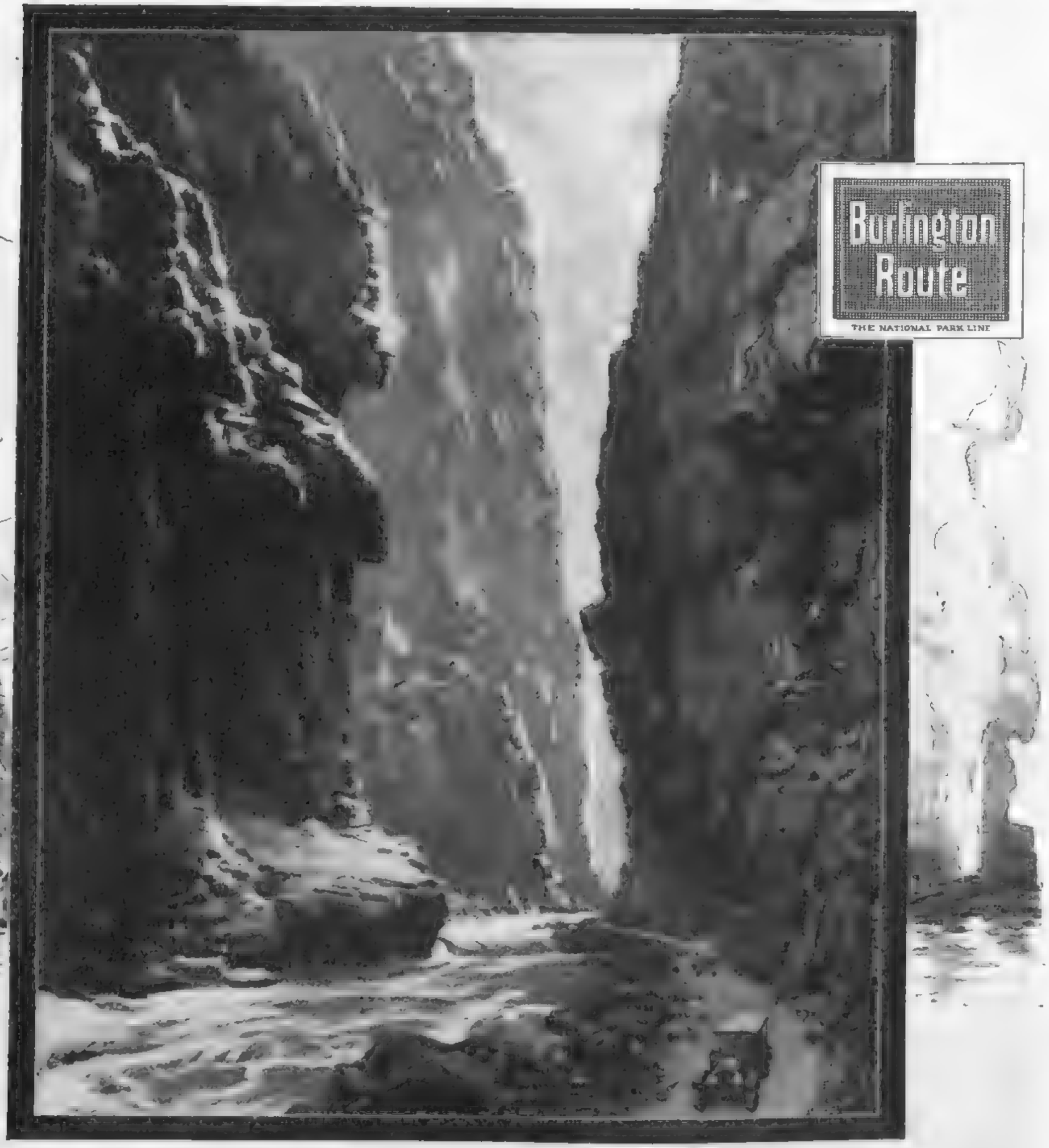

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(Continued from Page 42)

"But, my dear girl ——"

"No—listen to me!" She emphasized her thesis by hammering an eraser on the piano bench, which was serving as their mutual desk. "I'm not doing anything useful; I'm no good to myself or to anybody else—except possibly you. I'm tired of drifting. I have helped you—you've said so! I've done almost as much work on the Berrian house as you have. The arrangement's partly mine; the scheme of decoration's all mine. Three-quarters of the furnishing is mine. Why can't we be businesslike? You can let me feel that I have something to do in the world. You've talked about starting a special department in house decoration; let me come into your office and take charge of it for you. I know I can please people. I ——"

Hamilton's negative was gentle, but pregnant with finality:

"I don't see how it's at all possible, Dorothy."

"But it's what I need! It's what I want. Haven't I helped you?"

"Immeasurably, but ——"

"Then, why can't you ——" She faltered, and caught at an example out of his own philosophy. "Why can't you call it my price? I've enjoyed going over these things with you, but it hasn't been all play. And the Berrian house is almost as much mine as it is yours. Doesn't that prove something?"

Hamilton retrieved the pencil he had dropped.

"I'm afraid it isn't feasible," he said. "You see, I've all but signed up with a man now ——"

"Herbert, I'm determined! It isn't a silly fad; it's deadly serious. I've got to do something worth while; I won't go on living like a vegetable any longer. And I won't hinder you—you ought to know that! I don't want to earn money, either—I just want to work. And here's something I can do ——"

"I'm sorry," said Hamilton awkwardly. "But I've made an agreement with a man already; and besides ——"

Miss Wolcott leaned back in her chair and surveyed him earnestly.

"If you knew," she said, "how serious I am you'd change your mind."

"Unfortunately," he declared, "it's so impossible that I can't—well, it's hopeless. Even if it weren't for the man I've engaged, it still wouldn't be possible. Business has got to be business, and nothing else. We know too much about each other to work well in an office."

"Yet you admit I've helped you?"

"I surely do."

"I've made the Berrian house?"

"More than half of it," he conceded willingly.

"And artistically it'll be the best thing you've done?"

"It is, already."

"And still you won't let me have my credit, Herbert! You won't let me ——"

"But I can't," he persisted. "I simply can't!"

"Well—why?"

"I've committed myself," he said. "And besides, I like you too much to risk any trouble. Business can't be subject to external influences. I'm afraid to try it. And, moreover, if you came with me everybody else in the office would be apprehensive. Outsiders always confuse things. And——"

Miss Wolcott tossed the eraser to the piano bench and exhaled sharply:

"It isn't that you don't care enough for me to take the risk, is it?"

Hamilton got up and came to stand over her, as he had done on the evening of his first call.

Miss Wolcott was now similarly visited by a wild tremor, not unmixed with fright; but Hamilton's voice was reassuringly steady and he made no attempt to touch her.

"Dorothy," he began, "you've been awfully good to me ——"

"Then why," she flared, "won't you be good to me?"

"I would; but ——"

"That's just it—'but'!"

"But if you knew what problems I have ——"

"I know the problem I have. And you could solve it!"

"But the arrangements I'm making won't permit it, Dorothy; and—we've been such good friends that, even if there's only one chance in a million of anything going awry between us, I don't want to take that chance."

"What would it cost you?" she inquired calmly.

Hamilton flushed.

"I hadn't thought of that; but, since you mention it ——"

"You can think of it, then?" She also rose.

"Why, of course! Not in money values; but ——"

She put her hand on his arm and looked at him squarely.

"Herbert, I can't talk about it any more. . . . I've been cooped up inside of myself so long that these ideas may be distorted; but I thought you'd save the day for me. I counted on you. I'll give you time to consider it; but, if you won't ——"

"Please don't be angry!" he begged. There was the faintest tremor in his tone; Miss Wolcott vibrated to it. "I'd do anything in the world for you; but you're asking for an impossibility. I can't spoil ——"

"I'm not angry—I'm hurt!" she interrupted. "I'm afraid that, after all, I haven't been a friend of yours—I've been just another bargain!"

"Dorothy!"

"Is there anything else I can think? You could perfectly well fix it up if you wanted to. And I'm crazy to do it, Herbert."

"Dorothy! Wait a little while—two or three months."

He took one swift step and halted. Miss Wolcott lingered, her heart pounding; then she hesitantly drew toward the door; presently she was on the threshold. Hamilton hadn't moved, and he was speechless. His chin looked more stubborn than she had thought it; his mouth was mathematical in its inflexibility.

"All right!" she said uncertainly. "I'll wait. For what?"

"I can't promise definitely; but ——"

There was a moment of silence.

"You'll have to excuse me," said Miss Wolcott suddenly. "You w-won't mind, will you? Come to-morrow, or—Sunday. I—I'm not very well. You'll excuse me, won't you? I —— Good-by, Herbert!" She went out blindly.

Behind her was the sound of hurrying feet. She shrank against the wall, trembling. The footfalls ceased. There was silence—a long silence. She thought she heard her name called in an undertone; and she essayed to answer, and had no voice. Again a protracted silence. In the distance a door banged heavily. And Miss Wolcott sank down just where she was, and in a huddled little heap on the floor cried out her lonely wretchedness. For what she had desired was not for Hamilton to take her into his office, but into his home; and he was callous to the agitation that had forced her to leave him before she was a traitor to her reserve.

On the following day she left without notice for Placid; and the note that meantime came from Hamilton consoled her not at all. He merely reiterated that he had previously made other arrangements, and that the experiment would be hazardous in the extreme, anyway. And he signed the missive: Sincerely Hers.

She stayed in the Adirondacks for three months; and on Monday and Thursday of each week she had a letter from Hamilton, and on Sunday afternoons she religiously wrote to him. Her own missives were chiefly descriptive of mountains and men; and his were essentially devoted to the Berrian house, which was to be completed, from furnace to ridgepole, he said, by September.

He tooks pains to refer frequently to her inestimable coöperation, and to echo his thanks for it; but when she returned to the city she hadn't condoned his indifference to her wishes, nor had she acquired surcease from insomnia and its allied evils. She had, however, resolved to become a trained nurse and enroll for a Red Cross hospital in France; and this decision was indicative of her profound depression.

Their first meeting after the long separation was typical of neither of them. Hamilton came bearing roses, and Miss Wolcott was desperately frivolous in her remarks. Early in the evening she inquired how the Berrian house was progressing.

"It's finished," said Hamilton. "I was going to ask you to come out with me tomorrow afternoon and look at it."

Her primary impulse was to decline; but she thought twice about it. She had never seen the Berrian house; her work had been to visualize it beforehand, and she hadn't been anxious to inspect either the skeleton or the shell. She had preferred to create

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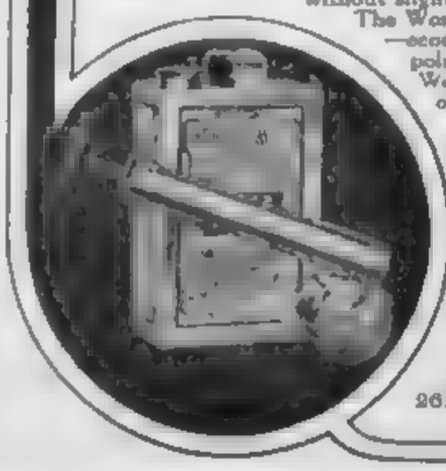

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atmosphere, and not to supervise the mechanics of construction. It seemed to her now that a melancholy pleasure awaited her, and she was in precisely the mood to take it. She named the hour and Hamilton was suited perfectly.

And so, on a gorgeous autumn afternoon, they went out by the electric division, and disembarked at a graceful station set in a wooded park. They passed by a cluster of small taxicabs—Miss Wolcott grimaced slightly—and climbed a long hill, crossed trolley tracks, and climbed again. A mile from the station Hamilton guided her into a shaded lane; another furlong and he turned into a graveled path.

"Here we are!" he said cheerily.

It was a sizable house, colonial to the chimney tops. Great trees surrounded it; an old-fashioned garden was already laid out; a generous expanse of plowed land foretold an adequate lawn the next season. The view was to the westward, over the beautiful valley of the Upper Bronx; near by there were handsome houses of brick, and some of weathered shingles. The neighborhood was worthy of Hamilton's genius. Miss Wolcott glanced at him, and at the front door of the Berrian house.

"It's the doorway you picked out," he said, reading her thoughts.

He had the keys, and the lock was in order. Together they went into the hall, cool and spacious. A grandfather's clock ticked in a corner by the stairway; rugs were on the floor. Silently they passed into the living room; and here Miss Wolcott felt that tug at her heart which is the harbinger of disaster. It was an exquisite room—and it was hers! The old-mahogany chairs and tables; the wing chair by the fireplace; the immense and luxurious divan; the bricked hearth; the neutral-tinted papering; the flame of color in the upholsteries—these were all hers, as much as the dimensions of the room and the sconces placed where the light would shine on the grand piano.

They retraced their steps to visit the dining room; they investigated the kitchen, scientifically plotted out by Miss Wolcott herself. A butler and a butler's wife were in the kitchen; they greeted Hamilton as though they had seen him before and continued to polish silver.

"Now let's have a look at the second floor," said Hamilton.

Halfway upstairs Miss Wolcott thought she should shriek aloud at the clay-souled man who was leading her through torment; instead, she controlled herself sufficiently to disengage her arm from his and to hum an air from Butterfly. They went through one room after another; Miss Wolcott was white with misery. It was not only the house of her imagination, it was the house of her dreams. Detail by detail it was sublimely perfect; it was flawless; it was a house ready to be lived in to-morrow! She swallowed the rising lump in her throat and motioned toward a marvelous linen closet, with its clothes chute to the laundry below.

"She—she'll love that!" said Miss Wolcott thickly.

"But, as a whole?" asked Hamilton.

"Even if we did—I mean, it's wonderful!"

"You're satisfied they'll like it?"

"If they don't they're idiots!"

"You like it yourself, then?"

"Oh! ——" She turned away.

Hamilton suddenly put his untrained, nerveless arm round her.

"Dorothy—look at me! No—look at me! That's it! Now pay attention! How'd you like to live in it?"

For an instant there was a curtain of black velvet before her eyes. She was stunned—stunned so that her chaotic thoughts had no outlet; so that there was a roaring in her ears and a stabbing in her heart. Hamilton was speaking to her; the sounds were meaningless and incoherent. He was holding her close to him; she felt no pressure of his arms.

"But—the Berrians ——" she choked.

"They don't exist," said Hamilton. "I made 'em up out of my head. I told you I'm childish. We were making this house for us!" He bent low and kissed her forehead; his lips burned her.

"Herbert!" she breathed dazedly. "Why —— Herbert!"

"It's waiting for us, any time now," he said. "I thought if—I thought if you liked it at all you'd probably rather spend our honeymoon here. . . . There's a new automobile out in the garage. . . . I saved the price in four years by not taking taxis and things ——"

"You —— There aren't any Berrians!" Her numbed comprehension was still struggling with that one revelation.

"Oh, there may be, somewhere—I don't know any, myself. I own this house! I thought you'd like a surprise—I was building it for us! And, Dorothy, my sentimental fund—flowers and candy, and things I never sent—paid for the bulliest little garden ——"

She clung to him, while her soul bloomed under his kisses, less and less timorous.

"I do love you, dear!" she quavered.

"And the nontheater fund gives us two opera seats if you want 'em. . . . I've been saving always and always, to do this for the girl I knew I'd meet sometime."

"Don't let me go, dear! . . . I'll fall if you do."

"No danger!" he laughed. "And —— Well, about everything you can see round here came from one of those idiotic budgets."

"You dear, dear, funny boy!" faltered Miss Wolcott, winking hard.

"What is it now?"

"Is—is this why you wouldn't let me come to your office?"

"Of course! I couldn't have kept you from coming out here, could I? And I had to finish it for you, didn't I? And besides, I couldn't let you come there, dear—I couldn't! I—I couldn't have done any work. And I didn't know whether you cared very much for me! . . . And if you'd known how presumptuous I'd been in doing this you might have—oh, almost anything! I thought it was better this way."

She was transfigured by the realization of his splendid boyishness: the boyishness that had parted them for an indelible summer, and all but parted them eternally!

She knew now that his brusqueness had been made of pure pretense, to shield him from himself; she knew the depth of his sensitiveness, the sweetness of the fancies that had made him unpopular among his fellows, who didn't and couldn't understand. He had been a miser against the time of his single romance; he had sacrificed all the minor delights of youth in favor of an ultimate joy—just as he had sacrificed in favor of true charity. Miss Wolcott's eyes dimmed again.

"When are you going to marry me?" he demanded.

"Why ——" Miss Wolcott shook with hereditary terror. "Why—whenever—you say, Herbert!"

"Saturday?"

"Oh, no!"

"Monday?"

"Dearest, I can't ——"

"The next Saturday? I want it to be awfully quiet, you know. I'd like to be married here."

"S-so would I!"

"A week from Saturday, then!" said Hamilton, with unconquerable decision. "Come on out and take a look at the car—I'm going to drive you back to town."

Through the kitchen windows the butler peered long and cautiously.

"My!" he said to the butler's wife. "Wouldn't think he was that human, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know!" retorted the butler's wife in full serenity. "You was a crab yourself before I got hold of you!" and led him relentlessly from the casement.

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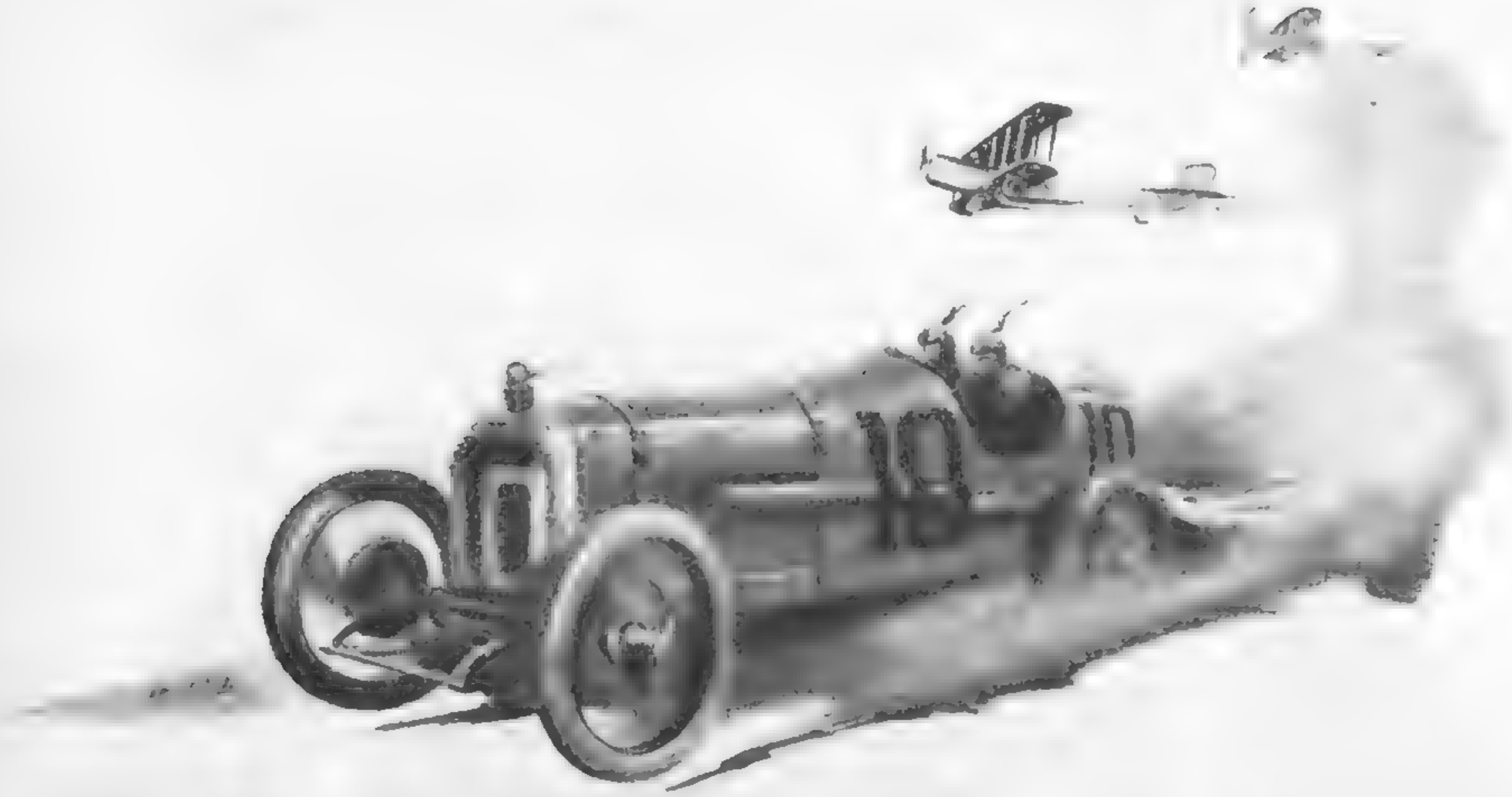

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THE PRUSSIAN PARANOIA

(Continued from Page 4)

good of the state, rather than that the state exists for the individual."

To the miseries that had been inflicted upon Belgium, and which he himself had had opportunity to view at first hand, he gave no heed—this scholarly pundit-preacher of the tenets of Prussianism. With a wave of his hand he dismissed the question of the rights and wrongs of the German invasion of Belgium. He wasted no sympathy upon Louvain, sacked and pillaged and burned, or upon Dinant, razed to the ground for the most part, and with seven hundred of its male inhabitants put to death on one slaughter-day in punitive punishment for alleged acts of guerrilla warfare committed by civilians against Germans coming upon them in uniform.

Yet I do not think that, in most of the relations of life, he was a cruel or even an unkind man. He merely saw Belgium through glasses made in Germany. He explained his attitude substantially after this fashion, as I now recall the sense and the phrasing of his words:

"What difference does it make to posterity though we have had to destroy a few hotbeds of ignorance and shoot a few thousand undisciplined, uneducated turbulent persons? What difference though we may have to continue to destroy yet more Belgian towns and shoot yet more Belgian civilians? Ultimately the results of our operations are bound to redound to the greater glory of the Greater German Empire, which means European civilization.

"My friend, do you know that nearly a quarter of the inhabitants of Belgium are illiterates, as you would put it in English—*Unalphabets*, as we Germans say? Well, that is true—a quarter of them can neither read nor write. In Germany only a fractional part of one per cent of our people are illiterate to that extent. We have taken Belgium by force of arms and we are never going to give it up. Already it is a province of the German Empire.

"When our lawgivers have followed our soldiers across the expanded frontiers of our Empire; when we have made the German language the language of annexed Belgium; when we have introduced our incomparably superior methods into all departments of Belgian life; when we have taught all the Belgians to speak the German tongue, and have required of them that they do speak it—then these Belgians, as Germans, will be better off than ever they could have been as Belgians. Never fear; we shall know how to handle them.

"With Alsace and Lorraine we were too mild for their own good. With Belgium we shall be stern; but we shall be just. It is the predestined fate of Belgium that she should become a German possession and a German territory. Geography and destiny both point the way for us, and we Germans never turn from the duties intrusted to us by our God and our Kaiser!"

The Bigotry of Egomania

It never seemed to occur to him that Belgians or Frenchmen or Dutchmen might personally prefer to keep on being Belgians or Frenchmen or Dutchmen, and might have some rights in the matter; indeed, might prefer to die rather than live under a system intolerable to human beings reared outside the scope of Prussian influence. So far as I might judge, this never occurred to any of the less eloquent but equally ardent defenders of this peculiar brand of *Kultur* with whom I talked during that fall in the Rhineland country.

We must have been blind then, my companion and I—yes, and deaf too; for we diagnosed this bigotry as evidences of an egomania, probably confined to a few hundreds or a few thousands among the German-speaking peoples. In the light of what has happened since we all know that the disease affected a whole nation, and was a disease of which, as yet, the frequent upsettings of their original program and the absolute certainty that the program itself can never be carried out until Europe and America both are graveyards have not to any very noticeable extent served to operate as a cure.

In those early, optimistic days these paranoiacs conceived of a world that should sometime be altogether Prussianized. Their vision was not bounded by the seas about their own Continent; it extended to other Continents, our own included. That dream is over and done with. What they have yet to learn—and they will only be taught it at the muzzle of guns—is that a civilization cannot endure when it is half Prussian and half free.

It is my understanding that this country, along with ten or twelve others, is now committed to the task of enforcing this lesson upon the consciousness of the only confederation of enemies to a representative form of government now left upon either hemisphere.

A prophet is nearly always a bore. He is apt to be tiresome when expounding his predictions, and likely to become a common nuisance should his predictions come true. Indeed, the I-told-you-so person is oftentimes a worse pest than the I-am-now-telling-you-so individual. I have no desire to assume either rôle; but here lately I have not been able to restrain my satisfaction at finding, as I believed, that two of my own private convictions are about to be justified by the accomplished fact. As a result of all that I said and heard in the war zone, more than two years and a half ago, I made up my mind to the probable consummation of these contingencies—namely:

FIRST: That, despite her earlier successes, despite all her preparedness and all her efficiency and all her valor, Germany eventually would be defeated as the Southern Confederacy was defeated—by being bled white and starved thin.

A Cult of Self-Idolaters

SECOND: That when to Germany's rulers this prospect became certain they would with deliberate intent embroil the United States in the conflict as an avowed and declared enemy, in order that the men who drove Germany to the slaughter might save their faces before their own people, at the Front and at home, by saying to them in effect: "We were strong enough to beat all Europe and all Asia; we were not strong enough to beat the supreme Power of the New World too; we, with our allies, could not withstand the combined forces of the whole earth."

Though Germany is still very far, one imagines, from the point of complete exhaustion, it is not to be denied that she is bleeding white and starving thin. And, as all fair-minded patriotic men on this side of the ocean agree, she did, by a persistent campaign of aggressions against our flag, and by murdering our people on the high seas, and by plotting against our industries and our national integrity, finally force us into the war.

Having been forced into the war, as we are, it is well that our people should know to the fullest possible degree not only what we are fighting for—the preservation of democracy in the world, for one thing—but that likewise they should know and in that knowledge recognize the danger to us of the mental forces operating behind the military arm of our national enemy.

I think they should know that in the minds of these self-idolaters, who have laid claim to Creator and to creation as their own ordained possessions, we shall stand in no different light than the Belgians stand, or the Serbians, or the Poles, or the people of Northern France. Upon us, if opportunity is vouchsafed them, they would visit a heaping measure of the same wrath they visited on those invaded and broken nations of Europe, showing to Americans no more mercy than they showed to them.

I deem it my duty, therefore, to write what already I have written in this article; and before closing it, to append certain quotations, as particularly illuminating evidences of the besetting mania that has been fastened upon the brains of an otherwise rational race of our fellow beings through two generations of crafty implanting and fostering by greater maniacs, wearing crowns and shoulder straps, and—yes, the livery of Our Lord and Master.

For the quotations from the poetic utterances of the Reverend Doctor Vorwerk, which appeared in preceding paragraphs of this article, the writer is indebted to a documentation compiled from authentic German sources by a Dane, the Reverend J. P. Bang, D. D., professor of theology at the University of Copenhagen, a famous Lutheran institution, under the title of

(Concluded on Page 51)

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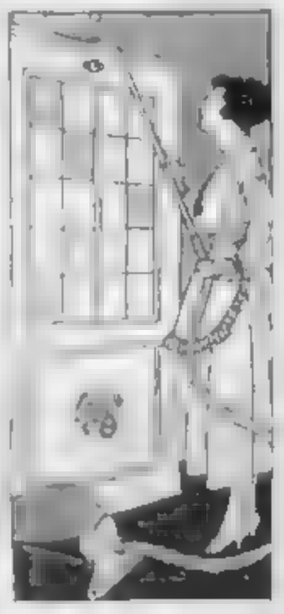

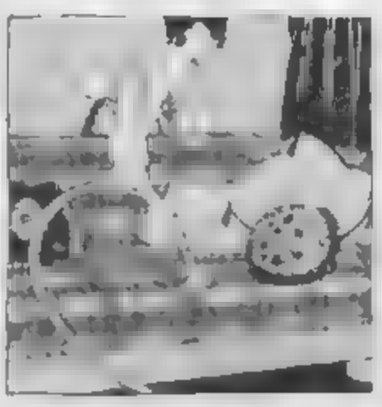

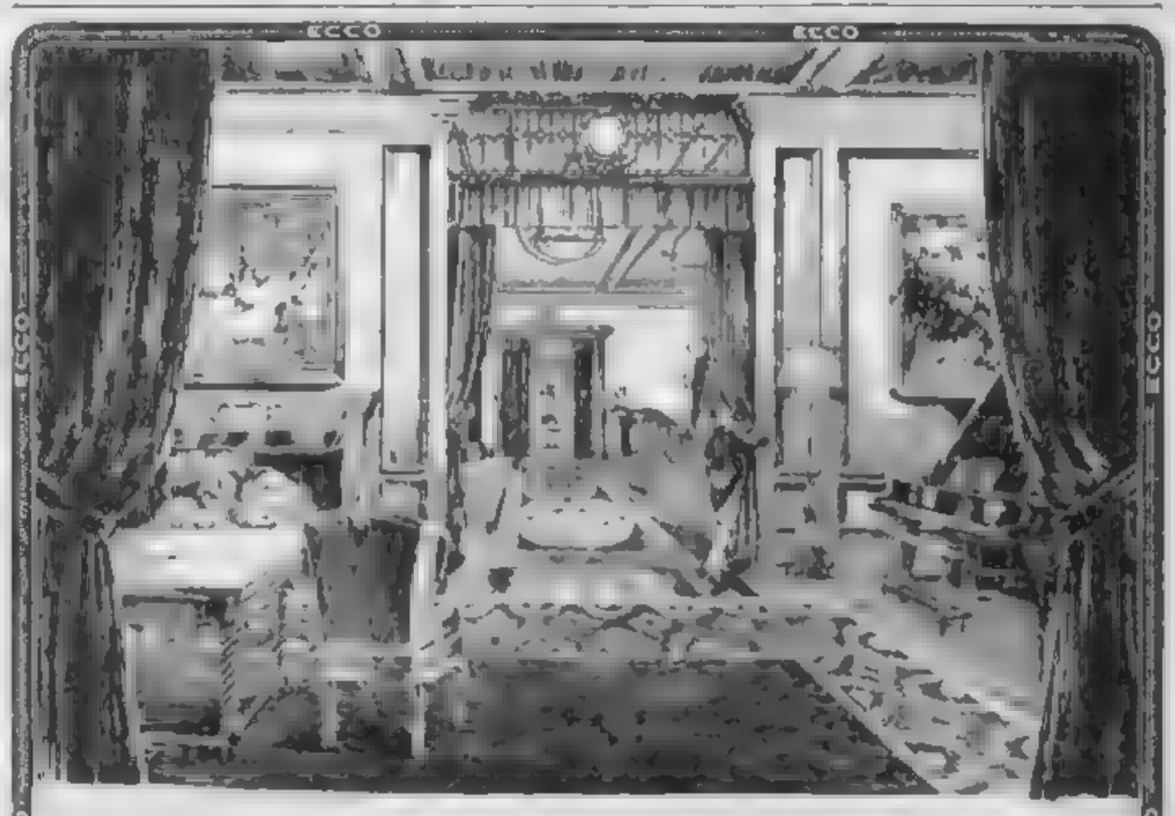

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The actual difference in cost is only $5.00 on a $5,000.00 house, so that every owner can have ECCO Wire—can enjoy the same luxury and protection as the owner of a palatial mansion.

For mansion or cottage, for factory shed or skyscraper wherever electricity is installed, ECCO Wire, while not the cheapest, is the most economical wire to use. Ask your architect and contractor.

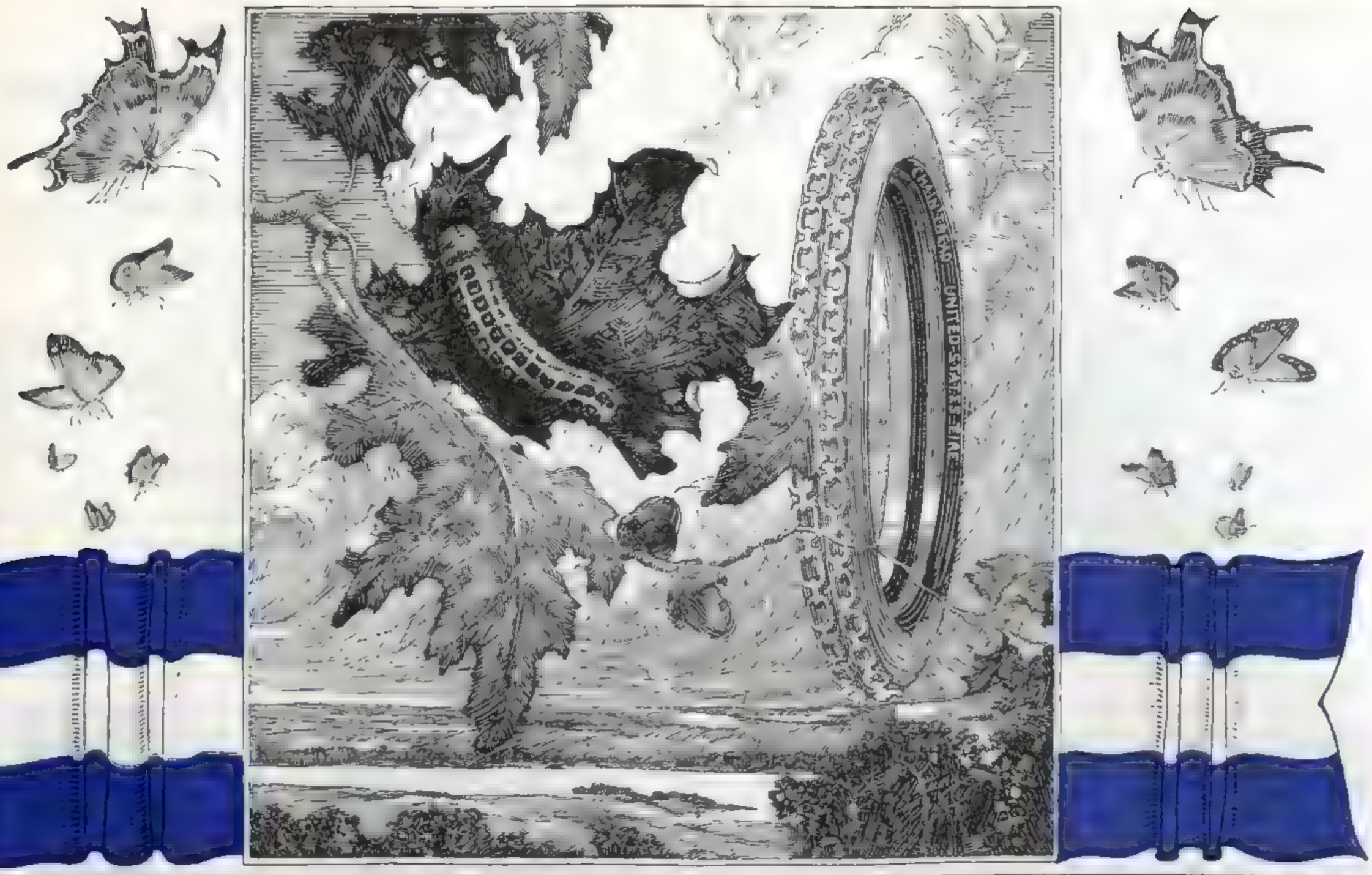
The name "ECCO" is stamped on the wire we make—your identification and our guarantee. We test *every* coil, and will furnish certified copies of test upon request.

Ask for our booklet on wire and wiring.

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

THE ELECTRIC CABLE COMPANY, 10 E. 43d St., New York

Makers of ECCO Wire for every purpose where rubber covered wire is used



Why a Caterpillar Can Cling to a Leaf

Because of its cup-like hind feet. These—in addition to its three pairs of forelegs used for propulsion.

Solely the cup-like formation of its hind feet prevents the caterpillar from slipping from the smooth, often wet, surface of the leaf.

* * *

Exactly the same principle in the construction of *United States 'Chain' Tread Tires.*

The cup-like shape of each "link" on the tread takes a firm, anti-skid grip of slippery road surfaces.

Yet not a grip which, through suction, would impede progress.

For the two parallel chains of rubber are so scientifically placed that the "hold" is but momentary—just long enough to give adequate grip against forward or side slip.

* * *

Not only does the *'Chain' Tread* give that full anti-skid service—but also equally full value in mileage.

The tire is structurally so accurately balanced, of such super-quality material—fabric and rubber—that it wears, and wears, until, after long mileage, it *wears out as a whole* and doesn't *tear out* by slipping and grinding.

* * *

The *'Chain' Tread* is one of the five types of *United States Tires.*

All five types show such steady, persistent sales increases that only one conclusion is possible:

—that United States Tires—all five types—have won the approval of the motorist by giving full anti-skid service and low mileage cost.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use—

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Royal Cord' 'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

(Concluded from Page 49)

Hurrah and Hallelujah—which, incidentally, was a title borrowed from the published poetic works of this same Doctor Vorwerk. Doctor Bang's symposium has lately been published in English by the American publisher, Doran, with an introduction by "Ralph Connor," the Canadian novelist, otherwise Major Charles W. Gordon, of the Canadian Oversea Forces.

Had Doctor Bang set forth as his own views, as a neutral, the amazing utterances which make up the bulk of his compilation, no one here or abroad would have believed that he described a true condition. But he was smarter than that. He was mainly content to repeat literal translations of indubitable prayers, poems, sermons, addresses—written and spoken statements of contemporary German clergymen, German professors and German statesmen.

Cherubim and Zeppelins

In further support of the point which I have been striving to make I mean to take the liberty here of adding a few more extracts from the first American edition of Hurrah and Hallelujah, in each instance giving credit to the original German author of the same.

For instance, the Reverend Doctor Vorwerk, who appears to specialize in prayers, begins one invocation with this sentence, which is especially interesting in that the good pastor couples the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and—guess what?—the Zeppelins in the same breath:

"Thou Who dwellest high above Cherubim, Seraphim and Zeppelins; Thou Who art enthroned as a God of Thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds, and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail and tempest hurtling upon our enemy; bestow upon us his banners; hurl him down into the dark burial pits!"

Another poet, Franz Philippi by name, in a widely circulated work called World-Germany, delivers himself in part as follows:

"Formerly German thought was shut up in her corner; but now the world shall have its coat cut according to German measure and, as far as our swords flash and German blood flows, the circle of the earth shall come under the tutelage of German activity."

Herr J. Suze, a prose writer, says with the emphasis of profound conviction:

"The Germans are first before the Throne of God—Thou couldst not place the golden crown of victory in purer hands."

On November 13, 1914, according to Doctor Bang, a German theological professor preached an address which the Berliner Lokal Anzeiger reproduced, with favorable editorial comment. Here is a typical paragraph from this sermon:

"The deepest and most thought-inspiring result of the war is 'the German God.' Not the national God such as the lower nations worship, but 'Our God,' Who is not ashamed of belonging to us, the peculiar acquirement of our heart."

The Reverend H. Francke is a pastor in the city of Liegnitz. From his pulpit he delivered a series of so-called war sermons, which afterward, at the request of the members of his flock, were printed in a book, the cover of which was ornamented with the Iron Cross. And we find the Reverend Francke adding his voice to the chorus thus:

"Germany is precisely—who would venture to deny it?—the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity."

The Reverend Walter Lehmann, pastor at the town of Hamberge, in Holstein, went a trifle further. When he got out his book of war sermons he published it under the title About the German God; and therein, among other things, he said:

"This means that we go forth to war as Christians, precisely as Christians, as we Germans understand Christianity; it means that we have God on our side. . . . Can the Russians, the French, the Serbians, the English, say this? No; not one of them. Only we Germans can say it. . . . If God is for us who can be against us? It is enough for us to be a part of God. . . . A nation"—Germany—"which is God's seed corn for the future. . . . Germany is the center of God's plans for the world. . . . That glorious feat of arms forty-four years ago"—the Battle of Sedan—"gives us courage to believe that the German soul is the world's soul; that God and Germany belong to one another."

These are the concluding words of the Reverend Lehmann's book About the German God:

"Oh that the German God may permeate the world! Oh that the eternal victory may blossom before the God of the German soul!"

It will not do to slight the Herr Pastor Joh. Rump, lic., Doctor, of Berlin.

Hearken a moment to a word or two from one of Doctor Rump's published pamphlets:

"A corrupt world, fettered in monstrous sin, shall, by the will of God, be healed by the German nature. . . . Ye"—the Germans—"are the chosen generation, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the peculiar people."

A learned and no doubt a pious professor, Herr G. Roethe, is credited with this modest claim:

"While other nations are born, ripen and grow old, the Germans alone possess the gift of rejuvenescence."

And so on and so forth, for two hundred and thirty-four pages of Hurrah and Hallelujah. The run of the contents is quite up to sample.

So far as I can tell, Doctor Bang has not overlooked a single bet. He makes out a complete case; and, what is more, in so doing he relies not upon his own conclusions, but upon the avowed utterances of distinguished German savants, clergymen and versifiers.

A New Form of Rabies

These, then, are the spoken thoughts of civilian leaders of our enemy. If the leaders believe these things their followers must also believe them; must believe, with the Reverend Lehmann and the Reverend Vorwerk, that God is a German God, and should properly be so addressed by a worshiper upon his knees, since one prayer begins "Oh, German God!"; must believe, with Von Bernhardi—who spoke of "the miserable life of all small states"—that "to allow to the weak the same right of existence as to the strong, vigorous nation means presumptuous encroachment upon the natural laws of development"; with Treitschke, that "the small nations have no right to existence and ought to be swallowed up"; and with Lasson: "It is moral, inasmuch as it is reasonable, that the small states, in spite of treaties, should become the prey of the strongest"; and must believe that to Prussia was appointed the task of curing the whole world, America included, of what—according to the Prussian ideal—ails it.

It is the nation which believes these things, and which has striven in this war to practice what its teachers preached, that we now are called upon to fight. If we remember this as we go along it will help us to understand some of the things the enemy will seek to do unto us; and should help him to understand some of the things we mean to do unto him.

Indeed, there is hope of his being able some day to understand that we entered this war not against a people or a nation so much as we entered it against an idea, a disease, a form of paranoia, a form of rabies, a form of mania which has turned men into blasphemous and murderous mad dogs, running amuck and slavering in the highways of the world.

Sincerity Clothes
ARE MADE TO LAST

¶ "Sincerity" is a big word in these days of high cost, because you can't get any more wear out of a product than the sincerity of Workmanship and Materials that are put into it.

¶ It will pay you in actual dollars to look for and find the store in your city that sells Sincerity Clothes.

¶ Look for the clothes that carry this label—

Sincerity Clothes
Made by
Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
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Ask for handsomely illustrated booklet "What Men Will Wear"

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For Ignition

ACME RAPID FIRE Batteries are *great* for ignition. They're built for it—*crowded full of touch-and-go stuff!* If you want your gas engine to do everything it was intended to do, ignite with ACME RAPID FIRE Batteries.

ACME 1900 Batteries are all to the good for general service, including ignition. They are the great Telephone Batteries and famous for their long life.

If you can't buy ACME Batteries in your town, write us.

NUNGESSER CARBON & BATTERY WORKS
of National Carbon Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

"GUESS you see a good many of those towels in your travels, don't you, Jack?"

"Sure. I see more ScotTissue Towels every trip. I like them, too."

"You do? Well, I never found paper towels very satisfactory."

"Then you've never tried ScotTissue Towels. I've used paper towels, too, that were absolutely worthless, but, believe me, *these* are different."

"You'll have to show me."

"All right; watch me. Maybe you don't even know *how* to use a ScotTissue Towel. Always keep it folded, just the way it comes from the cabinet, and then don't start in the middle. Begin at the end. See! Just lay it against your wet hands. Notice how quickly that absorbent texture takes up the water! Like that. My hands are almost dry now and there's half of the towel left to finish up on."

"I never saw a paper towel work like that before."

"No, and no paper towel except the ScotTissue will. They're just so blamed clean and sanitary you can't help but like the idea right from the beginning. And, when you find out how nice and soft they feel to your skin and how thoroughly they dry your face and hands, the old dirty fabric towels aren't in it for a minute."

SATISFACTION—that's what makes so many friends for ScotTissue Towels. Besides being the cleanest towels you can put against your skin, they give complete satisfaction in use.

The ScotTissue Towel is a specially manufactured paper texture made for towel purposes. It is not a substitute or a makeshift for public fabric towels, but an actual improvement on them—a cleaner, better towel that gives satisfaction in every way.

Every ScotTissue Towel bears the special ScotTissue trade-mark. Look for it. It's your guarantee of satisfaction.

For all public and semi-public wash-rooms ScotTissue is the logical, practical and most satisfactory Towel Service both for the user and owner. Heads of stores, office buildings, hotels, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools and institutions should investigate ScotTissue and send for further interesting and valuable information.

Scott Paper Company

Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

723 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

113 E. Austin Avenue, CHICAGO — 358 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO — 30 Church Street, NEW YORK

Address nearest office

ScotTissue Towels

A FRIENDLY GAME

(Continued from Page 12)

So, if luck runs against us, you won't mind if we quit early."

"Certainly not," says Hatch.

"No fear," I says. "You won't never hear Hatch kickin' about anybody quittin', so long as they quit behind."

We all moved to the dinin'-room table. Two chairs was brought in from the parlor and one from the kitchen, so's none o' the guests would have to stand. Proceedin's was delayed while Cutie examined the wall paper and furniture.

"I think your apartment is dear!" she says.

"Thirty-five a month," says I.

"Is that all!" she says. "Why, I and old honey boy could pretty near afford that."

"But then you'd be left alone all day," I says.

"Mother'd come over and stay with me," she says; "and then, when it was time for old sweetheart to get back from the horrid old office, I'd send mother away so's I could be alone with him." She giggled some more.

"What are you laughin' at?" I says. "I'm alone with him pretty near an hour every day and it's no joke."

"I'm afraid you're a tease," she says, and laughed so hard that she had to set down.

Hatch was passin' out the checks.

"The usual number, eh?" he says.

"How many do you generally take?" ast Quinn.

"Twenty apiece; two dollars' worth," says Hatch.

"Mercy!" says Mrs. Quinn. "We don't want that many. Dearie," she says to her husband, "let's just take twenty between us."

So the Quinns' original investment was two dollars, and so was Tuttle's; while I and Hatch give up four each for ourself and lady.

"Remember, it's all jacks," I says, "and everybody's got to ante every time."

But when Tuttle started dealin' they was only six checks in the center.

"Somebody decorate the mahogany," says Hatch, just as if he didn't know his wife was the slacker.

She happened to be busy smoothin' her hair at the time and, o' course, didn't hear.

I didn't have no deuce or nothin', so I stayed out o' the first pot. Mrs. Hatch tossed her cards face down, as usual. Quinn and his wife was settin' next to each other, so's they could hold hands durin' the lulls. It was his turn after Mrs. Hatch, and he opened the pot.

"Oh, look, dearie!" says Marion. "I've got two tens and a jack and two deuces. Is that any good?"

"It's good enough for me," says Hatch, and throwed down a pat straight, face up.

My Missus and Tuttle passed, and Quinn gracefully yielded the pot to his bride.

"Goody!" she says, gigglin'. "Let's see! I got eight checks more than I started with. That's eighty cents. What can I get with eighty cents? Some stockin's, maybe, if they's a sale."

"You might of got some for yourself and your husband, both," I says, "if you hadn't called your hand before Hatch had a chance to come in."

"Didn't I play right, dearie?" she says to Quinn.

"Sure, you did, dearie," he says. "We don't want to break nobody."

"Wait," I says to myself, "till they begin losin' and he won't take it so cheerful."

It was my deal and again the pot was a dime shy.

"If somebody's got to hold out their ante every time," says I, "I should think it ought to be the host. I'm the baby that's got to pay for the electric lights and the wear and tear, and the refreshments the Missus has cooked up."

"Maybe I'm shy," says Tuttle, winkin' at me.

"I know I put in," says Mrs. Hatch.

"That was last month," I says.

"I don't remember if I anteed or not," says my Missus, and what does she do but come in again. And Mrs. Hatch never batted an eye.

Quinn opened this one.

"Shall I stay, dearie?" his honey girl ast him.

"I can't advise you," he says. "I'm in it myself."

"Oh, I didn't know you was in it," she says. "O' course I ain't goin' to play against my old sweetheart."

She laid 'em down, face up. It was one o' these here jump straights. You couldn't of made a hand out of it if you'd drawed seven cards.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Quinn," says I; "but, if old sweetheart hadn't been in, what was you goin' to hold up?"

"The seven and the nine," she says. "We lived out on Seventy-ninth Street up to two years ago."

Well, Hatch raised and the Missus and Tuttle and I all passed. Quinn raised Hatch right back. Hatch stood it and Quinn said he didn't want no cards. Hatch took two. Quinn bet twenty cents and Hatch passed. Three jacks was what he throwed down. Quinn took the pot; and we wouldn't of thought nothin' of it, only Mrs. Quinn insisted on seein' what Harry had. She looked 'em over carefully.

"What is it?" she says.

"A straight," says Quinn.

"Oh, yes; sure!" she says, and showed 'em to all of us.

It wasn't no more straight than a rabbit. Ace, deuce, four, five and six; that's what she showed us.

I wish you could of seen Hatch. He went up a mile.

"Great stuff!" he says. "Very foxy! But you won't get away with that very often. Wait a minute!" he says. "You couldn't even open the pot."

"Oh, yes, he could!" says I. "He had a pair of aces."

"I thought sure I had a straight," says Quinn. "I told you I was all out o' practice."

"Shut up!" says Hatch. "You thought nothin'!"

"Never mind the way he talks," I says to Quinn. "He's just jokin'."

"If I done somethin' wrong, let's play it over," says Quinn; and that made Hatch all the sorer.

As a matter o' cold facts, Quinn did think he had a straight. If Hatch had been as well acquainted with him as I was, he'd of knew he was incapable o' trick stuff. Him and brains ain't even stepbrothers.

On the next deal Mrs. Hatch passed out the whole fifty-two cards before we could stop her. When she mixed 'em up for another try, half o' them was facin' one way and half the other. She got 'em straightened out and then dealt only five hands. All o' which added to her husband's enjoyment o' the evenin'. But we always allow for six minutes' rest when she's dealin' and if her husband's a winner he don't notice the delay. But now he says:

"What the devil's got into you? You better get a basket! You deal like you do everything else!"

"I told you this was just a friendly game," says I to Quinn.

"You're gettin' smart too!" says Hatch to me.

"Listen, Jim!" I says. "Just because the kid made you lay down the best hand, with a little strategy, you don't have to contract the hydrophobia and endanger the lives of hundreds o' men, women and children. Didn't you never run a bluff yourself?"

"Mind your own business!" says Hatch; and I could see that his wife was goin' to have a pleasant trip home.

I don't remember what happened when she finally did get seven hands dealt out right. But I do remember what come off on Quinn's deal. I ought to.

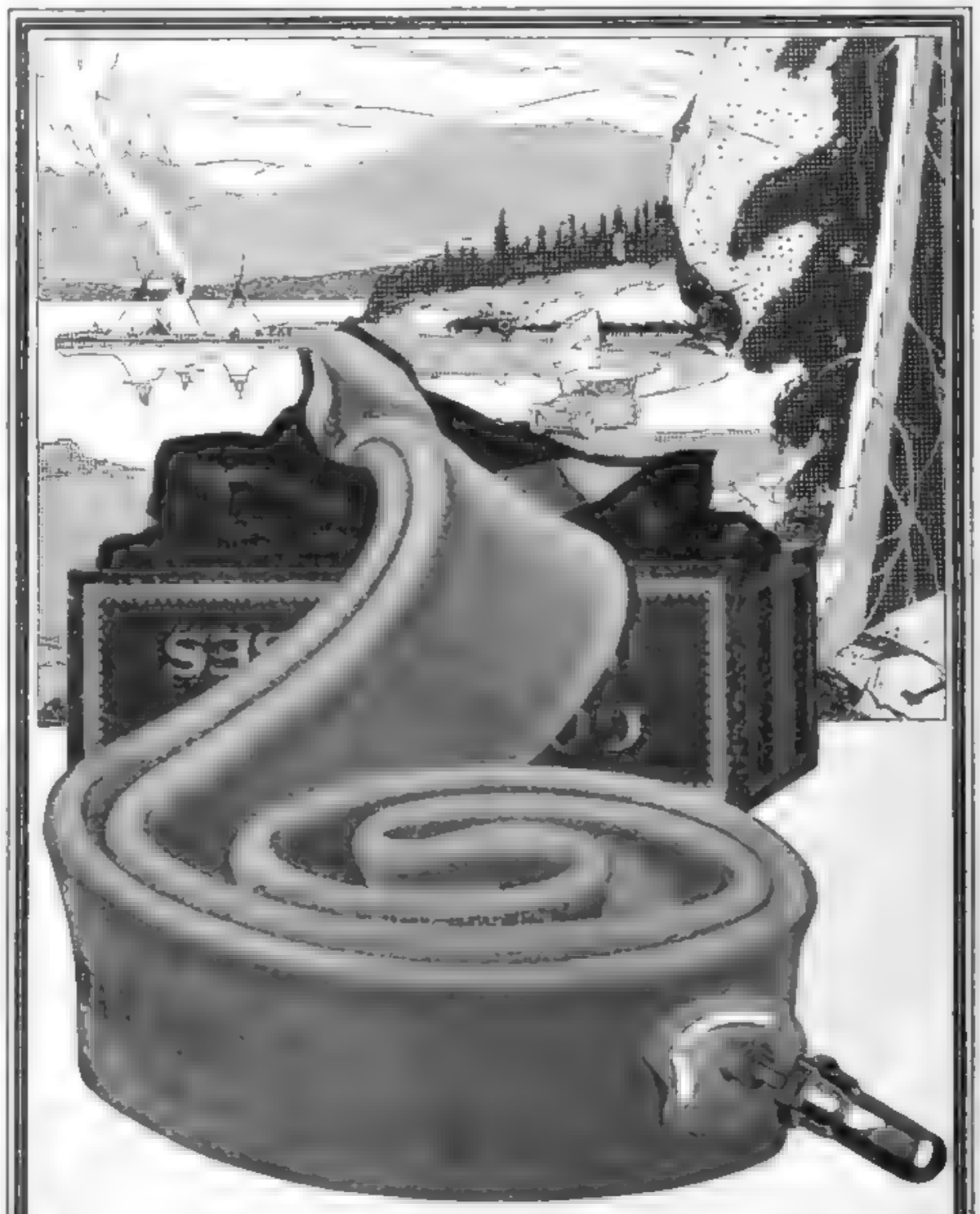
Sweetness opened under the gun. My Missus and Tuttle stayed, and I tilted her with a four-straight flush. Mrs. Hatch was busy suppressin' her tears and Quinn didn't have nothin'. Mrs. Quinn just lingered, and so did the Missus and Tuttle.

"I don't know how to draw," says the bride. "I guess I'll throw these three away and keep my two deuces."

So she throwed three away; and, as usual, she throwed 'em face up. Her discards was the six, nine and ten o' diamonds. She'd broke up a straight flush, pat. Even Quinn could see that when he noticed what she'd sloughed off; but her three new cards had already been dealt and they was nothin' to be done, only feel sorry for her.

My wife and Tuttle each drawed to a pair and didn't help. I had the three, four, and five o' spades and a deuce, goin' in. I catched the ten o' spades, makin' me a plain flush. Mrs. Quinn bet and I raised. Actin' on her husband's advice, she raised back,

(Concluded on Page 55)



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The failure of an inner tube means more than merely delay and inconvenience—it means tire costs unnecessarily large, tire purchases unnecessarily often.

For every time the tube does not perform its function properly—if the tire is worked at insufficient pressure, or ridden on the rim—the casing pays the penalty.

For economy's sake, and for your comfort and satisfaction, we suggest that you use Goodyear Tubes inside your casings.

They are built strong—built to hold air against the hardest usage and *keep on* holding it—built to stand up under the casing as a good tube should.

They are made from many paper-thin sheets of fine rubber, laid layer upon layer and vulcanized together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

Even their valve patches are vulcanized *in*—not stuck *on*. And the tube as a whole is made *thicker* than the rule, that it may wear longer.

For particularly severe service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type. They are especially thick and vigorous, higher-priced than other tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

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Try this internal cleanser for ten days. Drink a glass before breakfast each morning. That will regulate the liver.

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Be sure to get Sunkist Lemons. They are uniformly good. You will know them by their tissue wrappers which are stamped "Sunkist." Tell your dealer that you want this kind.

Sunkist Lemons come to you fresh and clean, with bright colored waxy skins. They are full-juiced, tart and flavory.

Use Sunkist Lemons whenever there's need for lemons in your home—for cooking, garnishing, cleaning. These better lemons cost no more than ordinary kinds, so don't say merely "lemons" when you order.

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Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., has written 203 recipes and suggestions for the use of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. A beautiful illustrated book, which will be sent *free* to any housewife, tells all about them. Send a post card for your free copy now.

California's
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

(Concluded from Page 53)

and I called. She'd hooked three clubs to her two deuces, and my flush looked like last night's supper dishes.

"Now," says Hatch, "I guess that'll hold you."

"I ain't goin' to cry about it," says I. "I can lose thirty or forty cents without breakin' down entirely."

Tuttle got his when Marion dealt. The Missus opened ahead of him and he just dallied. I quit and so did the silent partner on my left. Quinn stayed and his baby throwed hers in the ash heap, because she wouldn't compete against him.

The Missus took three. Tuttle ast for one and Mrs. Quinn turned it over on him. It was a heart and he was drawin' to four o' them. He grabbed it and was goin' to keep it.

"You can't take that one," says Hatch.

"Who says I can't?" says Tuttle.

"That's the rules," says Hatch. "You can't take no turned card on the draw."

"Was it my fault she turned it?" says Tuttle.

"It don't make no difference whose fault it was," Hatch says. "The card was turned and you can't take it."

"I'm goin' to take it," says Tuttle.

"You take it and I quit," says Hatch.

"I should worry if you quit!" says Tuttle. "You're always makin' up rules. You think you run every game you're in; but you can't run me."

"Quinn," I says, "I warned you this was just a little friendly game."

Well, the pair o' them almost come to blows; but finally Hatch convinced him that he couldn't take the card. We'd always played that way.

And then what does Mrs. Quinn do but turn over another one; and it was another heart!

Ten minutes' intermission, durin' which Tuttle got his hat on and started home, and had to be coaxed back. The card he finally got was a club and Quinn copped the pot.

"I and the little girl's certainly goin' some," he says. "I guess we're rotten at this game!"

"Your guess is right!" says Tuttle. "You play like a boob, you and your wife both!"

Quinn give him a maddenin' smile and sweetheart made it worse by gigglin'.

Mrs. Hatch lost her head on the next one and opened it for twenty cents, half cash. The Quinns couldn't stick and the rest of us faded away. They's no use participatin' when Mrs. Hatch opens. If they's anything better'n a royal flush, she's got it.

At eleven o'clock I still had my temper and about ninety cents. At three minutes after eleven I didn't have neither.

It was Mrs. Quinn's deal. Hatch opened. I set there with four cold treys. My Missus stayed and Tuttle stayed, and I raised twenty cents. Mrs. Hatch and the bride and groom passed. Hatch raised me back and the Missus dropped out. Tuttle stuck and I raised again. We raised a couple o' times more. Then Hatch called me.

He was pat. I ast for one. Hatch bet me twenty cents and I was just goin' to come back at him when I happened to look at my hand. I had six cards; the world's greatest wife had wrecked me with two cards when I called for one!

I guess I probably raved. I didn't light into the guests of honor. That wouldn't of been polite. But what I said to the Missus and Hatch and Tuttle and Mrs. Hatch was ample. And Hatch and Tuttle egged me on.

"Your own fault!" says Hatch. "You ought to of protected your hand."

"You was a sucker to draw at all," says Tuttle. "It'd of been poker to of stood pat."

"You're a fine team to tell anybody how to play poker!" says I. "You," I says to Tuttle, "you got as much license to win in any game o' skill as I have to play Hamlet. And you," I says to Hatch, "you wouldn't never break even, only for your wife goin' shy in every pot."

"Don't talk like that, dearie," says the Missus.

"And don't you call me 'dearie'!" I says. "The best thing you can do is keep still!"

I said a whole lot more; and when I got through, Mrs. Quinn was laughin' herself hoarse. Her bein' a stranger was all that saved her from a spankin'.

At half past eleven the Quinns says somethin' about goin' home.

"Sure!" says Hatch. "You're 'way winners. Sneak off, like a couple o' pikers."

"Oh, you mustn't go yet!" says the Missus. "I got some sandwiches and coffee for you. We'll stop playin' right now and I'll go out and get 'em."

"You will not!" says I. "We'll quit playin' when we get a good ready."

"But if Mr. and Mrs. Quinn has to go home," she says, "we mustn't keep 'em."

"We won't keep 'em," I says. "Let 'em go home."

And Mrs. Quinn giggled again.

If they was any diplomatic relations left between my wife and I, they was severed in the last few minutes o' play. Hatch had suggested that we'd ought to raise the limit to half a buck. Mrs. Hatch and the Quinns and my Missus objected. Tuttle and I was for it. So the limit was raised to half a buck.

Mrs. Quinn opened a certain pot. Hatch raised half a dollar. My Missus had three queens. She just lingered. If she'd raised, Mrs. Quinn would of quit cold. But after the love birds had consulted a while she decided to stand Hatch's tilt. She drew one card. Hatch took two; and somethin' told me, while he was drawin', that a pair was all he had. The Missus took a couple and didn't help her queens.

Mrs. Quinn checked it. That's somethin' she'd just learned. Hatch shoved in five chips. I could see the Missus waverin' and I was sure certain that she had Hatch trimmed. So I nudged her to call. She looked at me and I nodded my head. And then she tossed her hand away.

There was some whisperin' between the dearies. It lasted two or three minutes. Then Mrs. Quinn called.

I'd been right about Hatch. I gathered his hand up from where he'd threw it, against the far wall. Two bullets was all he had. And the sweet young bride, with Harry's full knowledge and consent, had called on fours and treys.

The final reckonin' showed that Mrs. Hatch was seventy cents to the bad, beatin' her former record by thirty cents. Hatch had lost seven bucks, Tuttle'd dropped six, and I and the Missus eight between us. The Quinns was about twenty-one dollars ahead and still speakin' to each other; yes, and takin' bites out of each other's sandwiches.

"Well," says Mrs. Quinn when they was ready to go, "we've certainly enjoyed this a whole lot and you was awful kind to have us over."

"It was sweet o' you to come," says the Missus.

"You'll have to come to our house sometime," says Mrs. Quinn. "Maybe we'll let you win some o' that twenty-one dollars back. Won't we, dearie?"

"I almost feel like givin' it back now," says her spouse.

Tuttle whispered in my ear.

"Get 'em out o' here before I break some o' your furniture over their bean!"

But, before they beat it, each one of us got a giggle and a few squeaks and a dainty handclasp from the fair one.

Hatch and his wife left right after 'em, Jim's mouth all ready and open to begin ruthless warfare. Tuttle was the sad one. He had to wait till he got clear home before abusin' anybody, and they was danger of his wife havin' fell asleep.

As for the Missus and I, it only took me a half hour to bring her to tears; and then, o' course, the sport was over.

V

I TOLD you a while ago that if men seen their wives play poker before they was married they wouldn't be married. Well, I believe that even if Mrs. Quinn had showed off her knowledge o' the game to Harry when they was still engaged yet, he'd of gone through with it, anyway. He wouldn't knew no better. He's an exception to the rule, and to every other rule in the book.

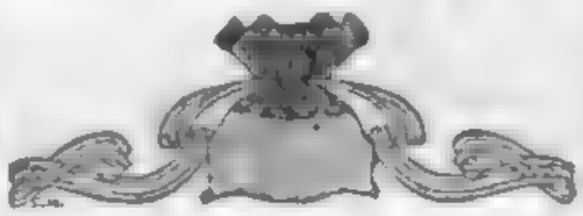
Listen to what he had to say when he stormed my desk next mornin':

"Did you ever see a girl like her! The first time she ever really played, and she cops most o' the dough! I never seen anybody that picked things up so quick."

"She certainly picked up most o' the change," says I.

"Old man," he says, "she's a wonder! The best little wife a man ever had!"

So my hands is still shakin' and my teeth's still grindin', and I bite the sheets at night. The grand old game has failed me and Dame Nature's workin' far too slow. I must think up somethin' else; somethin' swift, sure, fatal!



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EMIL CALMAN & CO
100 William St.
New York

Giving Good Service—Gaining Good Will

This Is the Saxon "Six" Record

From time to time we have laid emphasis on the fact that the Saxon "Six" motor develops a 98% smoother power-flow than a less than six-cylinder motor.

We have pointed out to you how this 98% smoother power-flow plays its part in giving Saxon "Six" greater pulling power, higher maximum speed and lower minimum speed, faster pick-up, and greater flexibility.

And what we have told you has been verified by thousands of Saxon "Sixes" in owners' hands thruout the country.

It was important that you should have this definite and decisive data as to how far Saxon "Six" performance excels that of any other car in its class.

But there is a further phase of Saxon "Six" performance of equal, if not greater, importance.

Now we want you to look at Saxon "Six" not merely in the light of its better service, but in the light of its longer service.

It is one thing to give good service when new.

It is quite another and greater thing to continue to give good service after thousands of miles of use.

Though the first wins your good will, the second holds it—and deepens it.

It is this enduring quality of Saxon "Six" that gives permanency to your satisfaction in its performance.

It offers a rugged resistance to the never-ceasing attack of road and weather long after cars of lesser strength have succumbed.

Its power-flow retains practically its original quietness and smoothness. Its easy-riding, even-driving quality is undiminished.

There seems to be no lessening of its amazing flexibility, no slowing down in its swift pick-up.

And this extra-stamina of Saxon "Six" is visibly evident in its remarkably low upkeep cost.

A carefully compiled record of all parts purchased for all Saxon "Sixes" in use during the last two years shows that the average cost per car is $8.50.

This is only $4.25 per year; and less than 35 cents per month.

In just the same conclusive manner that the certified records of Saxon "Six" in hill-climbing, in acceleration, in flexibility, and in high-gear work prove it to be the ablest performer in its class, does this record of replacement cost prove Saxon "Six" to be the most enduring car in its class.

So that the good will Saxon "Six" gains at the start by its ability to give good service is retained and intensified by its ability to continue that good service, day after day, month after month, season after season.

There are three body types built on this Saxon "Six" chassis. The big Saxon "Six" Touring car carries five people, the Saxon "Six" Sedan seats five, and the Saxon "Six" Chummy Roadster is designed for four passengers.

One of 2,000 Saxon dealers is near you. He will be glad to show how Saxon "Six" performs.

(65)

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

JOE GUM

By Clyde A. Bruckman

HIS name was Joe Gum. That should 've been enough for anybody. I told Hank Williams a name like that would poison a box score; but he couldn't see it that way. He never could see things my way until they went and happened.

That is why Hank reminds me of a fighter who never woke up until the other guy had put him to sleep.

Joe came to us when Dave Jordan passed out, a year ago this spring. Dave was a young shortstop who came up in the fall with everything in the world to make him a star at his trade. Last spring Dave started out where he had left off, banging the ball hard and playing a whale of a game at short. That was in April.

Four weeks after the season opened Dave cashed in. He was a morning-glory who promised great things in the spring and then faded when the first hot days hit us. He had fooled us all for a while; so we didn't have no laugh on Hank. Dave just up and lost his punch at the plate and couldn't cover no more ground than his feet. It was another case of easy come, easy go.

Hank had counted so strong on the kid that he never looked no farther for a shortstop, and when the crash came he was caught flat-footed, with only Lee Harris to fill in.

It was up to Hank to get a good man at short, and get him quick; so he called in Bill Reed, our trusty ivory sleuth, and gave him the works.

"And remember," says Hank, "I want you to work fast. Harris can play second, but his arm ain't strong enough for short. The big boss is tryin' to frame a deal with the Sox, but we can't count on it. Take a flyer round the A. A. and see what's loose. We need a shortstop bad, and he don't have to be no Wagner. Just make speed your middle name!"

"I'll do my best," says Bill.

"That's good enough for me," says Hank; and Bill was on his way.

Hank let Jordan and Harris take turns staggering round short, and two weeks later we was on the point of going into nervous prostrations and the second division. Then Hank got a letter from Bill. He read it and passed it over to me. Hank and I were pretty thick, and as first sacker and captain of the Mixers he went a lot on my judgment until I opposed him. The letter read:

Hi, Boss: Well, I've got your man. He is playing his second year in this Northern League, and if somebody don't get him out of here pretty soon there won't be no league; he'll burn it up. He's hitting .389 so far this season and leading the league in stolen bases, doubles, triples, homers, and Ban Johnson knows what all.

He is a shortstop by trade, and a pip. He has got a swell pair of hands, and his arm could be bored out and used for a siege gun. He ain't afraid of spikes; his brains seem all O. K., and he can use them in a pinch. He is twenty-three, weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds, and has good habits. He hasn't any medals for beauty, but he can play ball.

Just to show you what kind of stuff he is made out of, I'll tell you about an incident that happened in the first game I saw him play. He was up in the ninth, with two on and two down, and his club needed three runs to tie. Regular old hero stuff.

The bird that is pitching for the other club sees Joe Gum—that's his name—taking a toe hold up there at the plate; so he dusts him off with a fast one. If the kid hadn't hit the dirt they would be burying him now instead of trying to peddle him to the big show. Did that stop Joe? Not so's you could notice it! He jumps up and walks right out in the middle of the diamond and says to this pitcher, loud enough so everybody in the park could hear him:

"You bean me and I'll hit you with this bat. I won't miss you, because I'll come right out here where they won't be no chance of missing you. Get me?"

Then he went back and tied up the game with a drive that cleared the left-field fence thirty feet. In the eleventh he singled the winning run across. That's the way he is built.

I am going to look him over to-day, and also get their best price on him. I will wire as soon as I find out. Tell the big boss.

With regards, BILL.

"Well, what do you think?" asks Hank.

"I say No!"

"What's wrong? Ain't that record enough for you?"

"Yes; but look at that name: Joe Gum! You know, Hank, we got enough Joe Gums on our ball club now without getting the original one. I wouldn't take him as a gift if it was me. That's from the heart!" I told him.

"It's kinda funny," admits Hank; "but Bill ain't a man that would boost a kid unless he's all wool and a mile wide. I think we'll grab this bird."

"Have it your own way. You will in the end, anyhow. I got a hunch you're pilin' up a lot of trouble; but you're the boss. It's your party, and it will be your mornin' after—not mine."

The deal was made; and a week later Joe Gum, name and all, blew into the clubhouse one morning just as we was dressing for the daily batting practice. Bill was more than right when he said Joe never won no medals at beauty shows.

His legs was built like parenthesis marks, supported by feet that had been raised under the same free methods as the spreading chestnut tree. From all appearances a stonecutter must have cut his hair last, and he had a chin like a snowplow. He had one of them roaming noses, popeyes, a good set of teeth and plenty of tan. Hank took him round and introduced him to all the boys. Joe acted all the time like he was the president meeting a ditch-diggers' committee.

"Are you in good shape?" asks Hank.

"I'm rarin' to go," says Joe.

"I guess they'll miss you in the Northern League," says Dixie Mason, our left-fielder.

"You know they will!" says Joe. "I drew all their crowds. The people came out to see me work at my trade. I was some little worker."

"You want to get over bein' so modest," says Dixie. "Speak up and let people know who you are. That's the only way to get by up here."

"Wait till the boss sees me hit a couple and I won't have no trouble getting by—take it from me!"

Hank slipped Joe a uniform and he went out with the rest of us for the morning workout.

"Go up and hit a couple," says Hank.

The kid took his place at the plate, and Speed Miller took a ball that was rough on one side and shot over an emery that hopped a foot. The kid swung for results, but missed clean.

"What you got in your hands?" asks Dixie.

"Who you wavin' at?" asks Hap Cloud.

"Don't hold back; take a good cut," says Speed.

Joe missed a couple more and then hit a weak fly to short.

"I ain't got my eye yet," explained Joe.

"You got your nerve; so what do you care?" says Dixie.

"Who's here to-day?" asks Joe, passing up Dixie's remark.

"Chi.," says Dixie. "Tough club this year—good pitchin'—good everythin'."

"That's the kinda pitchin' I like. The harder they come, the farther I hit 'em. That's me!"

"You must be president of the Hate-me Society!" says Dixie.

Before the batting practice was over Joe got his eye and a lot of other things back. He hit a couple of drives down by the flagpole, dumped a couple and showed his speed going down to first, and made a whale of an impression all the way round—except as a regular fellow. As a man he had several glaring faults, but as a ball player apparently he had none.

His batting was all it could be. He stood up to the plate swell; took a clean, snappy swing at the ball; and, as far as we could see, he didn't have a weakness. He hit hooks, spitters and fast ones; high, low, inside or out. He acted like a find—a big find.

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Then, too, you can use those extra sockets for other useful electrical appliances. The Two-Way Plug fits any socket around your house, and adds one.
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Address nearest office for free booklet, "Trouble-Savers."
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Makers of the famous Benjamin Swivel Attachment Plug, shown above. Screws into the socket without twisting the cord.

MORE THAN A BUMPER

These Powerful Double-Loops Smother the Blow

CAR protection is necessary in these days of congested motor traffic. The

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BUMP ABSORBER
—more than a Bumper

furnishes it in a full measure.

All that the ordinary "bumper" can do, it does—and more.

It not only wards off the physical contact of the colliding body from lamps, fenders and radiator, but also smothers the shock of the ordinary collisions, and most of the extraordinary ones. That means—no expensive repairs; no damage or strain to the car; no disagreeable effect upon the occupants. Powerful double-loops of spring steel effectively absorb and deaden the blow to a marked degree.

Adds to the style of any car

Moreover, the touch of beauty a Hartford Bump Absorber gives to any car is no small consideration. Bolts on without drilling and stays bolted.

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Large Car Type (three leaf)	$12
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Makes Every Road a Boulevard

Standard finish, black enamel with nickel center clamp. Nickel finish $1 additional.

Brackets available for attachment to cars with splash pans without cutting pans or drilling frames

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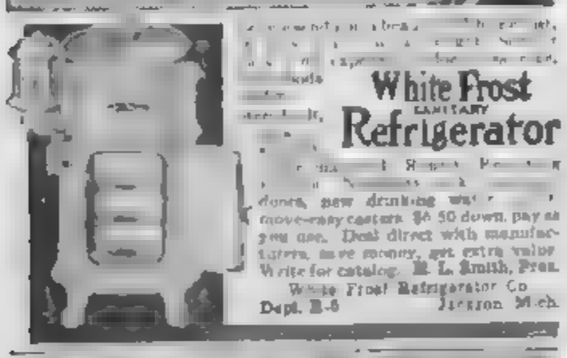

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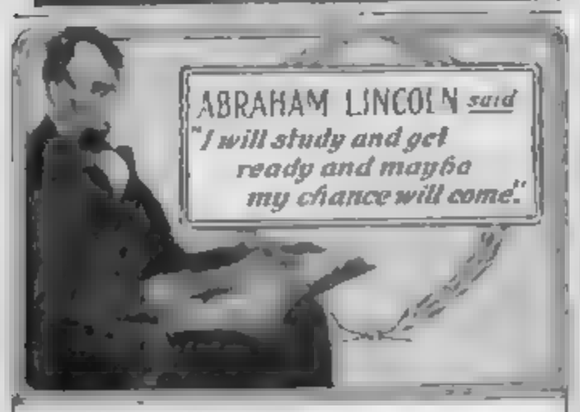
658 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



Born in the woods, in the poverty of a log cabin, Abraham Lincoln had little chance to get an education. But he was so determined to succeed that he brushed obstacles aside; he made the most of what slender advantages he had (he once walked forty miles to borrow a book); he used every spare moment for study; his chance *did* come and he was *ready!*

Some day you'll be considered for a good job ahead. Get ready, and you'll surely go up! You have ten chances for every one that Lincoln had. The International Correspondence Schools will train you, right at home in spare time, for a better job, for more pay, for the big chance when it comes. Make your start now. Mark and mail the coupon and find out how.

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If you don't like the looks of your Buckskin when it comes, send it back at our expense. And that is not all. In making adjustments we pay express both ways. As still further proof of our confidence in Buckskin [illegible]

The L. and M. Rubber Co.
Howard Street Carrollton, O. Western Office [illegible] Chicago

He had a couple of bad points: he liked Joe Gum too well and was too fresh. The combination was awful! That is the way with some of these kids who come up from the sticks. They show a lot of class back in the small leagues, and the fans spoil 'em. Let a young player flash out in a small league and the fans run after him like he is a king or Jess Willard. In time the young player gets an idea in his head that he is the greatest ball player in the world; that alongside of him Ty Cobb is a bum. He packs this idea into fast company, and sometimes it takes a day and sometimes a year to knock the fat off his head; and he is seldom a real ball player until somebody tips him over a few times. Confidence and aggressiveness are swell, but too much weight above the shoulders has ruined more ball players than whisky—take it from me!

Jordan and Harris had been having delirium tremens and the shakes on short for two weeks; so Hank didn't waste no more time fooling with them. He shot Joe Gum into the gap that afternoon; and right in the first round Joe speared a wild drive over second and built it into a swell double play, saving a couple of runs. In the second he came up for his first chance against a major-league pitcher in a game. There was a man on first and no one down; so Hank ordered Joe to bunt.

"Who's the handsome stranger?" asks Davis, the Chi. catcher.

"Looks like a spear carrier," says Hicks, the Chi. beaver.

"You'll know who I am after I crash one for you," says Joe. "I won't need no callin' cards in this league; my bat will introduce me."

That was Joe through and through; and the worst of it was that he believed it. I guess he had a right to, because the first ball Hicks pitched was high and outside. Joe reached out and hit it into the pasture lands for a triple. Some bunt! He scored a minute later on a long fly.

"Got a dictionary?" asks Hank when Joe hit the bench. "Look up the word 'bunt'."

"He ain't got a thing!" says Joe.

"No; and you won't have a thing if you cross me again," says Hank. "I'll wrap a fine round your neck if you mix my orders. I'm runnin' this ball club, and I'm goin' to keep on runnin' it until somebody appoints you in my place. Until you set in for me I'd advise you to obey orders. If you muff this tip they won't be enough on your pay check to read."

"Uh-huh!" says Joe.

Say, that call never fouled him! He played short like it was his home, and drove out a couple singles before the end of a perfect day.

"How'd I look out there to-day?" asks Joe after the game.

"Almost half as good as you think you are," says Swede Hanson.

"I ain't out there playin' for five o'clock; and that's more than most of you wise guys can say."

"Who knows?" says Swede.

Joe went wild the next two weeks. He got away with everything he tried and they wasn't nothing he didn't make a stab at. He took slow-hit balls away from Billings, our third baseman; he hit Pep Jones in the chest with double plays; he tore my hand off with rifle shots across the infield, and hit everything from groovers to wild pitches. He even went into the outfield and took fly balls away from Dixie and Steve Kreggs; and he spent some of his spare time fielding the pitcher's position for him. He did everything but keep score of the game.

Ordinarily when a ball club needs one man to make it a pennant cinch, and that bird comes along, he is in ace-high with the gang. If he is just twenty per cent human he belongs; but Joe wouldn't even pass the twenty per cent test. He was a mucker, with but one idea of amusement—to talk about himself.

Sure, he had something to talk about; but that is all the more reason why he should've put on the muffler. You don't hear me going round telling folks that I'm the best first sacker in the American League even if it is the truth. Publicity is a swell thing when it comes from the outside.

Maybe Joe had his faults as a regular guy; but that didn't stop him from stepping in and starting our club on a winning streak that went up to fourteen straight before we kicked one away. Joe was the main squeeze in that string of wins. He hit his head off, played a pip of a game at short, and did some nifty stuff on the base lines. He was everywhere, and talking all the time. We stood for that until he started telling us about our boots and giving us suggestions on how to play our positions. That was the brick that broke the hodcarrier's back. When a busher starts that stuff he ain't protected by the closed season—take it from me!

To make it worse, he horned in a couple of poker games and pretty near broke the boys. He won all the dough, and then started telling us how to play their hands.

"You can take our money; but that lets you out," says Swede Hanson. "If conversation would win poker games you'd be a millionaire."

"I guess I ain't so poor," says Joe. "I ain't takin' much credit 'cause you boys ain't up on the game. Out where I come from we used to have some real parties. They was some competition in them games. This is like fanning a blind man. I'd have a wad of coin now if you guys didn't play with your cards glued on your chest. Why don't you loosen up and make a few round-trip visits to your pockets? This ain't no one-way affair."

"Watch your step!" says Swede. "They's a limit, you know, to everybody's endurance."

"If they's trouble you won't find me pullin' a Bull Run—take it from me!" says Joe.

A few days later some of us boys met in Swede's room and held a conference of war. Joe was going too strong and it was up to us to stop him.

"What we gonna do about it?" asks Swede. "This guy is poison."

"You said somethin', you did," says Dixie. "He can play ball—yea! I'll give him credit for that; but outside of that he's the cheese!"

"Let's put somethin' in his coffee," says Billings.

"Bar him from the poker games," says Dixie. "If I had his luck I'd sell canned milk in Switzerland. Since he's horned in them poker games I've been broke oftener than the Ten Commandments. I say bar him!"

"That's a good idea," says Swede. "We'll make him a stranger in a strange city."

"He'll think we're treatin' him that way outta respect," says Steve Kregg.

"It won't hurt to try," says Dixie. "They ain't nothin' like swingin' at 'em; you're bound to crash one sometime."

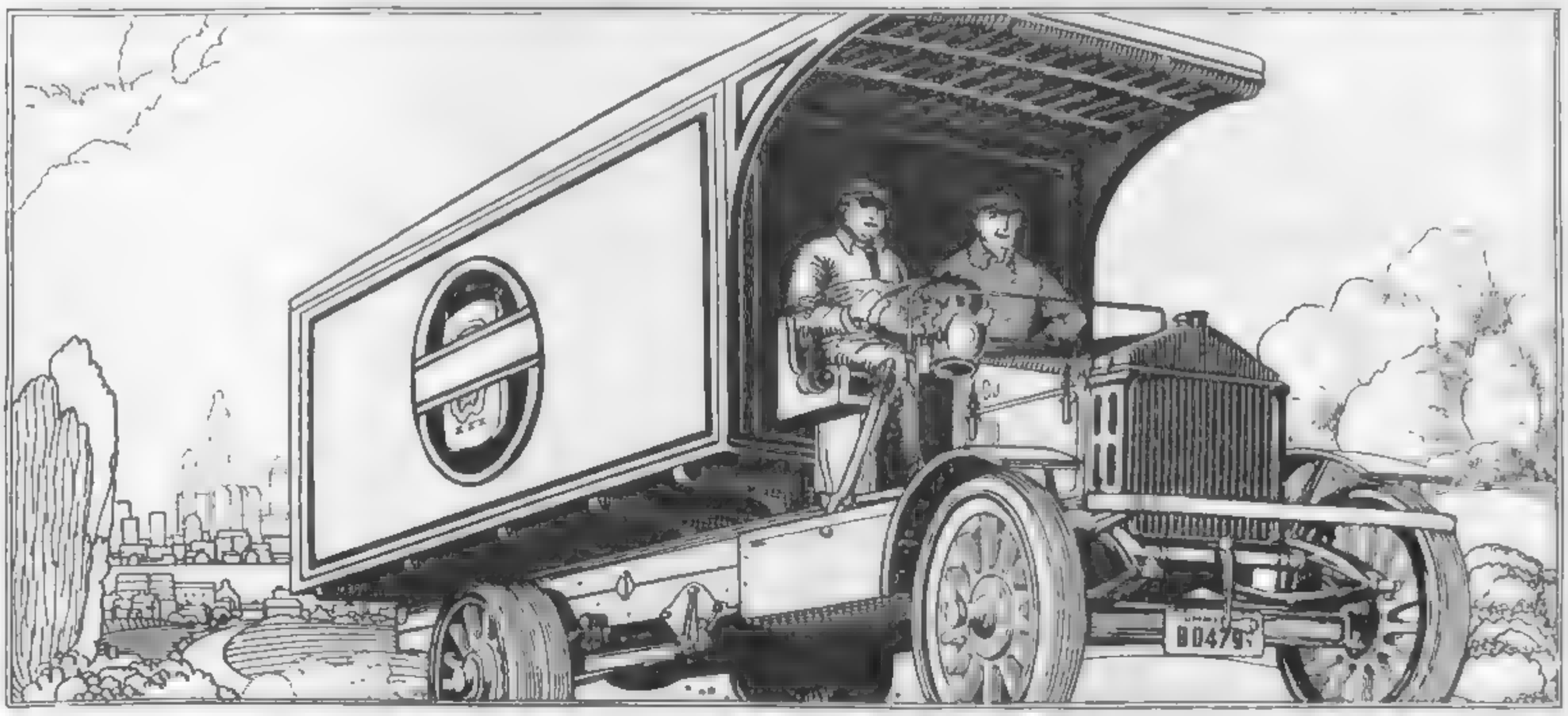
We tried the ice system several days and it never even made him wink. When he couldn't find anybody to talk to he would stand round and make cracks about the work of some of us other players. One day he got so raw in his remarks that Speed Miller rose up in the clubhouse and took a crack at him. Joe ducked and they went to it. I don't know whether it was a right smash or a twelve-inch shell that hit Speed, but we picked him out of a corner two minutes after the fight started; and he was out -out cold.

Speed was the best mixer on the club; so none of the rest of us backed up our dislike for Joe with violence. We just laid back and waited for a chance to split fifty-fifty. No matter what kind of a game you're in, the luck will always change sooner or later. If you don't pick up nothin' but boob cards one night, the next time out you'll run 'em to cover with the stacks you shove into the center. There's something that keeps this old world from getting lopsided, and that something stepped in over in St. Louis and started the dice rolling the other way.

In the first place, Speed was pitching in batting practice, and he stuck a slow one over, low and inside. Joe was up, and he took a riffle at the pill and missed clean. Speed tried another and another, and still Joe kept missing or hitting weak ones in the air with his golf swings. Speed never said nothing; but I saw some of them St. Louis pitchers watching the performance, and I had a hunch that Speed had found a weakness in Joe's armor, and that he was taking great pains to attract the attention of a couple St. Louis pitchers to his discovery. Speed hadn't forgot the wallop on the jaw that Joe gave him; and—you can believe me—he was just laying for a chance to get even. Speed wouldn't tip a teammate's weakness at the plate—that is, not unless he thought he could do it and not get caught. Speed's work was a little raw, but it got results; and that's the main thing.

That afternoon Flack threatened to pitch for the Browns, and he did. He fed Joe a couple knuckle balls on a slow curve round his knees, and Joe mauled the air. On top of that the Browns broke loose in the second and had men on first and second before we

(Continued on Page 61)



Builders of Business

NOTEWORTHY among the achievements of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks are the many instances where they have developed new and profitable business for their owners.

Time and again Pierce-Arrow trucks by their speed, range and uniform reliability of service have doubled and tripled delivery radius and increased sales in proportion.

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Specific data are available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.

The PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y.

Strains like this do not occur often, but when they do then comes the real test of window shade wear.

Sudden strains!

Get window shades made to resist them

No shade, of course, *should be* exposed to strains like this—nor will any shade stand such abuse continually.

But sometimes, despite careful guarding, such strains do occur—and then comes the real test of shade quality.

Then, most of all, you will appreciate the *difference* between Brenlin Unfilled and the ordinary window shade.

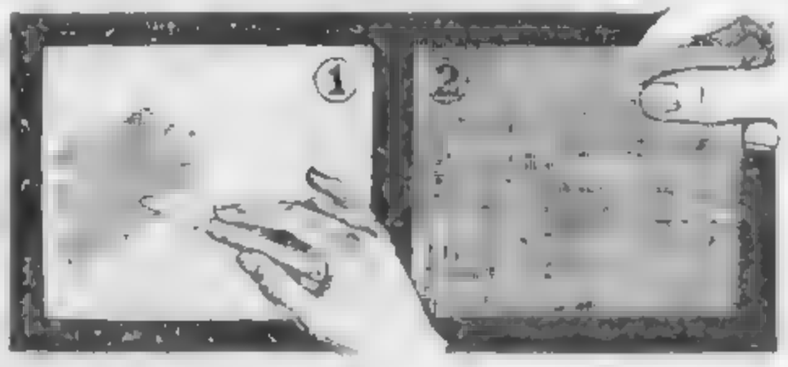
Brenlin Unfilled—a different material

In making the ordinary shade material, a coarse muslin cloth is used for its base. To this cloth, before it is tinted, is applied a "filling" of chalk and clay. Note, in sample No. 1 opposite, how this "filling" loosens when lightly scraped with a knife.

You can easily imagine what happens when the shade is subjected to strain! The brittle "filling" loosens and falls out, leaving a "mess" of cracks and pinholes.

Now note sample No. 2 in the picture below—a Brenlin Unfilled Window Shade. Note that its basic cloth is finer, stronger, more closely woven—*and that it contains not a particle of chalk, clay or any other filling!*

Brenlin, as a result, is remarkably durable. It is fortified against strain—stubbornly resistant to the sudden attacks of sucking, snapping wind and to the constant stress of daily usage. The hottest sun cannot fade it, nor the inbeat of water spot it. It is supple, not stiff, yet cannot sag, bag or wrinkle.



To sum up, it gives two to three times the average wear because from it has been eliminated that filling which is the greatest weakness of the ordinary shade.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town, ask for Brenlin Unfilled—*and get it.* It is perforated with this mark—BRENLIN—along the edge of every yard. Look closely for it when you buy and when your shades are hung. Brenlin is made in many rich, lustreless tones and in Brenlin DUPLEX, light on one side, dark on the other.

For windows of little importance Brenlin Filled offers the utmost shade value at its price

Write for the Brenlin book today!

It shows actual samples of Brenlin UNFILLED shades in all colors and gives many helpful suggestions for artistic window treatment. With it we will send you the name of the Brenlin dealer nearest you, or tell you how to order direct. CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2012 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Unfilled Grade of

Brenlin Window Shades

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 58)

could gather an out. The next man sent a slow roller past the pitcher and in came Joe. With one swoop of that scoop shovel of his he got the ball and shot it home. Phil Barry, who was catching for us, had just time to move his head two inches to the left and save his face from being altered considerably. The ball wound up against the stands and one man scored. Joe had handcuffed Phil right, and why Joe threw home nobody knows. They wasn't nobody even trying to score on the play; the man on second hadn't even reached third when Joe sent the ball at Barry.

"What's the name?" asks Barry. "Oh, yes! Joe Gum! They sure named you right. Shake the ivory bush. You ain't half tryin'."

"H-a-r-d luck!" says Beall, of the Browns. "Joe Gum, huh! You're the guy who has his name in the box scores all the time. I remember you now. It always reads Home runs: Joe Gum—none. Sure! I got you now."

"That's all right," says Dixie; "he's not to blame. He's muscle-bound from his neck up."

All the boys took a shot at him, because it was their chance to get even for all his rough stuff. The luck was turning; and don't let anybody tell you we didn't hop on board while the going was good. We handed Joe all that was coming to him, and some more; and he never had a comeback. It was the first time that we stopped him.

To make it real swell, he came right back on the next play and put his first skull in the shade with another brain error. His heave past Phil had let a run in and put runners on second and third. They wasn't nobody down yet.

The next batter sent a line smash over short, and Joe pulled it down with a great one-hand stab. All he had to do was toss the ball to second or third and he had a double play, with a chance for a triple killing. Does he do that? Yes, he does not! He came right back and cut loose with another rifle shot at Barry; and this time Phil was able to knock the ball down and keep the man on third from scoring.

"I ask you, What's the idea," says Beef Kellogg, who was pitching for us. "If you want to throw the game let me in on the deal and we'll split fifty-fifty."

"You ought to bury your dead," says Beall.

"Say, listen to me, bone!" says Barry. "You cut out throwin' at me when they ain't no reason for it. I'm married, and I got some kids. I'm their sole means of support; so you aim your pegs at someone else, or I'll remove a disagreeable object from this ball field with a bat. That's from the shoulder!"

"I'm kinda superstitious," says Beef. "What day was you born on, Joe?"

"Monday!"

"No wonder they call it Blue Monday!" says Beef.

"What do you think of your grand little shortstop now?" asks Beall, yelling to Hank.

"I'd trade him for an extra tire," says Hank.

"You better put on chains, kid," says Beall. "You're skidding."

We finally got the side out, but it wasn't no fault of Joe's. The box score gave him two errors, but he made a hundred under his cap. They wasn't nothing the matter with the way he got a ball, but the things he did with it after he got his paws on it was murder. Hank swore Joe was drunk; but we knew Joe never touched the grape. We knew they was something wrong; but we passed on the answer.

Even at the plate Joe had looked bad. That was mostly Speed's work, because Flack just kept throwing a slow one, and then one slower than that, keeping them low and inside; and Joe was helpless. Twice he struck out and twice he hit weakly to the infield.

"Where was you last night—out with the Hoo Hoo Club?" asks Hank when Joe hit the clubhouse after the game.

"Who are the Hoo Hoos?" asks Joe.

"The owls! You act like you've been brewed up for a week. Don't let the wild women dim your battin' eye countin' lights in the cafés, and don't stay out late at night to see if the lights go out one at a time, in bunches, or all together. Take a tip!"

"You got me wrong," says Joe. "I'm all O. K.—only I was sick to-day; some sick, too; but I didn't want to quit. That's all. I'll be out there clicking 'em for you to-morrow. Don't worry none about Joe. He's the goods. Mebbe if a certain lop-eared pitcher on this club would cut out tipping stuff to the enemy we'd win more games! I ain't mentionin' no names; but I'm one guy who believes that lightnin' strikes twice in the same place—especially on the chin. That's a promise."

Joe was in the game next day, and only the natural fear of the electric chair kept me from killing him outright. We had a tough battle with the Browns and the ball game was tied up in the ninth. Chuck Weiser was working against us and I always did everything but slaughter Chuck's stuff. If he pitched all the games against us I'd hit .987. He never could get me out.

In the ninth we filled the sacks, with two down, and I was up. I had a double and two singles to my credit, and I was dead certain I could crash another in this clinch. When I left the pit Hank had said:

"If this bird gets on and you come up with them bases packed I'll give you a fifty-buck suit of clothes if you'll get a run over. A hit or a walk—anythin', so long as it scores a run."

Joe was on third base, waitin' for action. He had been goin' pretty good again that afternoon and he was yelling advice to everybody on the field. Weiser threw two wide ones and then uncorked a third one that was high; but the guy behind the plate with the tin cup called it a strike. The next one was high and outside. I passed it up, and at the same time I saw Joe, with his head under his arm, tearing toward home. I did everything but pull slaughterhouse interference; but Joe was tagged out five feet from the plate—and we was beat in extra innings.

Sore? Say, I could've killed that skull! That fourth ball was wide and it would've been three and one. If Weiser got one of them next two over I would've kissed it for a clean-up. One way or another, Joe had beat me out of a swell suit.

"What the h—— was the idea?" howls Hank when we hit the clubhouse. "Have you got rheumatism in your head or is it blind staggers? They put good men in jail and let guys like you run loose! What was the big idea?"

"I saw him takin' a wind-up in there and I thought I could steal home," says Joe.

"You thought! Can that! Every time you think you weaken the nation. If you'd had anythin' in your head besides Hamburg steak we'd 'a' won that game. You better get on the job or they'll be a one-way ticket to the Northern League passed out to you. I'm tellin' you somethin'."

"He can't help it," says Dixie after Joe had left. "It comes natural with him. Why, look at his name! He was lucky them first two weeks. I know!"

The worst of it was he wouldn't let anybody tell him anything. Some of the boys tried to help him; but he couldn't see it that way. He went right back the next afternoon and coached two runners home on a fly ball that was caught easy. The result was a double play.

"I'd hate to ride on a railroad if you was a semaphore on the line," says Hank after the game. "You couldn't see the ocean if you was standin' on the beach!"

"I'm O. K.," says Joe.

"I'm glad you think so; nobody else does round here," says Hank.

"They's sure a hole at short these days," says Dixie Mason. "You can't help but notice it. Some hole at short! The groundkeeper ought to fix it."

"You can't tell me nothin'!" says Joe.

"No; and nobody else can," says Dixie. "They's some things words won't penetrate—bone is one of 'em."

"Yea! Well, they ain't no outfielder can tell me how to play my position. If I was out there I wouldn't be so weak goin' back on fly balls that I'd have to play with my back up against the fence all the time. You wear out them signs. All you need is a gun and a dog out there and you'd be a hunter. How do you know when the innin' is over?"

"When I see three balls hit at somebody beside you," says Dixie.

That night we left for home; and on the train Hank came and sat down with me.

"What do you think of Gum?" he asks.

"I ain't a knocker by nature; so I quit thinkin' of him."

"He's sure got me stopped! I've seen a lot of 'em come and go, but this boy beats 'em all. He's got everythin' to make a star—everythin'! He's fast, and he can hit and field. Just lately he's looked bad on that low slow one. He murdered the ball when he came here. I've tried every way

(Concluded on Page 63)

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(Concluded from Page 61)

to break his swell-head fever; but it won't work. He is the freshest kid I ever saw."

"You said somethin'."

"I'm goin' to work him at short another week and see if he won't come round all right. We're in first place and we want to stick there. This kid, Gum, can cover more ground than a map, and he's all right until he gets a brainstorm. I ain't goin' to take no chances, at that. The big boss is framin' a deal for McClarren. That's under your hat!"

The things Joe did that following week made new baseball history. He pulled skull plays that put Merkle in Solomon's class. He had the ability, but his brains suddenly went on a vacation. No matter what he tried, he would gum the parade. His bunts went into double play; he hit perpendicular home runs that came down in some infielder's glove; his line drives were always right at somebody; and he struck out in lots on slow ones, low and inside. He missed trains and signs, and developed more faults than a ten-year-old motorcar.

Joe pulled skulls and tried to cover his tracks by jumping on the umpires; and they fired him out of the games. He tipped off our pitcher's stuff by shifting his position at short on hooks and fast ones. Twice he called for the wrong fielder to take a fly ball. The first time the ball got away for a triple that cost us a game, and the second time Steve and Dixie ran together. Steve was laid up for three weeks.

Joe crowded the plate when he joined us; but now he started hitting with one foot free and the other at leisure, and base hits with him became like dollars with me in the wintertime—something you can see but can't feel, like ghosts.

If they was anything Joe didn't do wrong you can take my season's pay. With him in there, we was lucky if we won a game every time Halley's Comet went by. Joe was so bad he couldn't get a sign if you wrote him a letter about it.

One day, against the Yanks, Joe was hit by a fast one and limped down to first. Hap Cloud was up, and Hap's squeeze sign was to rub his right eye. Hap came up and rubbed his eye. Joe didn't get it. Hap rubbed it again, and still Joe didn't get it. Then Hap stopped the game and had the catcher and the umpire look into his eye to see if they was some dirt or something in it. Of course they didn't see nothing; so Hap got ready to hit, rubbing his eye a couple more times for good luck. Then he dumped one; and there was Joe standing flat-footed off first base. They got him out by twenty feet at second.

That was the kind of stuff he pulled right along; and it sure hurt our ball club. From first place we skidded down to third. And poor Hank was like a madman. He raved from the time he hit the park until he left at night. It was one grand eight days.

It was lucky the big boss finally got McClarren. Mac cost a bunch of dough and Slim Sommers, one of our pitchers. Whatever they paid for Mac, it wasn't enough, because after Joe Gum he looked like a million bucks at short. As soon as Mac got on the job Hank started his plans for losing Joe. He didn't have no trouble getting him out of our league, because they wasn't a manager in the circuit that would've taken Joe as a gift.

A couple days later Hank stopped me outside the clubhouse and spilled the news.

"Well, I got rid of Joe at last," he says.

"Swell stuff! Where did you send him—Siberia or Hong-Kong?"

"To the Redskins."

"What?"

"Yep; they fell for him. I'm glad, at that. I wanted to send him some place where he'd never gum up nothin' for me again. He ain't apt to do us no damage with the Redskins. They've finished last in the National League so many years the place has been awarded to them as a homestead. I guess they'll always be tailenders, an' Joe Gum won't never have a chance to gum another game for me."

They was general joy on the club when the news of Joe's departure went the rounds. Then, like men will, the players began to feel sorry for the misguided kid; so they framed up a presentation as a sign of their good will.

"Let him start the game to-day," says Dixie to Hank. "We want to present him with a little remembrance. This is his last day here and it won't hurt none to let him play a couple innin's. What say?"

"Fair enough," says Hank. "If he gums up the game I'll hold you responsible."

It was Saturday afternoon and there was a packed house. The first round passed off in order, and we got rid of the Sox in the first of the second. Then came Joe, with his bat, and that was the signal for the presentation.

Kirk, the plate umps, was in on it; so he stopped the game and made a little announcement for us. He never got his speech finished, because the bleacher birds cut loose and smothered what he was saying.

"Give him a coffin!" bellows some bird.

"He's a great ball player in his feet!" says another.

"Give him a couple of billiard balls an' he'll have a set, with his head!" says another.

Joe just stood at the plate and took his medicine. We gathered round the plate and Dixie made the speech; and I'll tell the world he did the job up right. After he had shaded Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and got a lead over P. Henry's best effort, he wound up in one of them bursts of glory and handed Joe a plush box.

Joe took the box and took off his cap. He thanked us and put in a few frills for good measure. Then he opened the box. There, in the plush center, lay a gold watch. It was a swell timepiece, with an open face, seventeen jewels, self-starter, floating rear axle—and all that stuff. It was all that and more—it was Joe's own watch!

He took one look at it, blinked a few times, and then walked straight across the field. When he reached the gate in the fence, leading to the clubhouse, he turned round. For a full minute he stood and looked at us; and then he yelled at the top of his voice:

"You can all go to hell!"

With Joe gone, we settled down and started after the leaders. McClarren filled in at short and played a whale of a game for us, hitting in the pinches and putting new life into the club. From a bum third we started climbing until we was in first place; and they never caught us after that.

While we was clinching the pennant we kept getting reports about Joe. He got into a tangle with Staller, the Redskin manager, and Staller laid him cold. That was what Joe needed. After that we heard he was working several hours every morning, batting and trying to improve his work. That was a good sign.

Along in the first week of September the Redskins got frisky and moved into the first division, the first time they had been there for so many years that the papers featured it all over the place. And it was about this time when Hank was hit by stomach trouble of some kind and had to be hauled away to a hospital. Before Hank gave in, he turned the club over to me and told me to run it to suit myself. We was six games in front; so you see I didn't have the toughest job in the world on my hands.

While they was cutting fancy designs on Hank in the hospital we was out playing the other clubs off their feet, and we had the pennant soaked away a week before the season closed. All the time Hank kept getting worse and they wouldn't let nobody see him; and they kept news and him apart because he wasn't able to stand any shocks or excitement. That left it up to us to go into the big series minus Hank; and the day the first game was played on our field they operated on Hank the second time. That was cheering news for us to take into a World's Series!

It was on the Monday after the big series closed when I went up to the hospital to see Hank. He had made a game fight for his life and had pulled through, and this was the first day the doctors would let anybody see him.

"Yes; you can go up," says the doctor in charge when I told him who I was. "He hasn't had a word of news since he came here; so I guess he'll be mighty glad to see you. Don't stay long, because he is not very strong yet."

"I'll be careful, doc; I'll be a good little clam."

A pretty little nurse took me up to Hank's room and I was beginning to envy him by the time we got there. She led me into the room; and there was Hank, all surrounded by white pillows and flowers and things.

"Hello, Bill!" he says. "What's the good word? I ain't had a breath of news since I hit this place. Damn—but it's good to see you!"

We shook hands and I sat down to give him the works.

"Well," he says, "how bad did we beat the Giants in the big series? We must've been in there, with that lead we had."

"Yes," I says; "we was in the series; but the Giants wasn't."

"They wasn't!" says Hank. "Don't kid the old man. They had it all but cinched when I was brought here."

"I know; but the Redskins went nuts and won out. Honest, Hank, you never saw such a finish! They was three of them Redskin pitchers that did all the work, and all that the boys could do was go up and guess when the ball went past. They cleaned the Giants four straight in September, and from then on it was gravy for Staller and his gang. It was a knock-out!"

"Was Joe with 'em all the time?" asks Hank.

"Yes! He stuck round to the finish."

"It's sure a relief to me to know that he was with them Redskins and not with us. I'm glad he was over gummin' up things for them and not for me. Honest, that guy was poison to us!"

"Yes; and you know, Hank, poison seldom loses its kick, no matter where you put it."

"I know. Well, I guess I can stand the real news now. You can give me the works on the World's Series now, old boy. I guess they wasn't much to it."

"You're a good guesser, Hank; they wasn't much to it—only four games."

"We did it that easy?"

"No; they did it, Hank. They took the four games. They caught us in a battin' slump; but they would've won, anyway. Nobody or nothin' could stop 'em. They went nuts, I tell you—nuts! And, Hank, Joe was the worst one of the bunch. You said it a while ago; he was poison, rank poison to us."

"Is this on the level?"

"So help me, Hank! Joe played a game of ball at short in that series that won't be tied in a million years. He was everywhere, in every play. His judgment, especially in the pinches, was great. He was the coolest guy on the field and the quickest to act. You never saw such a change in a player. And worse than that, he broke up three of them games with his hittin'."

"With his hittin'—I don't see how he did that when he was stone-blind at the plate when he left us."

"Well, you know, they say practice makes perfect, Hank."

"Practice—hell! You say he broke up three games with his hittin'? Well, if he did our pitchers went crazy. They knew his weakness; and if they had pitched to it he wouldn't have got a foul."

"I don't know, Hank. He made the longest home run ever hit on the Redskin field in the last game; and he hit it off Speed Miller in the ninth, when it meant the game and the series."

"I told you! Speed knew he couldn't hit a low slow one. Speed discovered that weakness and tipped it off to the rest of the league. He knew that; and so did all our pitchers. What in hell was the fools throwin' Gum? Gum! I thought I had him where he'd never gum up another ball game for me; and here he gums a whole World's Series—just because my pitchers go crazy! What was they throwin' him? What was Speed givin' him when he hit that homer?"

"Low ones, slow and inside!"

That was when Hank had his relapse.

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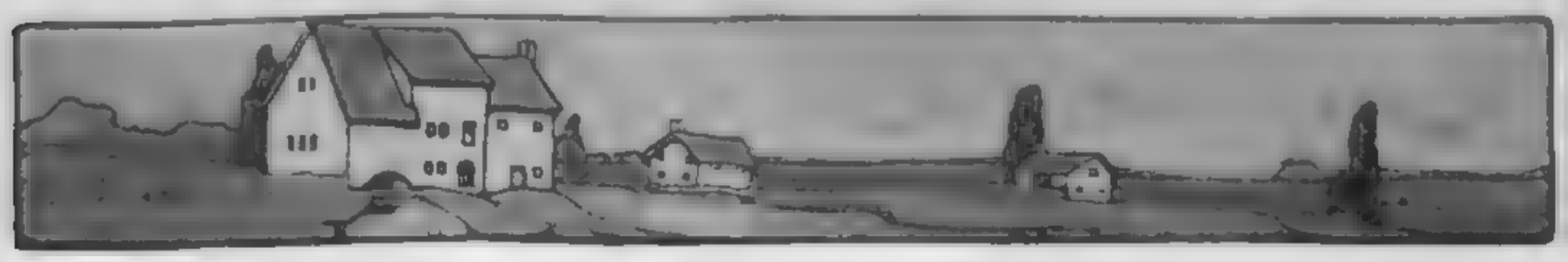

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It measures—regulates to the smallest fraction, time and heat—adjusts each hair's breadth change of temperature—automatically "blows-off" the terrific heat volume just at the second a perfect Cure is reached.

In Maine or Mexico—now or a year from now—one Ajax Tire is another's twin—in life and service.

Guaranteed in Writing —5000 Miles

All Ajax Tires carry this written guarantee. And 5000 is the *least* you may expect. With proper care they should add many miles to this. They are Registered at the home office, in the tire-owner's name, to insure that they *do* make good the Ajax guarantee. Let Ajax Tires prove their worth and true *economy* for *you*.

Ask your dealer for "The Story of Ajax Tires," by Horace De Lisser, Chairman of the Board, Ajax Rubber Co., Inc.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.

1796–1798 Broadway NEW YORK

Branches in Leading Cities Factories: Trenton, N. J.

While others are claiming Quality, we are guaranteeing it

WHEREWITH SHALL WE BE FED?

(Continued from Page 13)

We have produced enough, but we have shipped it away. We have really been, economically, in the war all the time. The warring nations have been drawing from us until we are drawn low in almost everything and drawn almost dry in some things. What can we do about it? Already our poor are feeling the pinch. I know a grocer who operates a string of stores where provisions are sold for cash and nothing is either charged or delivered. His business is growing rapidly by the influx to his shops of people who are willing to carry their food home in order that a little may be saved in price. Go to one of his places—or to any one of thousands of other stores—and you will find it no uncommon thing for a man and his wife to look all over the stock, taking notes of the prices; and then, after a whispered consultation in the middle of the floor, during which they have crossed off one after another of the things desired as too high in price, they will buy some rice, some beans—now almost out of reach!—a few other necessaries, and no meat except the cheapest boiling piece they can get, and only a little of that.

No longer is the complaint made that Americans will not buy the cheap cuts of meat. Hogs' kidneys and livers, soup bones, every bit that is a little lower than others in price—and all are high—all these are greedily snapped up. We have been in the war, and the war, save for the loss of life, is affecting us just as it is affecting the nations who send out soldiers to the trenches. The difference is in degree and not in kind, and soon, perhaps, the only difference in degree will grow out of our exceptional agricultural situation. Agricultural mobilization must be considered and acted upon. Will the farmers rise to the occasion? This brings us to a consideration of what the farmers can do and what they will do.

In the first place, the fact may as well be recognized first as last that the farmer is in no very advantageous position. For a couple of generations we have been building up cities and deserting the country. We have been letting the tribe of Reuben die. Individual farmers may have made mistakes by going to the city; but whole classes do not make economic mistakes decade after decade; and the people who have migrated from farm to city have gone because they were happier there, happier and more comfortable. The city has been so attractive that it has stripped the farms of their labor.

The Scarcity of Labor

Observe the result on our present food problem: Farmers in the Connecticut Valley are paying seventy-five dollars a month, some of them, for hands. Everywhere farm labor has become scarce and wages high. We have been in the war as to labor just as Germany, France, England and Italy have been, and our labor as well as our food conditions are war conditions. Our soldiers are making munitions and other things for war uses. Railways are running laborers' trains as far as forty miles from some manufacturing centers, bringing workers in from the country mornings and taking them back nights, at the expense of the employers, who not only transport them but pay them three dollars and a half upward a day. These country laborers will grow no food for you this season. They will compete with you for the food others produce.

This is the suck of the manufacturing maelstrom right on the verge of the funnel; but to the remotest edges of the nation this indraft of laborers to the factories has depleted the rural labor supply. Under these conditions no such thing can be expected as that which the amateur scientists petulantly ask for as they inquire why we do not turn out as large acre yields as the farms of France or Germany. The American farmer is the most efficient farmer in the world. Whatever he may do per acre, he produces more foodstuffs per man than any other. If even under normal American conditions he should seriously attempt to give his land the labor-expenditure which makes possible the high yields of other and more densely populated nations, he would ruin both himself and the country; and if he should try to do it this year his output per man would fall so low that the result would be national starvation, and defeat for ourselves and our Allies in the war. We must mobilize the forces related to our food supply; but in so doing we must attempt no miracles and introduce no confusing agricultural innovations. We must correct the machinery we have and speed it up.

Summer is here, and there is much land vacant. Newspapers in every city are booming the vegetable-garden solution of the high cost of living. Several things stand in the way of the success along these lines which is hoped for, desired and greatly desirable. The one is the fact that the work must be done in large measure by women and children, since most of the men are employed; another is the inexperience of the people who take up these little food-producing projects; and still another the poor soils on which most of the experiments will be tried. The growing of vegetables is a skilled business, and not all soils will produce them well. The back-yard gardens will do some good in increasing the food supply, and more in giving a great many city people a taste of farming and some understanding of the farmers' simplest problems; but the people must be fed, after all, from the freight car, and not from the back yard or the vacant lot. The chance to grow food in the towns and cities has always existed, and the habits which have kept most urban Americans from taking advantage of it will still rule their lives.

Efforts to Increase Crops

Let us by all means live on fresh vegetables and perishable products this summer as much as possible; because so far as we do this we shall leave a greater supply of the staples for next winter. But we shall buy them of the greengrocer as of old, and they will be grown by hard-working people who know the gardening business and would like to produce more if they could get the labor. Whether the prices of these things are low enough for the masses to buy them is another question; but that is a question for the cities and not for the farmer. The farmer can produce, but he must ship and sell along the lines provided for him.

So far as winter wheat is concerned, he has sown this year about 900,000 acres more than last year; and he will, you may depend upon it, sow all the spring wheat which the conditions justify. It has been suggested that he put in wheat land usually sown to oats, and he will do this to some extent; but trust the average farmer to judge as to whether or not his situation as to the condition and quality of this land is such as to promise better returns in his climate in wheat than in oats or barley. We need oats too. Horses must be fed and cattle and pigs reared, or our food supply will suffer. Better a good yield of oats or barley on a farm, even from a national viewpoint, than a failure in wheat. The farmers know better, on the whole, than anyone else what to sow and when and where. They beg leave to inform the world that they have had to learn these things by the simple process of going broke if they didn't learn them. They have sown about all the wheat that they could sow under the prevailing conditions of labor, high price of seed, seasons and soils. Here and there, there is one who might well have put in more wheat; but the percentage of this sort of shortcoming is small. Trust the prospect of two-dollar wheat to spur the farmer on to the sowing.

The potato crop is, in my opinion, in danger from two causes: The first is the high price of seed, and the second is the cutting off of the potash supply for fertilizers. The bulk of the commercial potato crop is grown by specialists. The potato patch which the average farmer plants as a side-line helps a good deal; and on the whole the present outlook promises a fairly satisfactory area in potatoes. In some of the greatest potato-growing centers a regular formula has been adopted for the fertilizer on which dependence is placed, and the most important ingredient in this formula is potash. The production of potash in this country is possible; the kelps growing in the sea waters of the Pacific Coast, from away down along Mexico to Alaska, offer the best opportunity for its American production. We are informed that one company

has put up a huge plant near San Diego for reaping this seaweed and is getting much potash from it for the munition makers! The potato crop needs the potash; but we are and for two years have been in the war, and food supply must yield to war's demands. The farmer cannot produce potash. If he is to have it, it must be furnished him by some governmental or other agency for the nation's good.

At present prices the seed for an acre of potatoes costs from twenty to forty dollars. This greatly limits planting. There should be in every city some plan in force by which seed-ends of potatoes used for food, small potatoes, and every potato unfit for food but acceptable as seed be saved and furnished to people who want seed. This sort of seed will not ordinarily make as good a crop as good seed; but many a frontier family has been saved from a potato famine by the good wife's planting of her peelings, her small potatoes, and her green and strong-tasting potatoes. With a favorable season yields as good as any are sometimes made from these plantings. Here is perhaps the most practicable way in which the vacant lots can be used. A seed which is too expensive to purchase can be got for the collecting of it; and a crop which is not difficult to grow fairly well may be planted. I advise that special attention be given everywhere to the collection of this sort of seed potatoes to be furnished free to those who will plant them.

It is still early enough to carry on a promising campaign of this sort for the summer of 1917; and anyone who has studied the effect of a big potato crop on the food supply will not underestimate its importance. To the extent to which these potato gardens are grown by those whose time would not otherwise be productively employed the yield will be clear gain to the food supply; and to the extent to which this sort of seed is used instead of edible potatoes it will affect the present food supply. By this plan many acres in area may be added to the crop, since it solves after a fashion the problem of the high price of seed. These suggestions are not in accordance with the best tenets of potato culture, but they do possess some possible value in the direction of making greater the supply of potatoes. Of this crop we produce only about one-sixth the German outturn. As a permanent policy we ought to grow more.

Safety in the Corn Crop

The great sheet-anchor of the United States against any real shortage of food is the corn crop. It makes most of our meat and it might make all our bread. Of this king of cereals we have usually grown in later years nearly three billion bushels. This is enough to give every man, woman and child in the nation three meals of delicious bread a day, and still have enough remaining to feed to the livestock almost as much as we grew last year. Anyone who remembers how the Confederate soldiers marched and fought in our Civil War on corn bread baked in camp, or how the American Indian would fare forth to hunt or fight with no food but a bag of parched corn, will laugh at any talk of real dietary disaster from a shortage in wheat. The farmers and millers of the country should prepare for an expansion of the corn-meal business. The farmers should study the requirements of the millers as to quality, and save their corn accordingly. The millers should exhume from the literature of the past the writings of "Corn" Murphy, of Iowa, for hints as to the way corn meal may be brought to the attention of the consumers, and should write the Department of Agriculture at Washington for up-to-the-minute wisdom along the same lines. This meal is to-day the cheapest food in a big price list before me.

We used to eat barley thirty years ago on the Western prairies, and barley-hullers were at work in the fall in almost every neighborhood. Last year we grew a good crop of barley; and ten million bushels more than the average crop of rye, which is also a crop much neglected by Americans. Good rye bread is an excellent substitute for that made of wheat; and rye will be cut soon now. The oat crop might be used as human food to a far greater extent than it is; and it would be in time of scarcity, especially if oatmeal were sold in cheaper forms. The growing of spring wheat instead of oats is likely to take place to some extent in good spring wheat regions. The winter wheat crop is bad in Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Iowa and there will be a shortage of from fifty to a hundred million bushels. The spring wheat prospects in the Northwest are excellent. Organized movements for increased production are going on everywhere.

Rice is a Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas crop mainly, and its production seems on the increase. Last year we produced 40,000,000 bushels of rice, which probably accounts partially for the fact that it is the cheapest food obtainable at this time in many markets. Most of our rice is still imported, however; but the supply is dependable. The Department of Agriculture is carrying on an educational campaign showing how rice and corn meal may be more extensively used as food. As for the farmers, they have the incentive of food scarcity and its high prices to grow all they can of all these crops.

Little Used Foods

There is another cereal, not extensively used for human food in this country, which makes a perfectly good food, and of which we are growing more and more every year. This is kafir corn and its sister sorghums—milo maize, feterita and one or two others. These, collectively known as kafirs, are extensively grown in the semiarid Southwest, because they are a surer crop under droughty conditions than Indian corn. Last year we grew more than one bushel of these sorghum cereals to every seven of wheat. The kafirs are distinct and increasing additions to our food supply, since they take the place of corn for stock feeding and of both wheat and corn for distilling. They have the virtue, too, of helping farming to extend itself into the dry regions. Another possible article of human food is cottonseed meal. There is a mill somewhere in Texas which manufactures a flour of cottonseed which makes delicious breads, cakes and pastry; and pound for pound no vegetable product is more nutritious. A few years ago cotton seed was wasted at the gins as of no value, and was, as a matter of fact, a nuisance. Now it is all treated by extracting the oil, from which much of our best "olive" oil is derived. The cakes made in the process of pressing out the oil are ground up into meal, which was formerly used almost exclusively as a fertilizer. It is so valuable, however, as a feed for stock that it is becoming too expensive for fertilizer; and a few years of relative scarcity of foodstuffs would without doubt make it a staple article of human food. The potential supply is enormous.

It is perfectly plain that nothing can be done to bring about any greater increase in the production of these farm staples than that caused by the desire of farmers to make hay in the sunshine of high prices, beyond showing the farmer two things: First, how he can get the labor; and, second, that it may pay. "Let Reuben live, and not die," says my text; "and let not his men be few." The nations of Europe have all failed most egregiously in handling the tiller of the soil. They have tried to limit his prices. They have not been willing to let Reuben live. After the farmer has fought the nine hundred and odd bugs, rusts, weeds, slugs, aphides, flies, moths, borers, blights, mildews, locusts, worms, caterpillars, cankers, smuts, and the rest of them, he must get what the traffic will bear. "Let Reuben live," said Moses, "and not die." It is all well enough to control profits after they are ready to be drawn down; but what of the losses? Let the people who cultivate back yards this summer say, after it is over, whether or not the price of wheat ought to be cut to the farmer, in the absence of some reckoning as to those pigs that died of thumps, the hogs swept away by cholera, the cabbage that succumbed to the yellows, the oats ruined by smut, and the other thousand and one lets and confounded hindrances of the farmer's life. Then there is the labor! Moses said: "Let

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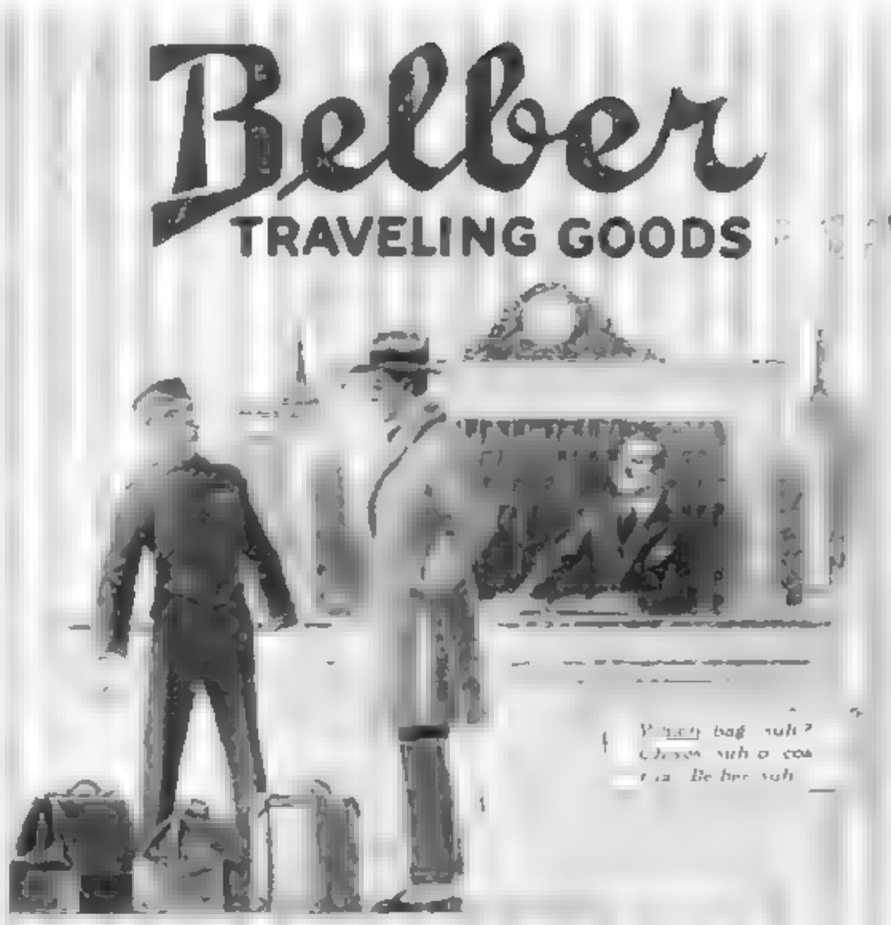

YOUR LUGGAGE frequently becomes the most conspicuous of your personal belongings. At those times a Belber trunk, bag or suit case gives you that pride of ownership which *quality* alone can give. Belber quality is just as evident after years of usage as it is on the day of purchase. Every Belber wardrobe trunk, bag or suit case contains many convenient and exclusive features which lighten the labor of packing and unpacking.

The superiority of Belber Traveling Goods makes it well worth while for you to ask for them by name at good dealers everywhere. Look for the Belber Trade Mark.

Send for the beautiful book, "Outwearing Travel," which illustrates and describes the many advantages of Belber trunks, bags and suit cases.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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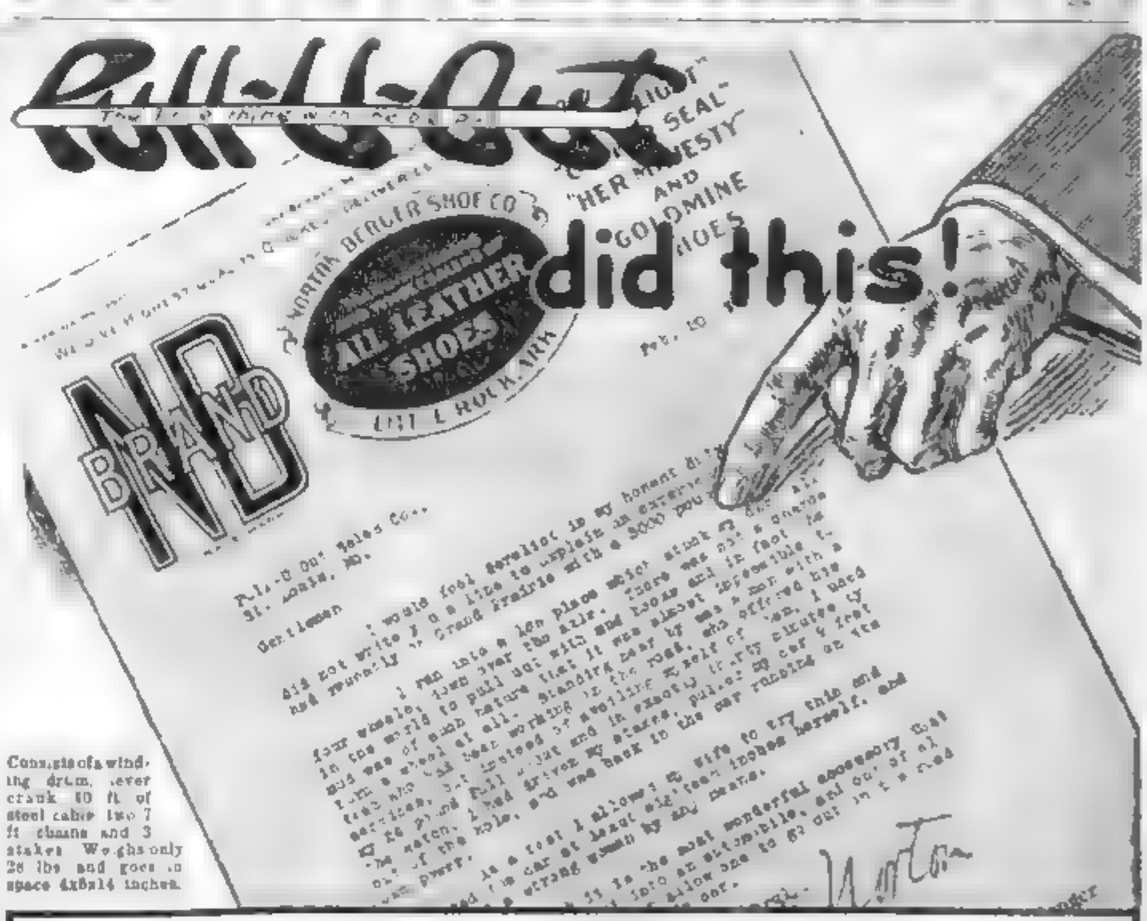

Pull-U-Out
did this!
ALL LEATHER SHOES
"HER MAJESTY" AND GOLDMINE SHOES
Pull-U-Out Sales Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen
Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 60 ft. of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains and 3 stakes. Weighs only 26 lbs. and goes in space 4x8x14 inches.

No motorist should be without powerful little Pull-U-Out in his tool box. You never know when your car will get stuck in mud, skid into a ditch or overturn. When trouble comes Pull-U-Out is *worth its weight in gold*. It makes you independent of road conditions. Simply drive the three small stakes in the ground, hitch on, turn the crank—out you come without delay, trouble or expense. It combines a rescuing device and tow line—*two things every auto should carry*. Fits easily into your tool box. Be prepared—buy a Pull-U-Out to-day!

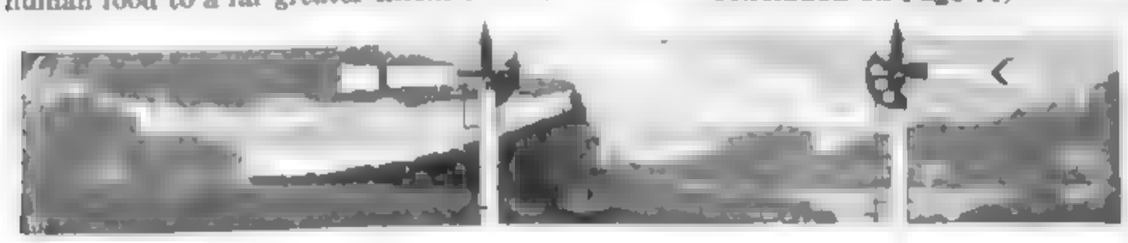
Pull-U-Out Portable Crane. Weighs only [illegible] and goes in space [illegible] inches. Can be used for other pulling and hoisting jobs. *Ask about it.*

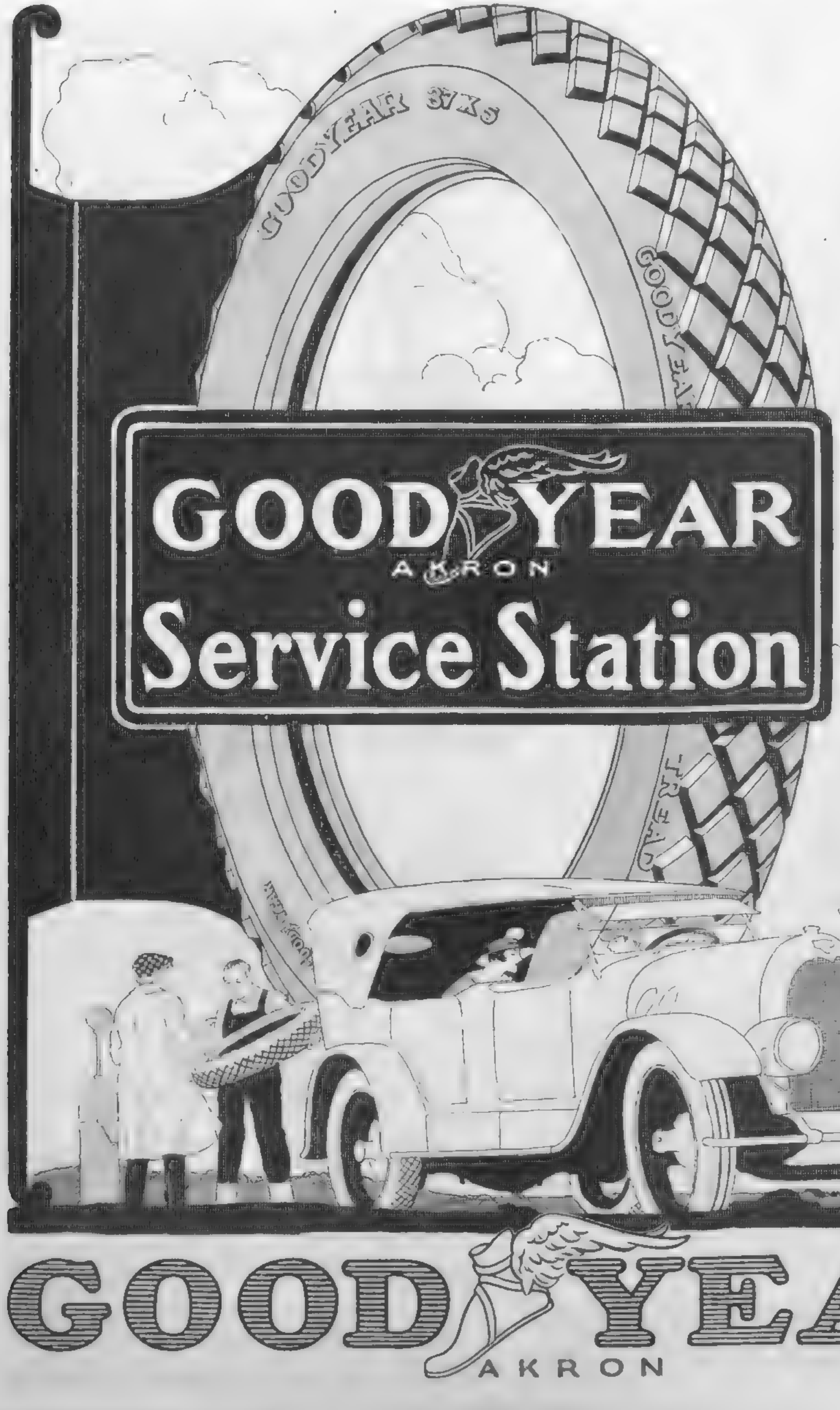
A wonder in factory, garage and repair shop

Saves time, labor, trouble, money. Does the work of several chain blocks; has longer reach; works in any position; costs less than half. Easily moved *to* the job. Lifts 2,000 lbs. Larger sizes have greater capacity.

Write for FREE interesting book. Tells all about the amazing things Pull-U-Out does.

PULL-U-OUT SALES COMPANY, 2025 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.





Fifteen thousand Goodyear Service Station Dealers and their helpers, at work beneath this sign, uphold the goodness built in Goodyear Tires. Wherever you may be or may go, you will find one of these dealers and his service near at hand. The aim of this far-flung organization, covering all America, is your satisfaction and good will, and all its efforts are in your behalf

THIS SERVICE IS YOUR DUE

THERE are certain specific services you may rightfully look for from whatever Goodyear Service Station Dealer you happen to visit.

He expects to give them to you, by way of earning the reasonable profit he derives from the Goodyear Tires he sells.

He knows these services have a money value—for you in the savings they mean, for him in the business they bring.

And he knows they are your due.

Taken together, these services seem somewhat formidable, comprising as they do a complete program of proper tire care.

Doubtless they would be actually formidable, if the task of carrying them out were saddled on you as an individual tire user.

But since this task is not set upon you, by reason of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer's ability and willingness to take it over, the whole plan is decidedly in your favor and to your interest.

It simply remains for you to take advantage of the opportunity thus presented.

Goodyear Service Station Dealers aim to increase the mileages delivered by Goodyear Tires by meeting and averting those abuses which shorten tire life and elevate tire costs.

They are ready to advise you of the right size tires for your car, to guard you against the extravagant peril of overloading.

—to tell you what air pressure such tires should carry, lest under-inflation work their premature ruin.

—to explain the necessity of good tubes, as the surest means of sustaining pressure.

—to make frequent tests to see that such pressure is sustained.

—to inspect your casings for tread-cuts, make the timely repair or recommend permanent vulcanization.

—to inspect and insure the correct alignment of your wheels.

—to point out the necessity of clean rims, and help you keep yours clean.

—to test your brakes and make sure they grip evenly.

—to remove tires and shift from wheel to wheel to insure uniform wear and endurance.

—to explain the function of tire savers and their value if used at the proper time.

—to recommend proper carriage for your spare tires, and proper care for your spare tubes and parts.

—to inform you thoroughly in all the immediate and minor elements of tire conservation, with courtesy, care and promptitude.

Goodyear Service Station Dealers do these things because they believe in the soundness of the Goodyear policy of giving the public maximum value at minimum cost.

They conceive it to be good business strategy to hold your trade by getting your friendship by giving you service.

There are 15,000 of them—scattered throughout the United States—all identified by the Goodyear Service Station Sign shown on the opposite page.

Wherever you are, you may know that Goodyear Tires and Goodyear Service are near at hand.

Goodyear Service Station Dealers place your satisfaction above their immediate profit; they forego extra discounts to sell you better tires; they are building businesses for permanence, on public good will.

Their services are planned to give you maximum enjoyment and use of your tires with the least possible effort, time and expense on your part.

And they are given to you over and above the extra mileage built into Goodyear Tires, which in itself has been sufficient to make these tires the largest selling brand in America.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Read the Added Meaning of This Mark

THE name EDUCATOR branded into the sole of the Educator Shoe, has always insured a vital protection—a shoe whose correct orthopaedic shape "lets the feet grow as they should."

Today it means even *more*. It means a shoe that stands *unchanged in quality*.

Do you realize what this means? It means that the serious problem which shoe manufacturers are meeting is being faced squarely. That the issue of Lowered Quality vs. Necessary Price Increase has been decided on the basis of Quality. And Quality prevails.

That the regular wearers of Educators have realized this, is shown by the continued demand in spite of the somewhat higher prices.

These wearers appreciate the idea on which the Educator is based—the correct orthopaedic shape that "lets the feet grow as they should"; that relieves bent bones, corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, etc.

Have *you* "discovered" Educators? Have *you* realized that they will bring foot freedom to *you;* that to your children they will insure a *whole lifetime* of foot freedom? For Educators are

MADE FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get the whole family into Educators today. But don't forget to look on the sole for EDUCATOR, branded in. Not *every* broad-toed shoe *is* an Educator. That mark guarantees you the correct orthopaedic Educator shape and guarantees *quality*.

More than 12,000 retailers in the United States carry Educators. Inquire at your favorite store.

SEND FOR "BENT BONES MAKE FRANTIC FEET"

a booklet of foot facts by orthopaedic experts. Tells How to Walk Correctly; How to Have Foot-Health, Etc. Free. Write now.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC., 14 HIGH ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfairs for Women

CAUTION: Not every broad-toed shoe sold is an Educator. Unless EDUCATOR is branded thus on the sole, the shoe is NOT an Educator.

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE RH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Child's dull calf button Educator. Educators are also made in a wide variety of finishes for Men, Women, Misses and Children.

TO RETAILERS

Twelve thousand retail- [illegible] Write us and we will [illegible] you the opportunity [illegible] Educator business in your city.

(Concluded from Page 67)

not his men be few," but you, O people of the United States, have let Reuben's men become too few. You cannot eat your labor cake in the factories and have it on the farms. And so far as Reuben still continues to live on the farms you must let him live and not die. If he is going to die he will choose to die more sociably in town.

England only has shown judgment in dealing with the matter of increasing the food supply from her farms. Instead of attempting to put the screws to the farmer and make him do as he is told, England guarantees him a minimum price for six years if he will undertake to grow foodstuffs. Germany tried the other method and failed. She fixed a maximum price for dairy products; and when it developed that the farmer could make more by feeding the milk to hogs, he did so. Moreover, the farmer everywhere refuses to submit to any regulation of what he shall eat and drink so far as he produces it. His family is well fed while all the rest of Germany goes hungry. His friends, too, are miraculously well nourished. Our old friend Moses is being overworked in this article, I fear, but I must cite the fact that the German farmer, like the farmer everywhere, believes in the text, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." If he be muzzled he will not work. Why should he? He can do better by going to the city and helping put the muzzle on his former neighbors.

Manipulated Markets

War or no war, farming must remain on a basis of profit to the farmer else he will not farm. He is just as patriotic as anyone; but he will be patriotic in the army or the navy or the factory rather than on the farm, unless he is given his own way. So if I were called upon to say what can be done by way of increasing the food supply through regulations applied to the farmers and their methods, I should answer, "Precisely nothing." The farmers are already straining every nerve to grow as much as they can with inadequate labor supply. It is, however, a new situation; and the farmers are eager for knowledge as to how they may make the best use of the agencies at their command—agencies of soil, area, labor and weather. The best thing for the country is for all of us to give some thought to the food problem—city people in cities and farmers in the country. There are in existence in the United States a vast number of splendidly equipped agencies for the furtherance of better farming. Most of them are already in close touch with the people in the country, and all are now well mobilized for action. It is a national problem and concerns us all; it is even a world problem, since issues greater than before ever hung in the balance may be decided by the crops in the United States.

It is, I venture to suggest, more a city than a rural problem. I once picked up in a library a copy of a farm paper printed in 1854, and found in it the same complaint we read last year, the complaint that fruits and vegetables and other food products were rotting on the farms for want of a market, while the cities were suffering from a lack of the same things. For many years the farmers have been complaining of their expert leaders because so much was done to stimulate production and so little to help out distribution. The cities have never paid any effective attention to the matter of getting their own food after it had been produced. They have left the task to anyone who cared to engage in it, and have never charged the work with any public duty or service. They have seen the farmers baited by manipulated markets to ship their grains, fruits, vegetables and livestock into manipulated gluts, to the end that the producer might be fleeced. They have not cared. The farmers' perishable products have been left to rot in cars, and then emptied into rivers; and the city consumer has paid high prices for the same products, while bills for unpaid freight have been sent the shippers instead of checks—and the city calm has been unruffled.

Neither have the cities seemed to believe that it was anybody's urban business when the grain growers have complained, year after year, that their shipments are funneled by freight rates into a few great terminal markets, where they are preyed upon by ten times as many middlemen as can do any useful work on them; nor have the cities cared when the farmers have complained that the grading of grain, often in the hands of corrupt political machines, has been strict to the farmer and liberal to the middleman. The farmers have never been satisfied that they have got anything like a fair deal from the average commission merchant. They have followed shipment after shipment which they have seen stolen by the commission merchant through the simple trick of fraudulent returns. Many commission men are honest; but any commission man may be dishonest and flourish by crookedness. The cities have not seemed to care. Neither have the cities cared when food products have been destroyed through being dumped in harbors or beside railways by those interested in buying the product low and selling it high. In other words, the cities have stood by while the producers either have been robbed or have thought they were, content to see the products of the farm treated like the estate of a bankrupt—sold to the highest bidder, in markets which have often been rigged—foolishly failing to see that any system that places the food supply in the hands of a clique for the purpose of skinning the farmer also gives the same clique the power to rob the city consumer. A deep and brooding discontent and resentment have taken possession of the farmers because of this—a discontent that is increasing in bitterness year by year. The farmers have left the land and gone to the cities by millions. The cities might have retarded this emigration by paying a tithe of the attention to the sources of their food supply that they have paid to their water supply.

One of the recent sensations of the cities was a sudden rise in the price of onions to twenty cents a pound, about six times the usual price. If the cities had gone to the source to see how much of this rise went to the onion grower they would have found that he was receiving five cents a pound, a rise in price of about fifty per cent. Secretary Houston says: "A full and satisfactory explanation of prevailing prices is not possible on the basis of existing knowledge." If one wishes to know just what he means he may judge by the fact that about that time the Federal Trade Commission asked of Congress—and failed to get—an appropriation of $400,000 to pay the expenses of an investigation of the production, ownership, manufacture, storage and distribution of foodstuffs. "It is only recently," said the Secretary, "that agencies have been created in the country to study food production, and we have not the necessary facts to enable us to arrive at the truth." That is, the Federal Trade Commission has inquisitorial powers and may examine books. "Where the food supply is located, who owns it, what may be the difficulties of securing it, whether the local conditions are due to car shortage, whether there is artificial manipulation or control no one can state with certainty." The Secretary of Agriculture wanted that investigation by the Federal Trade Commission in order that these facts might be uncovered. Until they are we shall not know whether it is the farmer who is the food dictator or someone nearer the public square.

The supply of meats is under suspicion by the livestock men—even under bitter accusation. One Virginia cattleman, with fifty thousand acres of mountain blue grass in pasture, states that he made no money in the three years prior to 1915. One of the proprietors of the greatest cattle feeding station in Nebraska told me that he was going out of the business because it does not pay. In spite of the high prices the output of meat products last year was only ten per cent above the average for the past five years. Stockmen have been afraid to go into the business or stay in it because they were afraid of the market conditions. That makes meat higher for everyone.

Last year the fruit growers—some of them at least—got prices good enough so that they paid off the losses they had suffered through several years of bad prices. The only staple fruit that showed an increase in outturn over the average for five years was oranges, a branch of fruit growing in which the growers have secured control of market conditions and deal the cards themselves. Most other producers were dealing blindly with people who saw every move from the inside. They will not deal so on a scale adequate to the new situation. Dairy products increased a little, but not much.

There is absolutely no assignable limit to the vegetables, truck crops, fruits and poultry products which the rural people of the United States would produce if they could have fair marketing and transportation conditions—provably fair. The high prices will cause a development in these forms of production; but how much this will benefit the cities will depend on the cities themselves. They must know as much about their food supply as they do about their water supply, and its processes must be as pure and uncontaminated. In other words, the producers must know that they are getting all their crops are worth, or as soon as the present anomalous condition is past they will either drop back into their old frame of mind, or with their increased volume of production they will be ruined by bad distribution.

As things now stand, the food barons must pay the farmers enough to induce them to produce; but the suspicion of shady things lying between the middleman and the farmer still persists.

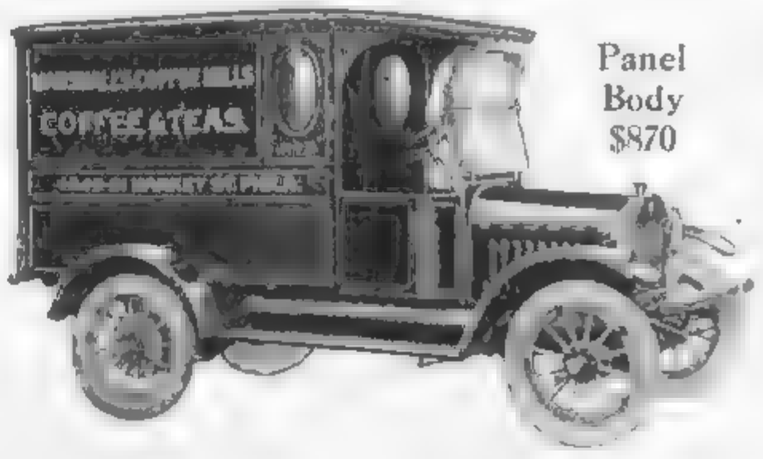
A Cure Possible

The farmers will need to be financed as a war measure on the basis of higher prices for seed and labor and the need of machine-power to make up for lack of man-power. The Federal Farm Loan Board can do a good deal to accomplish this, but most of the needs are sudden, short-time needs and must be met by quick mobilization of money. Much new land may be thus worked. Iowa alone has probably two hundred thousand acres of land now wasted in her too-broad highways and railway rights of way, and other states in proportion. Enough new land might be put in kafir corn in the West and Southwest to bring that crop up to two hundred million bushels probably instead of forty millions. But it takes machinery, men and quickly available money. These things must be given us: The farmers must be given guarantees as to minimum prices on all staples. The factories work on a guaranteed basis, and the food makers must be given the same assurance. The Government must build or at least secure control of adequate cold storage for the perishables like fruit, eggs, potatoes and cabbage. It is the fall glut in these which makes production hazardous. The country must be combed for labor for the farms, and an organization must be perfected to train that labor and see that laborers are properly treated on the farms. And above all, all unnecessary profits of middlemen between farm and consumer must be cut out and honest markets provided. The chief obstacle to any sudden extension of production in any but staple lines lies in the fear and suspicion with which the farmer regards the machinery at the city end for handling his specialties. Doubtless the President's Proclamation of April 15, with its promises of Federal coöperation, will have a powerful effect in bettering some of the conditions described.

It is too bad that the cities have waited so long to take some interest in a good understanding with the people who have been feeding them. This is a bad time in which to be obliged to waste efforts in reform; but if we are to mobilize our food supplies it must be done. We are like a friend of mine whose dentist told him that he had a bad tooth that needed treatment, an old snag that was always threatening to act badly. "Yes," said my friend, "one of these days, when I have time, I'll come in and have it attended to." He never had time; but finally he was attacked by grippe, and at the time of his highest fever and greatest prostration the dentist was called by the physician to come and dig out that old tooth. The suppurating tooth of a bad marketing system, a piratical marketing system, a root-hog-or-die marketing system, a devil-take-the-hindmost marketing system, has needed attention for a long time. Now we are in the midst of the fever of a great war, and the thing must come out. Otherwise the food riots which we have had will seem as nothing to what may happen. Good faith, friendship, close, direct relations with the farmers—all these must be established by the cities. Let them take as theirs my text: "Let Reuben live, and not die; and let not his men be few."

Lexington Market, Baltimore, is Visited by Fifty Thousand People on Saturdays

RUSH



Panel Body $870

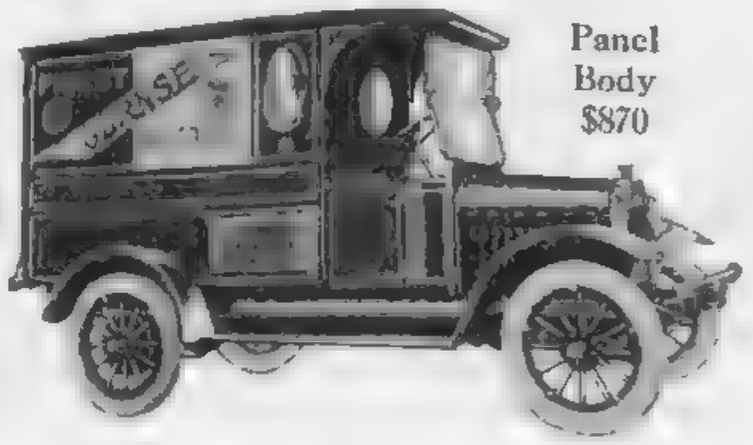
The Only Light Delivery Car with the Counterbalanced Crankshaft Motor

Express Body $845

The RUSH was the first light truck with electric starting and lighting. It was the first to build a rear axle especially designed for half ton work. It was the first to furnish shock absorbers as standard equipment. It was the first to have a flexible frame and fine steel spring suspension. It was the first to adopt the dry plate clutch and ample cooling—the first light commercial car built that stood up to the gruelling test of time.

And now the Counterbalanced Crankshaft.

30% More Power—100% More Flexibility—the Practical Elimination of Vibration

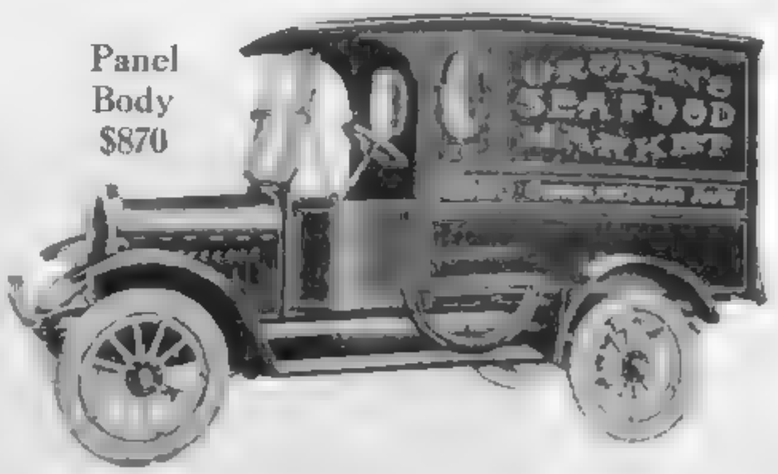


Panel Body $870

Counterbalanced crankshaft absorbs vibration by its own momentum. Think what that means in a delivery car that carries ½ ton of fragile dead weight! The average motor must resist a full ton of unbalanced power, uncontrolled distortion tearing and grinding at every moving part.

The counterbalanced crankshaft eliminates this racking vibration, reduces friction to a minimum—delivers steady, velvety power all the time. It does the same job in a gas engine that the counterbalancing weight on the drive wheel does for a locomotive—steadies every power impulse, does away with all jerking.

It remained for RUSH engineers to adopt this miraculous power principle in the new RUSH motor, doing away with the necessity for multi-cylinders and overlapping power impulses.

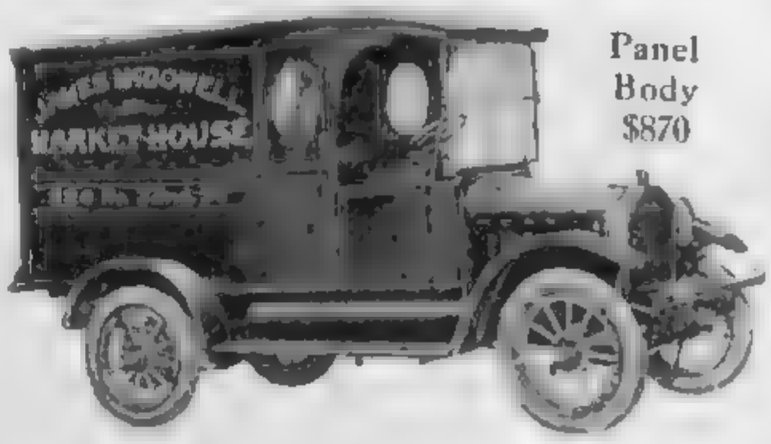


Panel Body $870

You can throttle the RUSH down to three miles an hour on high in traffic or you can take the worst hill with never a knock or a jerk. You have stupendous power hooked up with silken flexibility. You have prolonged life and marvelous economy in gas and oil consumption.

Before announcing this tremendous advance in delivery car building we have made big plans for the future. We realize how fast the orders will come now.

So a new factory will shortly spring into being—big, modern, complete. We are ready to handle the big business RUSH performance, RUSH price and RUSH reputation has made inevitable.



Panel Body $870

Write for our booklet "Delivery Economy."

"The Most for the Money in America"

RUSH MOTOR TRUCK CO.

Philadelphia

THE GOOD FIGHT

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

PROMPTLY at six o'clock, as usual, the alarm clock on the bureau sang its happy little matin. With the first note James K. Clifford rolled over, sighed, stretched a bit, then unfurling his blankets stepped gingerly out into the cold slippers awaiting him on the chilly spare-room floor.

He stood revealed a lean, sleepy, sandy-gray little man of forty-five or thereabouts, clad in faded seersucker pyjamas. These garments he lost no time in exchanging for his day clothes, which were draped about on two adjacent chairs. He dressed very rapidly, for the temperature discouraged loitering—and he dressed on tiptoe, so to speak. This last in order not to wake mamma—who was asleep in the room across the hall—nor, of course, Mabel, who habitually came in for very full commons of slumber.

Mamma had been out to an Eastern Star event the night before and had arranged to snatch an extra hour of sleep, for which reason James K. had occupied the seldom-used spare room.

Emerging from his chill room into the dimly lighted hall with an ear carefully cocked, he perceived that he had aroused no one, and lost no time in going down the narrow little stairs to the darkened kitchen. Here he wrestled doughtily with the range, sifting and feeding the fire, removing all trace of ash or coaldust carefully, and opening the drafts to that calculated angle which would insure a proper readiness for the family breakfast later on. His own meal he prepared very quickly on a small oilstove provided for these emergencies. He washed and boiled an egg in a small tin basin, using the water afterward to scald a spoonful of coffee substitute, which he measured into a thick porcelain cup. A slice of bread, butter and top milk fetched from the pantry, and a doughnut got from the doughnut jar, completed the feast which he spread out on the oilcloth-covered kitchen table. He still wore his slippers, and had made all his preparations with a minimum of noise. Now relaxing a little, he sat down and thoughtfully began to chew his breakfast.

The thin light of day, filtering through the drawn blinds, showed the washed-clothed-and-brushed James K. to have altered but little from the just-out-of-bed one—a mild-looking, nondescript little man in rather shabby workaday clothing. The type of little man you never notice in a crowd; the kind whom, if pressed for an opinion, you would classify—and rightly—as the incarnate Small Potato. And if you thought him fusty-looking now, in about half an hour he would look infinitely fustier—after he got out to the feed mill, where he was bookkeeper, and had put on his green eye shade and his old black alpaca coat.

But James K. was not particularly troubled about his appearance. Never less than on this morning, when he had got up, still under the dominance of a spiritual hang-over from yesterday.

It was this hang-over—a darkling and unusual mood for him—that made the world seem strangely stale this morning, that turned the egg and doughnut he munched to clay and ashes in his mouth, that set an unwonted frown on his mild face as he stared into the living room through the opened dining-room door, and reflected on the events of last evening.

"Go On, Tell Him the Rest! She Means Your Old Check, Papa!"

The living room in its present state was fairly revealing. On the piano rack was an untidy sprawl of sheet music, opened at tipsy angles. From where he sat James K. could read some of the titles—big splashing titles they were, mixed up with heads of girls, garlands of impossible flowers—Come, Lula, Dance the Hula; The Cutest Little Peachie in the Tree-Ree-Ree; When You and Love Were All I Had; and so on.

The girls had played and sung them last night after they had finished the Marche Militaire Duet, which they were preparing for a coming church entertainment. Of the two kinds of music he felt that he preferred Schubert, only it did seem as if Schubert would have taken his foot from the loud pedal occasionally. But then, of course, James K. really knew nothing about music, having foolish unfashionable preferences for Stephen Foster and the Scotch ballads.

After the songs they had made fudge in the kitchen. There was a sticky plate and spoon left in the sink, and from where he sat he could see a plate of crumbs standing on top of the piano. In fact, they had scattered a great many crumbs through the rooms. He could see some on the center table, where they had "done Latin" and had left a flotilla of textbooks and papers lying about; he could even see some on the Turkish divan in the dining room, where they had gone giggling to "rough-house" each other with pillows. Girls seemed wonderfully noisy these days—vigorous young hoydens who never thought of propriety or the rights of elders, like the girls of his generation.

Effie Stevens was even worse than Mabel—a pretty girl, no doubt, but a fine young red-haired barbarian with no regard for a covered knee, and a laugh that was both a shriek and a squeal, and that came a bit hard on a man's nerves after the day's work.

He had had to get up last night and put his magazine away and go over and sit in Philler's barber shop, the upper rooms in the thin little house being cold and there being no other spot where he could take refuge from the squealing. "An old grouch" he had heard them call him as he went out. Just for a minute he had almost held his ground and said something bitter and inhospitable about wishing a man's house could be his castle once a year anyway.

He hadn't said it, of course. That sort of thing wasn't like him, and it was probably his liver anyhow. No doubt he was getting a little morbid about wanting quiet evenings at home of late—a good thing for mamma and Mabel to rout him out sometimes. True, it made very protracted reading of a book or magazine. Three or four efforts on the same article weren't exactly soothing. He had had to lay down last night's story the night before and go out to a free church lecture given by an ex-convict, and to-night mamma had bought tickets for the travel movies which came to the village once a week. They were taking a tour round the world. France, was it, to-night, or the Tyrol? No doubt it would be a wholesome, edifying thing. He knew nothing at all about the Tyrol except that they yodeled over there, which was an accomplishment he had tried in his youth and had failed at utterly. Now he wondered, with dry humor, whether the lecturer might not give them a few lessons. If he could only accomplish it he could out-Herod even the Marche Militaire or Effie Stevens' laugh.

No, probably the girls were right. He was an old grouch—getting along. They were young spirited creatures, full of life, and he was an old dry bob—old! The thought did not cheer him—did not lessen his spiritual burden—as, his meal finished, he rose and tidily washed his few breakfast things, adding the forsaken fudge plate and spoon. Even when he had exchanged his slippers for his old well-blacked shoes and, with coat and hat, had let himself quietly out into the cool brisk morning, the shadow did not lift.

As a rule, when he reached the corner James K. stopped and looked back at his house. It was his own house—or almost. Originally carrying a mortgage of fifteen hundred, he had by painstaking effort reduced this until only a few hundred intervened between himself and absolute possession of the little green-and-yellow frame cottage, with the wooden Hamburg edging tacked round the porch. James K. was very proud of his house, just as in normal moments he was proud of mamma and Mabel and the piano and Mabel's musical talent. The last had cost him to date proportionately almost as much as the house, and although he did not understand music—not even Mabel's—he knew her talent was great and deserving of every effort he could make, of every contribution he could raise. At this point in his reflections, notwithstanding his pride in Mabel and her achievements, he usually walked away mentally. For he well knew that the end of his contributions was not yet.

Mamma and Mabel were planning a campaign to endure over a term of years, out of which, after due training in the neighboring city, Mabel was to enter upon a career of concert work. He had heard them planning it together a hundred times: The theater they would hire, Mabel's program, the printed invitations, her frock—they had even got to the vital question of whether pale pink satin or

(Continued on Page 77)

Why You Fi

UPON the following all-important considerations, which should be the buying guide and doctrine of every car owner in the country, depends the real value of your tire equipment:

1st—The integrity of the manufacturer
2nd—The quality of his product
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4th—What you get AFTER your purchase

We are not the only honest tire making company and there are other manufacturers who turn out a good product which they sell according to their viewpoint at a fair price.

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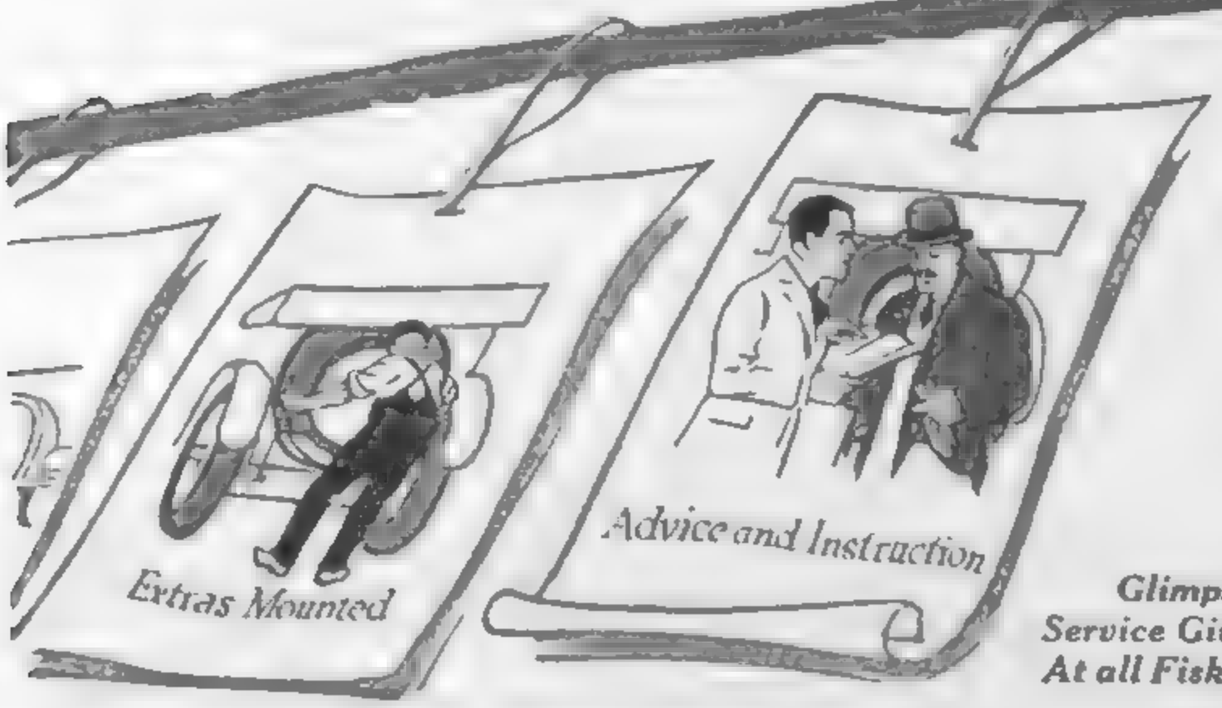
Chicopee Falls, Mass.



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INSPECTION, dismounting, air testing, assembling, mounting extras, testing brakes, testing wheels for alignment, giving helpful advice in the care of your tires, useful road information to tourists—all this is part of FISK SERVICE. In order to give the greatest tire satisfaction to all tire users the FISK SERVICE POLICY includes all car owners—the service is offered free to everyone.

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JORDAN

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MOTOR CARS

The Jordan Spring Style Models Have Captured Fastidious America

The new spring styles in Jordan cars are a revelation. They have captured fastidious America.

And to be *truly* smart this spring you *must* drive a motor car that accentuates your personality, your costume, your character.

The Jordan is such a car.

It has that smart tailored effect—that graceful contour, which gives such charming simplicity.

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It is a fitting vehicle for those who shun the commonplace.

Jordan cars in their striking color schemes express the closest relationship with the prevailing spring fashions.

And they are as distinctive as exclusive apparel.

They do not express the taste of a thousand or fifteen hundred or a million people.

The Jordan car is *your* car—built for *you*.

Think of driving the new Jordan four-passenger Sport model in Apache red with top cover in black, and white wire wheels,

—or the seven-passenger Luxury car, finished in Venetian green with semi-bright hand-buffed leather upholstery, black leather flaps and white wire wheels.

Each is a striking example of the new Jordan spring style ideas.

Each is distinctive and irresistible. Each is in perfect taste

And beneath these sumptuous Jordan bodies is a chassis fully in keeping—to the very smallest detail.

A big powerful six-cylinder Continental motor does your bidding willingly—and silently.

There is Bosch ignition and Bijur starting and lighting. There is a Stromberg carburetor, a Fedders radiator, Timken axles and bearings, a Boyce Motometer, Gemmer steering gear, Mather springs, Willard batteries and a Stewart-Warner vacuum system, Firestone tires and rims, 35" x 4½".

Every part and piece of the Jordan is universally recognized as standard.

The Jordan contains *more* of the complete standard specifications of the Society of Automobile Engineers than any other car in the world today.

Look up the Jordan dealer in your town. He will gladly display and demonstrate the new Spring Jordan style models.

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Jordan 7-Passenger Luxury Car . . .	*$1795*
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(Wire wheels regular equipment)	
Jordan 2-Passenger Roadster	*$1795*

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

The Jordan Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Seven-passenger Touring

Four passenger Sport

(Continued from Page 73)

blue chiffon "lit up" the better. These details had varied greatly from time to time; but there was one he noticed that had never altered—his own rôle of financier, his capacity as check-furnisher. Not that he had ever really rebelled at this rôle. He had even maintained a certain pride in the thought. It was only the unwonted devil of mutiny in his breast this morning that was disturbing. It kept him from looking back at his house now, from mentally marshaling the comforts he derived as a man of family.

This morning, as he walked along to his work, he felt suddenly that there were no comforts. Out of the depths of his usually meek self a spirit of revolt had risen which, try as he would, he could not down. For the first time in his life he felt that he saw himself as he really was, and the spectacle almost moved him to tears. A thing—that's what he was, a doormat! A much-used but not-at-all-appreciated doormat. A pretty Atlas, whose feeble shoulders struggled under a whole world of selfish female emprise. Was it possible that marriage had put so much upon him? Marriage! He wasn't sure he had ever actually decided he would marry, and here he was all at once, so to speak, a householder, husband and father.

He remembered well the Sunday-school picnic where he had first met mamma—only, of course, she was not called mamma then. Her name had been Belle. He had been introduced to her, a visiting young lady, and they had sat together on a log to eat supper. He could remember just how she looked, nice and wholesome—not a beauty, but thoroughly womanly—in her neat, fresh, blue dimity with the enormous stiffened sleeves of the period. They had promised some protection to a fellow—sleeves like that—but it was all part of the snare. A spider had run over mamma's plate, and she had upset it and backed right into him. A fig for sleeves that crushed so easily beneath a man's arm! He had had very little experience with women, and he got a warm, heart-softening little thrill out of soothing mamma's soft young timidity and protecting her from that brutal spider. A curse on the whole tribe of spiders!

That was the beginning and the end. He had called on her the next Wednesday—ritualistic evening for serious wooing. He had called on her on the Wednesday that followed—on an infinity of Wednesdays. He had kissed her on the third Wednesday! Oh, but he was a dead boy long before that! Not that he had anything against mamma, nor had ever strayed, even mentally, into other pastures. No; if he had to do it over, he would probably repeat the whole business. But the youth uncaught was a young fool. He ran about with blinders on until Nature laid him by the heels in an unwary moment, before he had been properly introduced to himself, and stuffed matrimony down his throat.

If he had been the kind that loves and rides away—like the splendid villains in the ten-twenty-thirt's that came to play in the town hall—what a fellow he might have been! But he wasn't. He had been like any other decent boy—like any young potential good citizen who wanted to be a credit to his community, who wanted to found a home, who—yes, plague take it!—liked his home and was willing enough to sweat for it if only—if only . . . did women ever have any hearts, any decent appreciation of what men really do for them? Oh, well, perhaps it was his liver that ailed him to-day! He had never known a mood as black as this before. It must be that he was ill!

Then he looked up and saw Henry Wall coming out of his house, and the liver trouble, or whatever it was, grew instantly worse. If there was any man on earth that James K. secretly envied it was Henry Wall, though there was perhaps no other dweller in Mayfield who would have regarded Henry as an object of envy. An elderly, unattached, rather shabby person, with two years seniority over James K., Henry still lived in the old rambling house of his boyhood, hewing his own wood and fetching his own water. Since his mother's death, twelve years before, not even a charwoman had penetrated the easy, masculine abandon of Henry's household, where he lived a law unto himself, accountable to no one.

Henry was a lawyer of sorts, that country-town miracle: a lawyer who can sit all day on a sunny doorstep exchanging gossip with the town and yet make a living—a living, no more. Yet, as James K. reflected now, a living is all any man needs. Days when Henry wanted to go fishing, he went fishing; days when he wanted to potter in his garden with his old pipe, he pottered. He could go to a political meeting and stay as late as he pleased, without rehearsing an explanation. He could go to band concerts by himself on summer nights, and afterward, if he chose, to Hen Bell's poolroom—the lair of Apollyon, according to mamma and the ladies' auxiliary. He could do worse than that: he could take a beer in public on a hot night, if he chose—or two or three.

He could wear his oldest clothes any time he pleased and change his collar when he liked. He lay abed reading the papers and smoking Sunday mornings. It was known for a fact that Henry hadn't been inside a church in ten years. No travel movies, no convict lectures for Henry Wall. Why, if the fast crowd who played penny-a-point pinochle over the lodge rooms on Friday nights had asked him to cut in, he could even have gone there—not once but any time he liked. In short, Henry Wall was free.

Heretofore while envying Henry his freedom James K. had felt his own advantages offset it to a great extent. But this morning no advantages existed. He saw only Henry Wall with his eternal liberty, and himself in eternal thrall, and the contrast raised an unspeakable bitterness in him. Everything that Henry was James K. saw that he was not. Henry was his own man, James K. was a serf. Henry's time and money belonged to himself, James K.'s were all prearranged for—spent in advance. His money, for instance—house payments, grocery bills, church dues, music lessons, doctor's bills, a hundred petty matters. The plumber's bill for the bathroom, a new silver bag for Mabel, mamma's hat, a stair carpet, a new tablecloth, the piano tuner—was he advantaged personally by any of this eternal rill of small expenditure? He was not! There was scarcely a cent of it went for himself! By heaven, where did he get off?

Was it for this he had been born—had lived the days of his life—had struggled and worked? If only he had kept himself free as Henry had done! If he, too, had not sold his inalienable birthright, his beautiful freedom! Even as a boy Henry had been wise about this matter.

James K. and Henry Wall had gone to school together; had birds'-nested, fished, swum and played hooky in concert. Out of the memories of his past there rose one of a warm June afternoon beside the old swimming hole. They had come out and lain in the thick cool grass in their birthday suits, letting the gentle zephyrs dry their backs. And as they lay, Henry Wall, chewing on a blade of grass, had fallen to speaking of the future:

"I'm agoin' to git out o' this goldarn hole soon's I grow up," he had said. "I ain't goin' to stick round here. Goin' to roll way out West—Kansas or some place. Dunno but I may be a hold-up man and git a gang together like them James boys. I'm pretty handy anyhow with a gun, Uncle Ed says, and you can make slews o' money stoppin' express messengers or blowin' out safes. Or I might be a cattle thief and rustle cattle off'n the ranges."

"An' git shot a nice clean hole through the heart, old

(Continued on Page 80)

For the First Time in His Life he Saw Himself as He Really Was—a Thing, a Doormat!

All the way from the farm to the great centers of industry—

Wherever electricity furnishes light, power and heat—

Safety must be assured;

protection against the fire and accident hazards of overloads, short-circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits must be secured. The way to obtain this safety and protection is to guard every electrical circuit in your home and in your plant with

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Always on duty, ready instantly to break the circuits when the wires carry excessive flows of current, Economy Fuses today are standardized protective devices in thousands of installations, where they have replaced less dependable, oftentimes dangerous, and invariably more costly devices of a similar nature.

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Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the United States Government Bureau of Standards. Send 5 cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for a printed copy of its report in book form. Or ask us for a free printed copy of a Summary of the Bureau of Standards finding.

THE business world has learned to look to Firestone engineers for vital improvements in tire service of every type. This Giant Truck Tire, originated by Firestone builders, is acclaimed by big business houses as the greatest advance in truck tire making.

These tires of massive single treads, from 7 inches to 14 inches in width, carry tremendous loads through road conditions impassable to other types.

From the northern forests to the Mexican border, in cities from coast to coast, this tire, exclusively Firestone, is demonstrating its many advantages.

Greater traction, smoother riding, more protection for truck and comfort for driver, extra wear, Most Miles per Dollar. Call in the Firestone man. He is unprejudiced. He has a type of tire for every load, road and condition of service.

HERE is the big, dominant note in pneumatic tires, the Firestone Cord. Here are all the recognized values of cord tire construction carried to a new and higher degree of satisfying service and economy.

The extra easy ride, highest speed when desired, full economy at all speeds, quick response to steering wheel, power and brake, Most Miles per Dollar, these features with added confidence against minor road troubles, will be your advantages on Firestone Cord Tires. Distinctive and elegant in its extra size, the Firestone Cord Tire is a practical example of the way in which Firestone engineers plan ahead and build today for the standards of tomorrow.

The skidless tread holds firm against slip or slide in any direction, without sacrifice of power efficiency. Your dealer and the nearest Firestone Branch unite to give you prompt, economical service.

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Randolph-Avon Concrete Road near Randolph, Mass. Built by the State Highway Commission. William D. Sohier, Chairman; Arthur W. Dean, Chief Engineer Powers Bros., Brockton, Mass., Contractors.

Avoid Waste in Road Building by Constructing Concrete Highways

THE demand for good roads in this country is widespread and insistent. Farmers are dependent upon them; motorists must have them, and the average city dweller who does not own a motor car is beginning to realize that the high cost of living is largely due to poor road transportation.

Millions have been appropriated for improving highways and millions are being spent annually. There is plenty of money in the country and plenty of willingness to spend it for a public need so vital. The problem now confronting the American people is *how* to plan, *how* to build and *how* to pay for its highways.

It is easy to waste money in temporary construction, in endless renewals and repairs, in roads which can not stand an enormously increased traffic.

Plan a System of Concrete Roads to Serve the Greatest Number of People

Build the system all at once so that you may enjoy the full benefit now. Pay for the roads with a bond issue spread over say twenty years, which an annual tax levy of a few cents per acre will liquidate.

Build them strong enough to stand future traffic. On improved roads traffic increases faster than population. This is true of railroads; it is equally true of highways. Traffic is drawn away from parallel routes.

Our highways are now being torn to pieces by a growing motor car traffic; but this is nothing to the punishment by heavy motor trucks which improved roads will have to stand. If the roads are not strong enough, they will have to be rebuilt in a few years at heavy expense to the community.

Main traveled highways should be built of concrete. It has the solidity and strength which make it the universal material for great engineering works.

Write for Bulletin No. 136 containing interesting facts about concrete roads. Then confer with your road officials.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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SALT LAKE CITY
Kearns Building
SAN FRANCISCO
Rialto Building
SEATTLE
Northern Bank & Trust Bldg

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 77)

Hen," James K. had laughed, "an' then your poor wife'd take in washin'."

"Wife! Huh! There ain't goin' to be no wife—or leastways not on'y one—five or six mebbe, one in each town like Bigamist Bill, but not jest one. Naw, don't pay lettin' petticoats boss you round, killin' all your fun!"

Well, but by heaven, the brat had been inspired! And he had lived up to his inspiration. All through these years James K. had never met Henry without the feeling that he was being pitied. It always made him both uncomfortable and indignant. But this morning, as he nodded, the feeling went much deeper.

"Poor dog! Poor dog!" Henry's eyes seemed to say. "There but for the grace of God goes Henry Wall!"

To escape from it, there being a small margin of time, James K. went hastily across the street and looked into the window of Al Yorke's Garage and Automobile Supplies Store. And here for the first time the black banshee that rode on his shoulder was thrown.

Circumstances and his father and mother had turned James K. into a bookkeeper; but his Maker had probably intended him for something quite different, for all his life he had found it impossible to pass a machine of any kind without a queer fluttering of his heart, without peculiar stirrings of his soul, and a gasoline engine reduced his will to dwell on other matters to veriest water. He was, in short, by way of being a mechanic of sorts, and in his capacity as such was in the habit of assuaging all petty sorrows by absorbing the free refreshment offered by Al Yorke's establishment.

If James K. Clifford lacked money and time of his own, he at least did not lack an idea of what he would do with them if he had them. He would have squandered them ruthlessly right here under Al Yorke's lintel. No schoolboy hungering before toy shop or confectioner's window ever let his mouth water more ardently than James K.'s before the motley collection of cars in the Yorke place, or the array of spark plugs, shock absorbers, wrenches, oilers, pressure gauges, and so forth, behind its dusty window panes.

For if there was anything in the world James K. wanted to do it was to manipulate a car—better still, dissect and assemble one. If motor cars had been invented during his youth, life would have been a vastly different matter. He would have been a smutty, greasy-fingered, happy mechanician playing round a place like this, instead of a shabby little blue-nosed bookkeeper this chilly morning.

Now, of course, he was too old to become one. Some years before, when the first devil wagons began to snort up and down Main Street, James K. had concocted a heroic scheme of his own. He would borrow a little capital—a very little was needed—and buy one of these precarious monsters and use it to haul passengers back and forth from the junction station. But mamma had well-nigh fainted at the idea of his becoming a bus driver, and even Fred Pennock, from whom he had hoped to get the capital, had smiled a little and had told him to stick to the books.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks, James K."

Out of his—as yet—unruffled submission James K. had meekly acquiesced, although he had not been exactly an old dog then. It was only that he had got an elderly crust, a little ahead of time. Now, of course, it was thicker than ever. So there was no hope for him really. He had never driven his car—nor expected to. To own one for pleasure was sheer madness in the thinking. Even to ride in one was unusual, for his few friends were not owners.

The best he could do was to drop into Al Yorke's and feast vicariously. For if he neither owned nor drove a car, he could at least watch that lucky dog Bill Harris juggle Judge Parker's carburetor or snoop into Silas Carey's ignition. Indeed, if Silas or the judge were present, he might even venture a few timid, not unintelligent comments. In his secret soul he felt he knew a great deal more about cars than either of these fortunate ones. For although only a spectator in the game, he was a patient and painstaking student of all the literature on the subject that he could gather. Magazine articles and advertising catalogues, pamphlets and folders, he devoured everything.

He never left Al Yorke's without a few oil-grimed sheets that expounded some new mystery of engine adjustment. And if the cars themselves in Al's shop intrigued him, the array of accessories was no less stimulating. Even if a man can never own a car, he is a poor man indeed who cannot own a part or two. The idea was, of course, patently absurd. Still the whole is equal to the sum of all the parts, and if a man were humble-minded and patient, and began quietly to collect a few essentials—of which Al's secondhand counter offered an excellent assortment, and cheap at that—he might in time get a little stuff together to play round with—and manage quite a bit of pleasure—pending his financial millennium. James K. knew of a young fellow on an outlying farm who had assembled a whole car in this fashion. He had got a dismantled engine and added the rest of it piecemeal. James K. had even seen the car, and though, humble man that he was, he would not have cared to ride through town in it, the idea allured him.

Once or twice in the past he had made a small purchase, sneaking it, with a guilty conscience, into the old cherry cupboard left by a former owner in the woodhouse down at the end of his garden. He went at odd moments and got them out and handled them and played with them, mentally projecting from their base a whole imaginary structure. Though the cost had been insignificant, the happiness he had derived had been lasting and poignant. But he was always very much ashamed of himself afterward, and on each occasion had vowed never to repeat this folly.

Now he felt suddenly equal to any deviltry, and remembering Henry Wall he took a new and totally different kind of vow:

"I'll stop in on the way back at noon and buy something—buy a whole lot if I want to. Why not? I guess it's my own money."

Was it indeed? Well, no harm to say so.

Perhaps this truculent mood might have evaporated quickly, but when he reached the corner, there was Henry Wall coming across the street carrying his old leather satchel.

"Off to the daily grind, James K.?" he inquired pleasantly, with the usual gloating pity in his eyes.

James K. grunted.

"I suppose you're not," he said bitterly.

"Oh, well—kinda. I'm off on the eight-two for the city. There's an automobile show on over there and I've got a client wants to combine business and pleasure. Back at six to-night!"

Business and pleasure indeed! Was Henry Wall's life anything but a ceaseless round of pleasure? A red mist rose suddenly before James K. Over there in the city Henry would be dawdling all day, smoking his extravagant five-cent cigars and ogling at the ranks of mechanical beauties he didn't care about anyhow. Thrown pearls! And where would he be? Hanging over his accursed books, totting up pounds and hundredweights, milled wheat, oats, buckwheat! That was his day! Gods! It wasn't fair!

Oh, it was a dark fever, a desperate poison, that by this time burned in James K.'s veins! And it persisted. So much so that at noon, without a single toot from conscience, he marched boldly into Al Yorke's place and made his purchases without a tremor.

"Ain't goin' to set up for yourself, are you?" Al laughed pleasantly.

Set up for himself—how literally true Al's words! The bundle that bulged beneath his arm, as he walked out, had cost him twenty-five dollars—twenty-five carefully planned and allotted dollars, laid aside for necessary incoming bills. And he had used them for himself—the price of freedom. He had spent them for the things he hungered for: A speedometer, a siren, a set of excellent motor-car tools. Boldly he walked home and into his yard and down to the woodhouse and thrust his purchases deep into the recesses of the cherry cupboard.

When he got into the house mamma, sewing in the dining room, looked up at him anxiously:

"You look kinda pale, papa. You better go lie on the divan."

He didn't wish to lie down, but the point was not worth arguing, so he obeyed.

"Mabel, you run fetch papa's slippers. I fixed a peach cobbler for your dinner, papa. I'll have it all ready in a minute."

A peach cobbler was the dish he dearly loved, and mamma made poems of them—symphonies of flaky pastry, honeyed peaches and thick cream. But he wasn't going to be seduced by a peach cobbler, or slippers,

or any other little misleading attentions that came too late. He was his own man at last. He lay still now and drew the divan cover up about his ears and listened to the bold leaping of the blood in his veins. It was as though it exulted with him at the daring thing he had just done.

II

WONDERFUL what being a free man meant! What a curious tingling of pulse, what quavers and tremors of limb! As he walked back to the feed mill at one o'clock, he noted all these phenomena. When he reached Al Yorke's place he said quite boldly:

"Next pay day I'll buy some more."

His peonage was quite finished. To-night, when mamma produced her travel movie tickets, he would stand his ground boldly. Not even an excuse. He would simply refuse to go. Afterward he would take his coat and lantern and go down and look over the stuff he had bought. By Gee, it was time he looked out for himself a little! Let 'em hunt up someone else to carry the load if it didn't suit 'em. He had not whistled in many years, being an unassertive man, given to silence. Now he began to whistle—a wry one-sided phrase.

"You don't look well, James K.," young Simpson told him out at the mill, and even Miss Preston, the stenographer, made the same comment.

It was bunk, of course, or just his new personality getting properly fledged. His head ached a little and his hand was not quite steady, that was all. Did freedom make a man sick? Nonsense!

By three his head was pounding like a trip hammer and he had made two wrong entries. At six he let himself into his house and sought the divan, without waiting an invitation.

Mamma, coming home from a church-committee meeting, found him there. She came up and touched his forehead with a cool hand.

"Poor papa, what's wrong?" she asked.

"My head," he moaned feebly. For just a minute he fought a wild impulse to pull mamma down to him and confess.

"Poor thing, I'll make you some wine toast for supper." He moaned again and drew the divan cover high about his ears. It was too bad. Mamma could be as nice as the dickens, and to come on him like this just when he had got nerved up —— But mamma was leaving the room—or nearly.

"Oh, I forgot," she said, "though maybe you won't want to bother with it now—not feeling good. There's a letter came in for you on the afternoon mail. I put it up here by the clock."

"Lemme see," he grunted.

It was a businesslike legal-looking envelope, with a typed address, that mamma put into his hand.

"From Minneapolis—the postmark. Could it be about your Aunt Janet?"

James K. broke the seal and read.

For just a moment mamma thought he would faint, he grew so white. He gave a queer choking laugh and thrust the letter into her hand. It was her own turn to swoon.

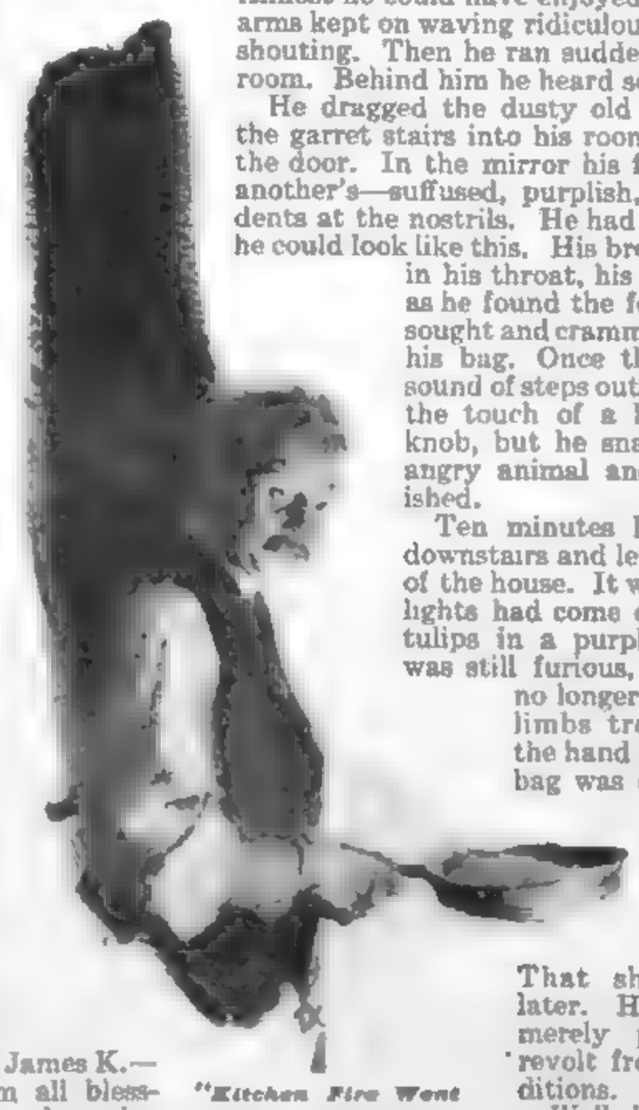
"A legacy . . . five hundred dollars . . . your Aunt Janet . . . why, I never thought . . . oh, papa—oh, James K.—oh, praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Mamma always leaned a little to the theatrical. Tears had risen to her eyes. Her cheeks grew crimson. Strange! It was not mamma's Aunt Janet!

James K. reached for the letter again and drew a deep incredulous breath.

"Don't seem it can be true," he muttered; "didn't know she had a cent above the burial expenses. But it must be true when they send the draft."

Oh, yes, it was real money. An honest-to-goodness, bona-fide New York draft.

"Don't hardly seem it can be true," he muttered again. Five hundred! Incredible! Mamma was crying openly; and Mabel, running in, joined her.



"Kitchen Fire Went Out, So I Had to Use the Wood"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, the way we've worked, the way we've pinched—your papa and I—and to have this fall right out of the clouds into our laps; think think what it means!"

James K. was already thinking. It was the chance of his lifetime. The one mad impossible boon fortune could confer upon him. Once and once only could it happen to a man. It was the handiwork of Fate herself. If he could have this thing he would never complain again. Five hundred! Five hundred unaccounted for!

"And you can buy 'em for less'n that—with a little margin—and I have a few things—for less'n five hundred!"

"Oh, my dear, oh, papa, it's an answer to prayer, that's all. With all the things we need I haven't known how we'd make ends meet this year, and now you can start right in on your lessons in the city at once, Mabel. We can get a Saturday commutation for you. And the parlor, papa! You said yourself last year how shabby the rug and the furniture were getting. Now we can fix up decent all round. And we ought to have electricity put in. Perhaps we'll have enough left to have a real vacation this summer—enough clothes all round, and some nice hotel place with young folks, so Mabel can make some new friends. Oh, it seems too good to be true."

Was the woman mad? For a moment James K. could not speak. He stood transfixed, a strange cold fear clutching his heart. Was it to drop into his hands only to be lost? Was he to be vampired even of this? Oh, he would show them—show them! All at once he ran amuck. He could not tell what he was saying. He felt the blood pounding in his head, knew that his arms were waving wildly.

"Mine—mine!" he heard a far-off voice shouting. "I've sweated and toiled for you grafters long enough. Now I'm going to have something I want—something for myself. This money is mine, I tell you, mine!"

It was incredible. He had never in his life stood up to anyone before. Even in his fury he felt an utter amazement at himself. He saw his wife's stricken face—Mabel's, pale, frightened. Oh, he had them all right! He was his own man truly! Almost he could have enjoyed himself. His arms kept on waving ridiculously, his voice shouting. Then he ran suddenly from the room. Behind him he heard sobbing.

He dragged the dusty old valise down the garret stairs into his room and locked the door. In the mirror his face was like another's—suffused, purplish, with white dents at the nostrils. He had not dreamed he could look like this. His breath whistled in his throat, his hands shook as he found the few things he sought and crammed them into his bag. Once there was the sound of steps outside his door, the touch of a hand on the knob, but he snarled like an angry animal and they vanished.

Ten minutes later he ran downstairs and let himself out of the house. It was dark, and lights had come out like gold tulips in a purple field. He was still furious, but he was no longer warm. His limbs trembled and the hand that held his bag was cold. Where was he going? He did not know—had not even thought. That should come later. His going was merely part of his revolt from old conditions.

Well, but he must go somewhere now, right away.

Then he saw, just ahead, the house of Henry Wall, and he ran up the steps and pounded furiously on its door.

III

HENRY WALL was stewing oysters in a spider over his open fire. He had come in on the six-fifteen and had stopped to bring home a paper box of the sea food, which he had tumbled into the spider with a pint of milk and a great lump of butter. The stew was boiling briskly and smelled

(Continued on Page 84

How a father and son achieved the ideal watch

(And so an ideal watch for a graduation gift to your son)

THIS is the story of the ideal of two master watchmakers, father and son, and how they achieved it.

Years ago, when our grandmothers were girls, there came to this country a young Swiss watch manufacturer and brilliant horologist, Dietrich Gruen.

Here he established a factory for the making of cases to enclose the movements made in Switzerland. Here he settled, and began building the foundation for the great industry that today bears his name.

Dietrich Gruen was a man of ideals. At that time watches were pudgy, clumsy things, called "turnips"—and with reason.

Dietrich Gruen's ideal was to reduce the size and thickness of watches and to make them more beautiful, while maintaining the highest horological standard.

After years of work he succeeded in producing what is now known as the "16" size watch, for many years thereafter the popular size watch, and the size made today by all watch-makers for railroad use.

But the "16" size did not materially reduce the thickness of watches, and Dietrich Gruen had pictured in his mind a watch that would be not more than half the thickness of the ordinary watch—slender, compact, aristocratic.

He sought for a principle that would enable him to make this watch of half the ordinary thickness without reducing the size or strength of a single part. For years he studied and experimented.

In the meantime, Dietrich Gruen's eldest son had grown to manhood, and been trained here and abroad in the watch-making skill of his race. This eldest son, Fred, now took up with his father the latter's ambition to produce a Verithin watch and together they worked to realize it.

How they at last accomplished it is shown by the wheel train illustration above.

In Europe and America the Gruen Verithin immediately took the lead as the thinnest accurate watch made and the most beautiful—a position it has held ever since.

With cunning fingers the watchmakers of Madre-Biel, Switzerland, adjust and finish the machine-made parts by hand after the original model. In Cincinnati, located on "Time Hill," is the beautiful *American Service Plant and Gold-Case Factory*, where the gold cases are made and the watches receive their final adjustments. Here, too, duplicate parts are kept always on hand.

GRUEN
VERITHIN WATCH
The Most Beautiful Watch in America

The demand for these watches during the past seven years being greater than the production, obliges us to limit their sale through about 1,200 jeweler agencies, but those who want a watch for long service, a watch in whose accuracy and beauty they will always take pride, will find among the best jewelers in every locality one or two who are proud to display the Gruen agency sign as shown here.

Fixed prices: $27.50 to $200. Ultra-thins $165 to $250. Dietrich Gruens $400 to $650. Highest perfection attainable in grades marked "Precision."

If your jeweler cannot supply you write us naming model you are interested in, and we will arrange for a demonstration. THE GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. B Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Makers of the famous Gruen Watchmaker's Guild 1874 Fabriques: Switzerland and Montreal, Canada Branches: London, Canada

W 839, 14K solid gold with finely adjusted movement Louis XIV dial with raised gold figures. New style link bracelet $5[illegible] Conservative style $[illegible] W 839—With silk ribbon $50—Others $25 to $650

$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior—a 40-h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase

Mitchell SIXES

$1460 F. o. b. Racine
7-Passenger—48 Horsepower
127-inch Wheelbase

You'll Want These Extras
In a Lifetime Car

Mr. John W. Bate, the builder of Mitchells, insists on a lifetime car.

You may, in a few years, want a new car. But somebody else will get yours. And we aim to build Mitchells which will render 200,000 miles of service. We have actually proved that they will.

So we embody in Mitchells many features now called extras. Most current cars omit them. But the time is coming, in our opinion, when all fine cars will have them.

They Cost $4,000,000

These Mitchell extras, on this year's output, will cost us about $4,000,000. They include 31 unique features, 24 per cent added luxury and 100 per cent over-strength.

The special features include a power tire pump, reversible headlights, an extra-cost carburetor, a dashboard engine primer.

They include rear springs which never yet have broken, and which make the car ride like an airplane.

The extra luxury includes heat-fixed finish—deep, lustrous and enduring. It includes extra-grade leather, and many dainty touches. There is a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables.

This year we have added several hundred thousand dollars to the beauty-cost of Mitchells.

Extra Strength

But the chief Mitchell distinction is its 100 per cent over-strength. In the past three years we have doubled our margins of safety. But this new standard is first advertised this year.

We have proved that too-light cars don't last long. They are lacking in endurance. Under shock or strain, some part is apt to yield.

We have proved that it pays in the long run to use much steel alloy. We have almost abandoned castings. Over 440 parts in present Mitchells are made of toughened steel. The driving parts are all of Chrome-Vanadium. And important parts are vastly oversize.

We test our gears for 50,000 pounds per tooth. We test our steels in a crushing machine which exerts 200,000 pounds pressure. We test our springs for 100,000 4-inch vibrations.

We believe that Mitchells as built today will outlive most of their owners. And that this extra strength will, on the average, save hundreds of dollars per car.

Note that these standards are applied in cars at modest prices. And despite today's record cost for steel. Such values as these would be utterly impossible, save for Mitchell efficiency methods.

Engineers well know this. Your Mitchell dealer will show you the list of the great engineers who own Mitchells.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.
Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore.
Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also six styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also new Club Roadster.

31 Extra Features
24% Added Luxury
100% Over-Strength

Mitchell SIXES

Two Sizes
$1150-$1460
F. o. b. Racine

Exclusive Body Styles
A New $1150 Six

Mitchell bodies are built in our own body plant. They are designed by our own experts, and built by our own craftsmen. So every style is distinctively a Mitchell.

Before designing these bodies, our experts and artists examined 257 new models. So the Mitchells combine all the current attractions. We believe that each style shows more pleasing features than any other similar type.

This new body plant saves us the profits we once paid body makers. All that saving goes this year into added luxury. So the Mitchells today are the handsomest cars in their class.

Now a Mitchell Junior

In addition to the big seven-passenger Mitchell we now build Mitchell Junior. It is not a small car—the wheelbase is 120 inches. But it enables the buyer to save what he should if he wants a five-passenger car.

Mitchell Junior—$1150 at factory—offers a value which seems unbelievable in these times of high cost. It is convincing evidence of our factory efficiency. But the larger Mitchell offers identical value.

Where Mitchell Excels

You will wonder how we build such cars, and so equip them, at the Mitchell prices.

The reason lies with John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert. He built and equipped this entire plant to build this one type economically.

The plant now covers 45 acres. It has a capacity of 25,000 cars yearly. There are over 2000 up-to-date machines, each designed to save time and cost.

Mr. Bate's methods, on this year's output, will save us $4,000,000. And that $4,000,000 is what pays for all these extras.

It has taken us years to attain this efficiency. It has cost us some millions of dollars. But the result, we believe, is the finest plant in the world building cars of the Mitchell class.

It has also taken years to bring the Mitchell up to its present standard. This is the 19th model built under Mr. Bate. It embodies the results of 700 improvements.

See these Mitchells in both sizes at your local showroom. Go over the extras one by one. Note their luxurious bodies and their smart designs. Take an engineer with you, if you can, and go over the chassis with him. Do that, and you are bound to choose the Mitchell if you buy any car in its class.

See the new convertible models for all the year around. See the new Club Roadster. See the closed cars in which all windows drop. You will find just the style you want.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

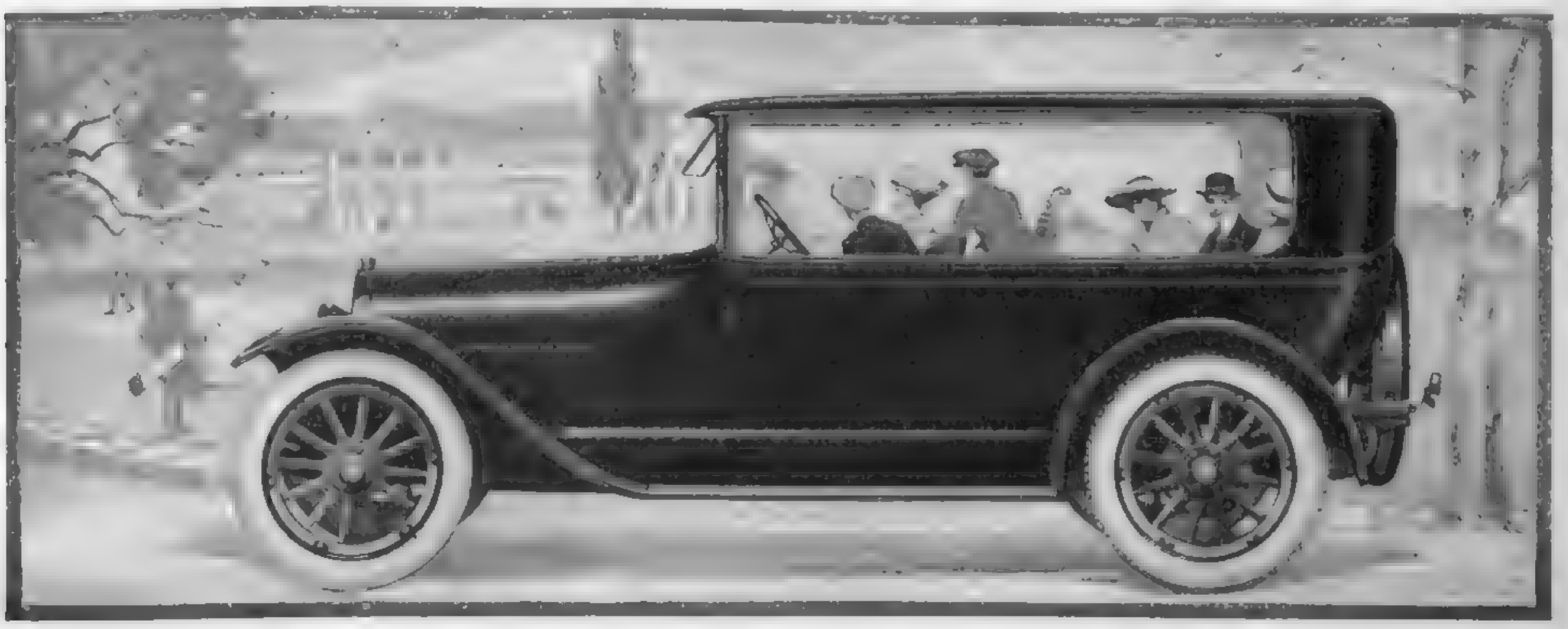
Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupé	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.



Quality Kept Up

THIS is the Shirt with the "Quality Kept Up"—the way it comes back from the Laundry *proves* it.

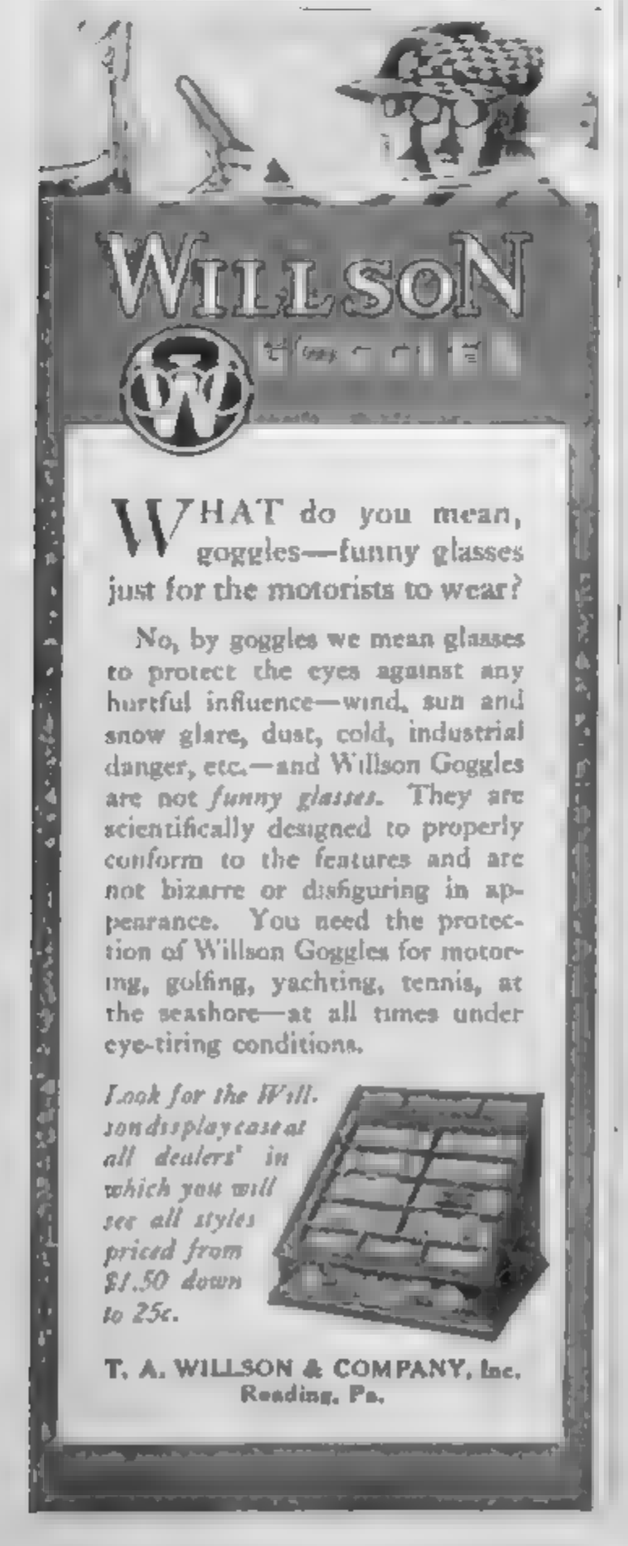
If *you* wish *Satisfaction*—every time—wear

HALLMARK SHIRTS

Every Shirt is built up to the Hallmark Standard—a grade that we guarantee in fabric, fast colors and workmanship—the same high quality, every season.

Hallmark is offered in most every design that well-dressed men desire—ask for Hallmark Shirts.

Hall, Hartwell & Co. Troy, N. Y.
Makers of Sidewell Collars



WHAT do you mean, goggles—funny glasses just for the motorists to wear?

No, by goggles we mean glasses to protect the eyes against any hurtful influence—wind, sun and snow glare, dust, cold, industrial danger, etc.—and Willson Goggles are not *funny glasses*. They are scientifically designed to properly conform to the features and are not bizarre or disfiguring in appearance. You need the protection of Willson Goggles for motoring, golfing, yachting, tennis, at the seashore—at all times under eye-tiring conditions.

Look for the Willson display case at all dealers' in which you will see all styles priced from $1.50 down to 25c.

T. A. WILLSON & COMPANY, Inc.
Reading, Pa.

(Continued from Page 81)

delicious, when he led James K. into the room.

"Glad to see you, James K.," he had cried; "you haven't honored me in some years this way. Going on a journey?"

"No—I—yes—I—thinking some of it," James K. had mumbled. Then the stew had boiled over on the embers, and Henry had run to attend to it.

It was a comfortable old room, brown, nondescript but pleasant—painted Windsor chairs, crackle of open flame, and an old hound curled up before. A bit dusty—oh, quite a bit. And the table cluttered up worse than anything he had ever seen at home—newspapers, legal copy, Henry's tobacco, living and dead, all merrily mingled. He caught the date of a top newspaper—more than a month old. To make room for his supper now, Henry merely extended an elbow and pushed. Some of the books and papers on the far end retreated graciously to the floor. A little puff of dust rose out of the rug as they did so. On the cleared space Henry spread a cloth—no longer fresh.

"You've got to cut in on this deal, James K. I'm late an' I know it, but there's never anybody to care, of course. Kitchen fire went out, too, so I had to use the wood. That's where you married boys got the bulge on us old baches—havin' everything waitin' for you!"

He got out two soup plates of different design and poured the stew, added a bag of rolls, a paper box of crackers from a side cupboard, and swept up an extra chair.

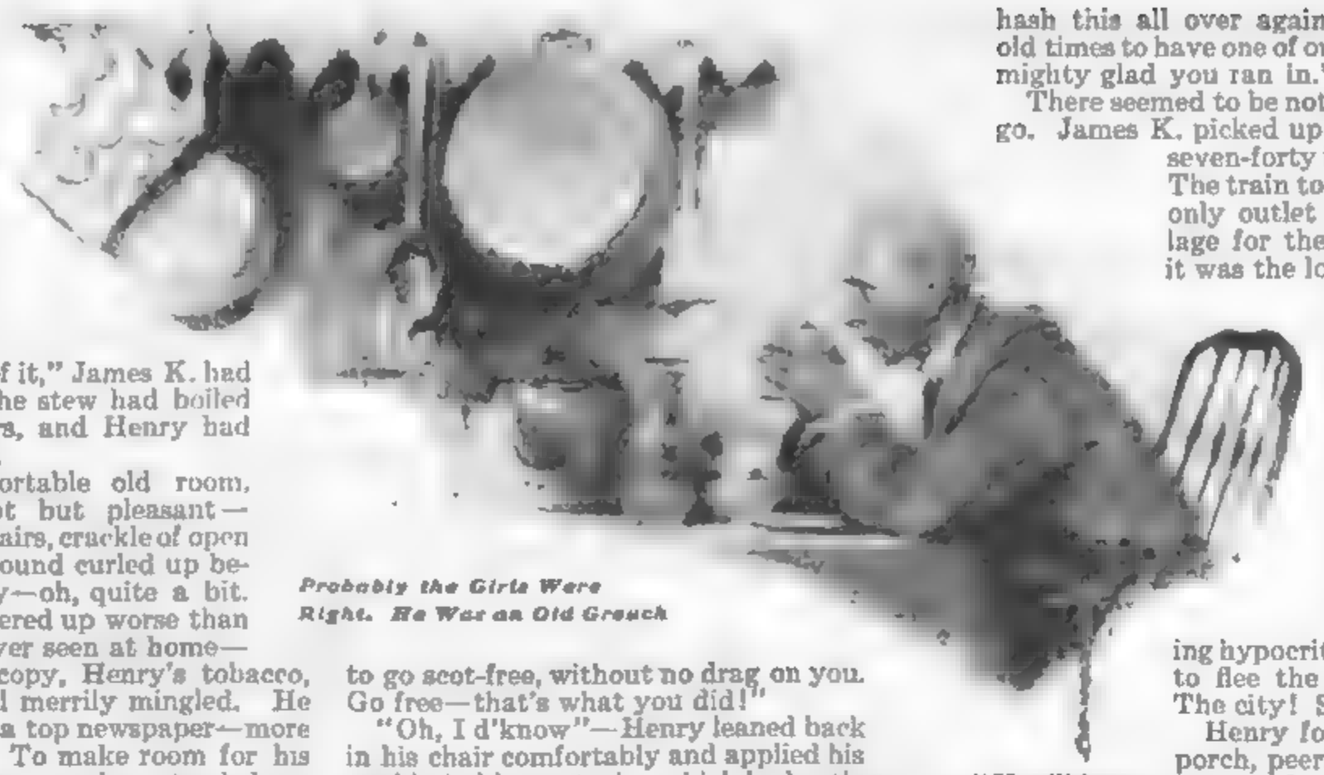
"I'll set the tea brewing in a jiffy. And I got a can of cherries too, but not like mother used to make."

Automatically and just to prove how calm he was, James K. drew up. The soup smelled better than it looked. It had got full of little flakes of charred wood, and the oysters had cooked themselves into little leathery pellets. But the taste was there all right. Henry was certainly some cook. The hot fluid going down his throat sent new life into his veins, drove out the queer cold reaction that had come upon him. He began to talk, loudly, assertively.

At first he talked along general lines—in particular, about that hypothetical man whose theoretical activities are so often adjusted. A man should do this and that; a man should think this and that; have this privilege or that. So, James K. propounded largely, impersonally. But he very shortly got down to brass tacks and the concrete example—to Henry Wall.

"You've made a wonderful thing of it, Henry. 'Member our old talks when we was boys—how you always did plan

He Had Made a Small Purchase, Sneaking It Into the Old Cherry Cupboard



Probably the Girls Were Right. He Was an Old Grouch

to go scot-free, without no drag on you. Go free—that's what you did!"

"Oh, I d'know"—Henry leaned back in his chair comfortably and applied his napkin to his mustache, which had rather a whipped-dog look, being still a little under the influence of the now-defunct stew—"I d'know, James K. Strikes me there ain't any of us gets off scot-free, as you tell about. I had mother a lot of the time, an' I never appreciated what a rudderless male I really was till she went. A fellow had ought to get married and have his ties."

"Bosh, pure bosh." The plates and spoons leaped under James K.'s valiant fist.

"Oh, I don't agree, James K. When a fellow gets along now—in years, I mean, like me—it's a grand thing to have a family. You boys that go hobbled got your compensations all right. A home ain't a home without a woman." He searched among the rubbish of his table for his box of cigars.

"You—talkin' like this," sneered James K. "Why you're goin' back on the gospel you've lived to. Sounds pretty—comin' from an old bachelor like you!"

"But that might be because I hadn't any choice, James K.—made the way I am. Wouldn't think it, would you? I don't look like the kind of fellow that took ten years or so to get up nerve enough to hold a woman up and ask her to marry me—and then quit before I even began, of cold feet, and have to watch her walk off and marry somebody else!"

"You! Get out!" James K. snorted.

"Fact. I'd be as good and solid a married man as any of the boys round here, if I'd had a little more ginger the spring before Em Carson married Lester Lewis. I'd not tell this to just anyone, but I've set round a good many winter nights just seein' Em—or somebody the spit of her—tidyin' up this hole of mine and makin' me toe the mark. And those three boys of hers—I've seen 'em in here too, James K.!"

"You're crazy, Henry!" It was hideous, like seeing a loved idol topple off its pedestal. Had the man no mercy?

"No, I'm not crazy, James K. Em would ha' made me a good wife if I hadn't backed and filled so much—Em liked me, I could see that myself—a fine wife, as good as your missus, and everybody knows she's A No. 1. No, sir, James K., there ain't so much in this freedom game but one damn long loneliness. Fellow pays for what he gets out of life, anyway he lives. And a man had ought to have real roots in life—like you, now. I never see you 'thout thinkin' how lucky you are, with your fine hustlin' missus and that pretty little girl. My gosh, but she can play well, too—not that I understand that loud fancy playing, but anybody can just see how good it is. No, sir, James K., you can just take off your hat to yourself for the lucky man you are!"

"You're talkin' like a fool, Henry," he fairly shouted the words. He felt an uncontrollable desire to go hysterical again. The very ground itself was slipping under his feet. "It's nonsense—what you're talkin'. You know it in your heart. Free! That's what a man really wants—what he's got to be——"

But Henry Wall was not listening. He had taken out his watch.

"Don't want to hurry you, James K., but if you're catchin' the seven-forty up, you've got just six minutes. You an' me'll hash this all over again. Seems like old times to have one of our spouts. I'm mighty glad you ran in."

There seemed to be nothing to do but go. James K. picked up his bag. The seven-forty in six minutes. The train to the city—the only outlet from the village for the night. Well, it was the logical thing to do, there being nothing else for him. His one hope, his one refuge destroyed, James K. fumbled toward the door. Not for years of his life would he lay bare his soul to this recanting hypocrite. He wanted to flee the sight of him. The city! So be it.

Henry followed to the porch, peering after him.

"You'll have to run at that. Better take the short cut through Poplar Lane. Mind the gate there, and don't fall over that loose flag! Awful glad you came, James K.!"

Poplar Lane was a strip of midnight, threading between the lighter highways. Automatically James K. began to trot. Once he ran into a gnarled tree usurping the midwalk, country fashion. Once he ran off the walk into the gutter. Midway he heard the distant whistle of an engine, and he took to the narrow road then, running faster.

Just at the corner there came the blare of a motor horn, a scalding bath of light, a rush, a sudden roar, something dark and huge bearing down, swerving. For an instant James K. had stood confused, his arms extended foolishly. Then, as the thing swerved he swerved with it, and he went down into a fathomless well of blackness.

IV

HE EMERGED very slowly. He came up through varying strata of light and shade into a blinding whiteness. It took him some minutes to accustom his eyes to it. Then he perceived that he was in a place he had never seen before—a great hall with tall pointed windows. Right above him was a colored legend, like the Christmas mottoes in Sunday school:

The Department of Small Timers.

Then he heard a vast whisper about him and he saw he was not alone. He stood, indeed, right in the front ranks of a mighty army of men—an endless array of dark-clad figures, unimportant figures like his own—small-time men like himself. Some of them he recognized easily. Young Will Rogers, who had such a struggle to keep up appearances with his big family and his little bank-clerk salary; Eddy Wilbur, who worked in the post office and who got up early mornings to cook his kids' breakfast, his wife being a hopeless invalid; Reverend Mr. Kearns, who had to be respectable on half of nothing at all; Hen Matthews, whose nose was always on Deacon Passmore's grindstone, trying to pay for a home and put a girl through normal school; old Doc Wilson, who was as shabby as they make 'em, and gave all the fees he could collect to that young ass, Rob, his son, to go through the university with; Fern Willard, who was paring cheese like a house afire, so he could marry poor Myra Star and go on paring. Oh, there were many more than these. They disappeared out into space like a human algebraic progression. Some of them came from the country towns of the earth, some from its farms, and others from the city byways. All of them were eminently respectable, a little haggard about the eyes, shabby genteel of dress. Most of them showed the marks of an unceasing economy—frayed cuffs, threadbare collars, shiny pant legs, a glove with here and there a mended thumb.

"By heaven, there are a lot of us," reflected James K.

And suddenly he heard a voice addressing this mighty crowd. And he realized that it was himself who was speaking.

He was standing before them in his old working clothes, very red in the face, his faded hair erect, his arms thrashing up and down.

"Fellows," he was crying, "this thing has gone far enough. We have fought the good fight—we are fighting it every hour.

(Concluded on Page 87)

HUDSON Rules—With 33,000 Users

In any crowd of fine cars, note how the Hudson Super-Six dominates. Never before was first place held by a car at the Hudson price.

But Hudson engineers gave to the world the marvelous Super-Six motor. By minimizing friction, 80 per cent was added to motor efficiency, and increased endurance to a limit not yet discovered.

This was demonstrated by winning all the worth-while records. No other car in the world—though many trials have been made—has equaled what it has done. So naturally it outsells any car with a price above $1100.

Today, there are 33,000 owners who have proved it the greatest car that's built.

In the latest models, its lines and detail completely round out its title to the ruling car. In beauty, finish, style, in luxury and distinction, no one can mistake its place.

The Hudson Super-Six has also many other unique and exclusive features. One is the shutter arrangement on the radiator by which many of the disadvantages of the present poor quality of gasoline are minimized.

Many men will this spring buy a fine car, to serve for years to come. More such men will choose Hudson Super-Six than any other car.

What will you do? Go and see.

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1650
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1950
Touring Sedan	2175
Speedster, 4-passenger,	1750
Town Car	2925
Town Car Landaulet	3025
Limousine	2925
Limousine Landaulet	3025

(All prices f. o. b. Detroit

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

HUDSON SUPER SIX

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

JAPAN comes to WALTHAM for TIME

Japan, demanding the best products of the civilized world to build her empire, came to Waltham for Railroad Time

GREAT nations, their railroads and millions of people all over the civilized world are guided daily over the road of time by Waltham watches.

Japan demanded the world's best watch. She sent her horologists all over the earth to find it. They crossed oceans—searched Europe—and then came to Waltham.

While you can purchase that same world's time-keeping masterpiece from your dealer, Japan has proved for you Waltham superiority over the best watches of London, Switzerland and Paris.

This Waltham world-supremacy is the reason why there are more Waltham watches used to-day by the railroads of the world and in the United States and Canada than all other makes combined.

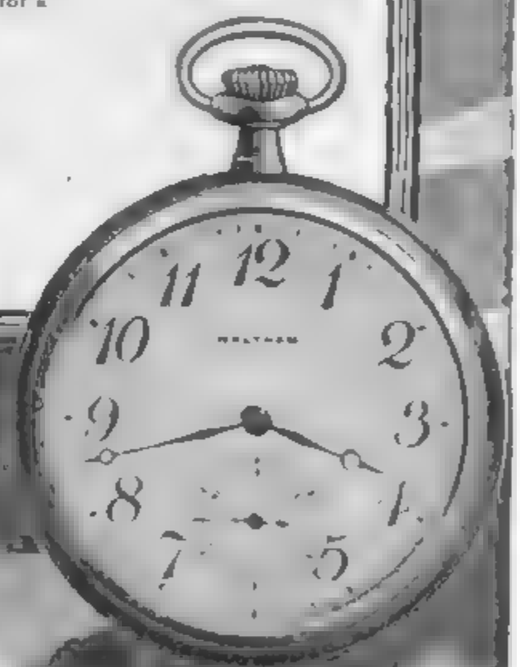
Waltham was the first Watch Company to make watches exclusively for railroad use, and nearly every important advancement in watch making has come from the Waltham laboratories.

Your dealer will tell you why the Waltham meets the rigid time inspection of every great railroad in the world. He will show you beautiful designs—watches which for precision and dependability are unexcelled in Europe or America.

In addition to the Waltham world famous Vanguard Railroad Watch, there is the equally far-famed Waltham RIVERSIDE—without doubt a watch that for the utmost dependability and desirable accuracy, combined with a moderate price, is unrivaled in all the world. The universal reputation of Waltham for fine watch making is fully represented in these high-grade timepieces. The Riverside is built of the finest material, enshrining all those Waltham superiorities which have created the Waltham world-standard of merit. The Riverside comes in five sizes, three for men and two for women. Your jeweler will show you watch beauty, precision, reliability and moderate cost if you ask for a Waltham RIVERSIDE.

The **RIVERSIDE**
The most dependable moderate price watch in the world.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
WALTHAM, MASS.
MONTREAL: 189 ST. JAMES STREET
Manufacturers of the Waltham Speedometer and Automobile Clocks



WALTHAM

There is Nothing in the World
So Watchful Over Time as the WALTHAM Watch

(Concluded from Page 84)

If we are earth's also-rans, we are likewise its backbone. It is time we were appreciated. We have sacrificed ourselves long enough. It is time we demanded our rights as men!"

He saw they were not listening. They were looking instead at someone who had come up behind him. And he saw to his embarrassment that it was an angel, in a long shining robe, with gigantic silver wings. Then he saw that the angel, strangely, had the face of Henry Wall—even wore Henry's old gray fedora and ready-made lavender tie, and he felt relieved.

"What is all this noise about, James K.?" asked the angel, and as he spoke he deposited a great leathern book on the table, fastened with heavy silver clasps.

"I was telling these men what they have really been doing."

"That is unnecessary. It is recorded here." The angel touched the book, and a shiver ran through James K. It was, of course, the Judgment Book. Then the angel's voice grew suddenly stern:

"And who are you to address these good people? What have you to say for yourself? It is all here recorded! Answer to this!" He whirled the pages with incredible swiftness and raised an accusing finger.

"James K. Clifford, answer to this! One set motor tools, style G; one motor siren, vibrator type; one speedometer! Speak!"

"Oh, angel," protested his detached self humbly, "I know it was madness, but I was so beset." He gathered courage. These people should hear him.

"I was a boy, only twenty-two, when I got married. I was a bookkeeper for Laird & Williams, at ten a week. I had hoped the year before I became engaged to look out for something better, some line I liked better. I wasn't satisfied with myself. Then I fell in love. Laird & Williams put me up to twelve, and we began housekeeping in that little house on Baxter Street. I still hoped to make a change, but Mabel was born presently, and Belle had typhoid fever, and we got behind a little—never did get caught up for a good many years. It would have been folly to change, then. Laird & Williams kept putting me up till I had sixty a month; and right after, the feed mill offered me seventy-five. I've been with 'em ever since, with three small raises. I've worked regular, never missing a day except the ten days I had the grippe, back in nineteen seven, and going many days when the rheumatism was awful bad in my shoulder. I've never had a real man's vacation since I got married—never had a day, even Sunday, to call my own—not two hours to spend as I darn please. And never a dollar I could lay claim to, bold and open, for my own. And so—I got tired—that's all—tired—tired!" His voice rose to a screech, and the Henry Wall angel rapped the Book, frowning.

"That's all from you, James K. Clifford. You are a renegade, a traitor to the rest of your fellows"

It was not true.

"I tell you I have fought," he screamed; "I have fought the fight. Listen to me, Henry!"

It all fell away again. Darkness came like a wall. From behind it an invisible hand moved his head.

"Open your mouth!" a voice said gently.

He recognized the Nottingham curtains first, then the trout begonia. He might not have correlated matters from the curtains alone, but he knew that begonia with its silver-speckled leaves. It had stood all of one winter in the sunniest living-room window, displacing the chair in which he had liked to sit on a Sunday afternoon. Afterward it had been carried to the spare room. So he knew exactly where he was. He was in his own house—in the very room from which he had emerged that morning.

At a faint sound he realized also that he was not alone. He looked up to see mamma bending over him. And, for some absurd reason, as she looked at him she burst into tears. If he had not felt so strangely weak he would have been a little provoked. If anyone wept surely it should be himself.

"What's wrong? How'd I get here?" he asked. He was surprised at the thinness of his own voice. Mamma seemed to notice it, too, for she wept harder than ever and fell to her knees beside him, and taking his hand began to stroke it.

"Oh, papa, thank God, you know me!"

Why, of course, he knew her, though at second glance there was something unfamiliar about her—a look of pallor and strain and staleness. She looked as if she had been out all night—many nights in fact. Her eyes looked puffed and swollen, as from much weeping. Then it all cleared for him. He had been hurt and they had brought him here. But mamma mustn't cry like that. The very sound brought a queer thick lump to his throat.

"Belle—mamma—don't!" he said. He tried to draw his hand away and found horribly that he could not. He had not strength to move it. Even the effort to speak consumed him. And with his weakness came a flaring fear.

"Am I hurt—bad?"

His legs, his back! He couldn't move. Paralyzed perhaps.

"Just weak, dear, just dreadfully weak. The big car never touched you, though at the time I thought . . . oh, papa—oh, Jim, if we had lost you! I'll never forget how I felt when they carried you in; I could have died. And to lie here and not know anything these two weeks! Mabel and I have been nearly crazy. You called us Henry Wall all the time and talked dreadful. You've had a fever, papa, that was it. Doctor says you must have been coming down with it all that day when you talked and acted so funny, and then when you fell there was a lot of shock and it all went to your brain.

"All you've got to do now is to get strong again. And you can have all the time you want. They're keeping your place at the mill for you. You needn't worry about that. Al Parker said for you to take it good and slow. You've stuck by 'em steady all these years and they appreciate it. You ought to have heard the minister on Sunday too. He asked the prayers of everyone for you—and got 'em too—and told how faithful and honorable you've been all these years—how good to me and Mabel, as though we didn't know." She choked suddenly. "That child's been like one possessed about you, Jim. She's asked the doctor more'n a dozen times if givin' some of her blood would help you. She got some notion of it in a paper and she couldn't give it up. I do believe if anything had happened ——"

Was it possible they cared like this?

Long after mamma had tiptoed from the room that he might have his recuperative sleep, he lay awake and thinking. He was thinking of mamma—of the girl who had been in the blue frock with those big sleeves years ago, and of the woman who was, with her pale, tear-stained face touched by time. Life had been hard on mamma too. As much as himself she had been bondsman to the years. He remembered the feel of her finger when it touched his face—rough with a myriad needlepricks. Mamma was eternally sewing for her family, mending and darning. He thought of the socks she had mended for him all these years. Why, if they were stretched end to end they would be as long as the rows of black figures that enchained him. Sewing, darning, cooking, baking, economizing—mamma was right. She, too, had pinched. But she had been a good sport about it. No scenes, and packing of her bag, and running out to make a fool of herself in a near-automobile accident. The difference between them was that mamma had a spine and he had not. He remembered a hundred little things about mamma now—small sacrifices and tendernesses. He fell to thinking about her as she had looked the first time he kissed her. By heaven, she had been sweet! He'd do it again—a hundred times. He was a fool—a fool!

Under the doctor's orders he didn't see Mabel for three days; but at the appointed hour there came a knock, a giggle, a nervous sob, a flurry of petticoats, and his daughter was nestling down beside him. Even then, though, cool young American that she was, she did not refer to his illness.

It was mamma who waded into the emotional presently. She was sitting by him making him a new bathrobe.

"Papa," she said, "Mabel and I have been doing some thinking—talking things over—ever since—since that night you talked so funny."

James K. winced, but mamma went on.

"I know," she said soothingly, "you weren't yourself and comin' down sick, but still sometimes it's the real thoughts come out then, and it's just as well we should know." Her voice quivered a little. "Papa, there ain't anyone we think more of—is there, Mabe?—and we want you should be happy—about things." Here mamma lost control again and wept. "I couldn't bear to be a drag on you, and I only mentioned spending the money that way because I thought we all wanted the same things—not to—not to ——"

"Go on, tell him the rest!" Mabel sprang suddenly to her feet. "She means your old check, papa!"

"Yes, James K., Mabe and I've talked it over, and we're not going to use a cent. And about Mabel's music—you tell him, Mabe!"

"Well, I've thought it over"—how pretty sixteen looked when it was thinking—how full of color Mabel's cheeks were! Her eyes were full of deep light—"I've thought it all over and I've decided I'm not going on. I've cost you a lot of money already, and I can begin to earn some. Dan Millard's going to open a movie house here regular and I'm to play. That's why I was there last night, and they pay pretty good—and so—well, I'm not going to the city to study."

"Who told you so?" James K. reached up and caught her hand. "Ain't I the boss here? And what about all your mamma's and my plans? A player in a common picture show—I guess not for my girl. You can't spoil what I've been buildin' on all these years that way." He pulled her down to him roughly and tousled her soft hair. She was as sweet as a flower. She broke away laughing, with a catch in her voice:

"Well, we'll thrash that out later on, papa." But he caught the relief in her voice. She laughed suddenly.

"Now, I've got something else to show you—a real surprise!"

"Yes, go get it, Mabe!"

"I want to tell him first. Well, papa, while you were sick I was rooting round, one day down in the old woodhouse. Dunno why; guess I was kinda nervous. But, anyhow, I found a whole lot of junk in that old cherry cupboard Mr. Travis left behind. Say, he must have been nutty to forget stuff like that! First, I thought it was a lot of useless trash, but mamma said to take it to the hardware store and see, and there they told me it was for automobiles and to take it to Al Yorke's. Well, sir, what do you think? Al Yorke gave me twenty dollars for the whole bunch and no questions asked. Say, what do you know about that for easy money!" She reddened suddenly. "And so—so I bought a little present for you."

Speechless, James K. lay and watched her slip from the room, saw her return with something tucked under her arm. It was a small, cheap talking machine.

"Most everybody has one, papa," mamma was saying, "an' Mabe's wanted one for a long time. And she bought the records, twelve of 'em, with money Dan Millard advanced her. We can all enjoy it, and it will come in so nice when the young people are here. Just as soon as you're well again, they'll be coming in again—Effie Stevens, and the rest. And we can fold up the table and put the chairs in the kitchen and let 'em dance!"

"But they're not all dances, you know" Mabel looked up from the pile of records she was sorting excitedly. "I bought some just for you, papa—that old-fashioned stuff you like. Listen here! Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Your Flight, and Old Dog Tray with banjo accompaniment—and this one," she put one on the machine and set it whirling. "Here's the one you said grandma used to sing so much!"

Out on the air ran a thread of accompaniment, then an old familiar song in a barytone voice:

Do they think of me at home?
Do they sometimes think of me?

On and on it ran to the last line. It broke mamma first. She sat crying softly, as though the melody had laid a finger on her heart. Then Mabel followed. Suddenly she was down beside her father like a hurricane, an arm cuddling his neck.

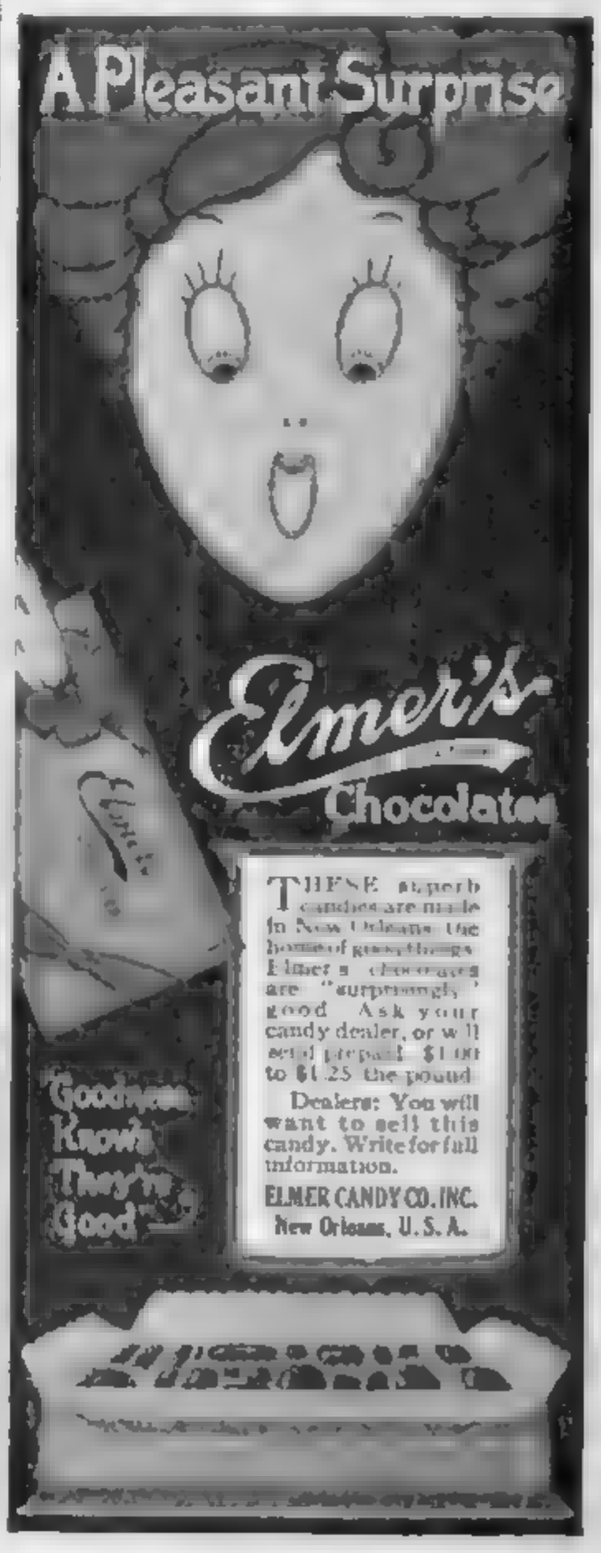
"Oh, pop, it is pretty stuff and I'll play it all you want."

Her arm tightened and he knew her words were only a mask. She was really confessing her love.

He knew. A great happiness welled into his heart. He reached out and took one of Mabel's hands, then one of mamma's, and he squeezed them tight—his two dear girls! And he floated in a sea of beatific content. He looked up in the direction of heaven—up where the pale blue and gilt lozenges of the ceiling paper showed—and spoke in his secret heart.

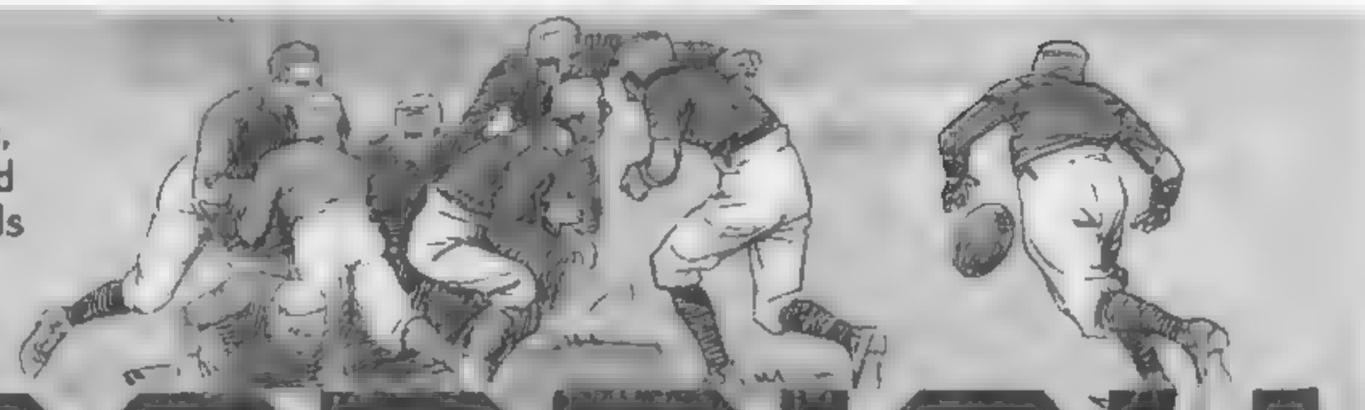
"Lord," prayed the full heart of James K. Clifford, "help me to realize! Let me never be a fool again, and help me always to fight the good fight!"

The Florsheim SHOE
A Florsheim Skeleton Lined low shoe will increase your Summer's pleasures through cool comfort, "Hugtite" ankle-fitting and distinguished style. Every Florsheim low shoe is Skeleton lined.
$7 to $10
The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.
The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.
White fibre sole and heel. Black or dark brown uppers.

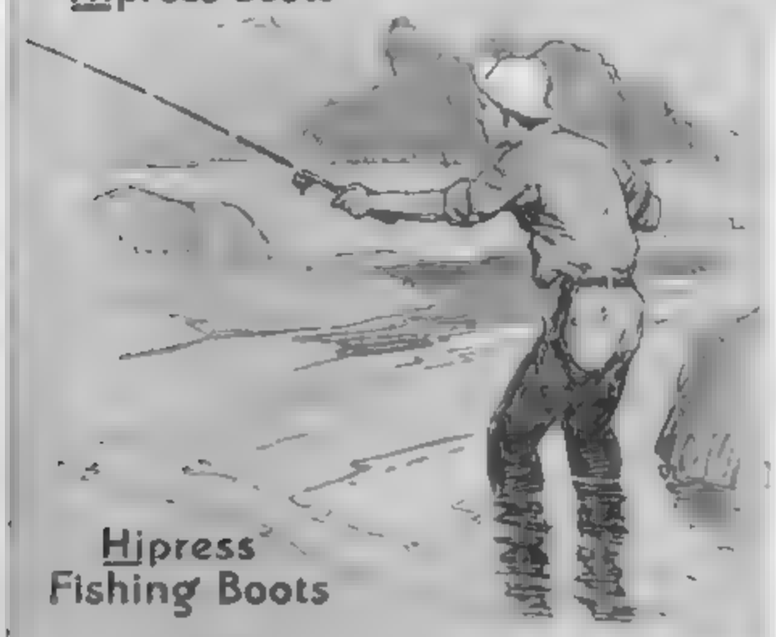

A Pleasant Surprise
Elmer's Chocolates
THESE superb candies are made in New Orleans the home of good things. Elmer's chocolates are "surprisingly" good. Ask your candy dealer, or will send prepaid $1.00 to $1.25 the pound.
Dealers: You will want to sell this candy. Write for full information.
ELMER CANDY CO. INC.
New Orleans, U. S. A.
"Goodness Knows There's Good"

Hipress Boots

Football Bladders, Braces and Nose Guards



GOODRICH



Hipress Fishing Boots

Pistol Holsters
Pistol Grips

SPEEDING THE JOY OF LIVING

WORK and PLAY bound man's path of life. They limit his ambitions and determine his pleasures. Between them lie all his activities.

Be *sure* that whatever takes him from work through play and back again with the *least stress*, the *quicker ease*, and the *greater comfort*, is his RIGHT GOOD FRIEND.

That *right good friend* of man is GOODRICH RUBBER.

Gruff old Carlyle wrote a book to tell us SOCIETY is *founded* on *clothes*.

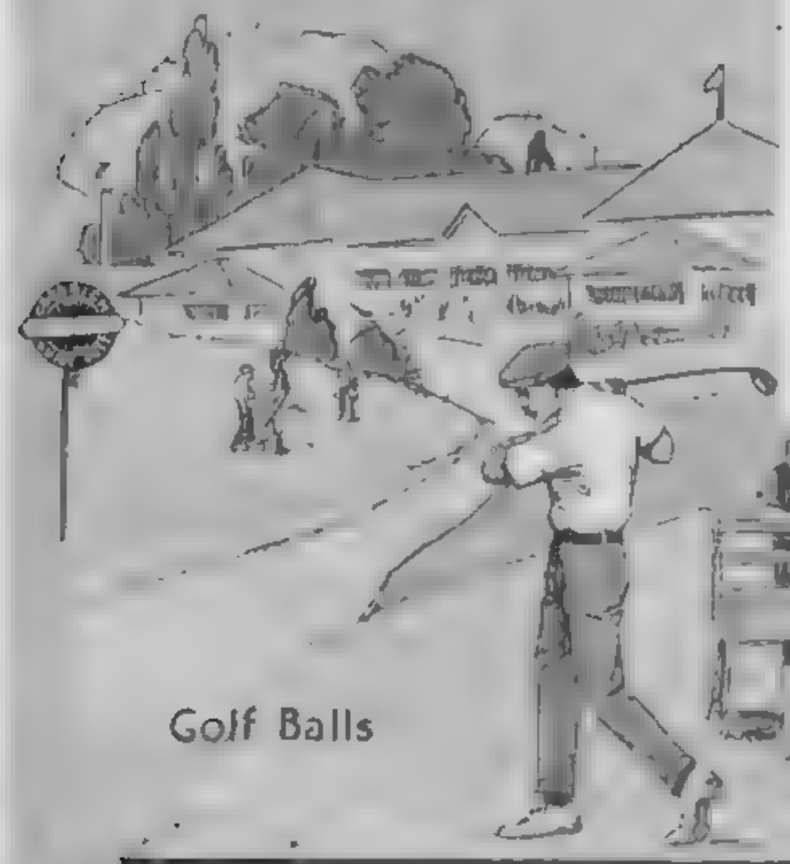
GOODRICH RUBBER has so woven itself into the warp and woof of clothes that Goodrich might well boast that *society is founded on Goodrich rubber.*

HUMANITY today walks more easily and quietly for Goodrich's TEXTAN FIBER soles and Goodrich rubber heels. Indeed, Goodrich, realizing that human feet step with *greater comfort* and *more economy* if shod with RUBBER instead of LEATHER, made the *first rubber heel*, and is still making them.

For men, whose work forces them into knee deep mud and hip deep water, Goodrich provides the HIPRESS boot, the *high pressure molded* boot with which Goodrich wrote a *readjustment* of the *whole* boot and shoe industry.

For the men and women of city pavements, Goodrich furnishes the STRAIGHTLINE rubber shoe, really smart footwear that shields without masking Milady's modish boot. .

And Goodrich raincoats—waterproof garments of fashion, which drape the form to grace, not hide it, stand between humanity and the lash of the storm.



Golf Balls

Tennis Balls and Shoes

FAIR LIST PRICES

GOODRICH rubber, however, does not go about its service to mankind always with such severe seriousness.

It PLAYS as buoyantly as its service is steadfast.

In the gymnasium, Goodrich matting, and Goodrich rubber on a score of gymnastic apparatus, build up the physique and health of men and women.

The training pugilist gets his punch from Goodrich rubber.

Goodrich rubber holds the very *life breath* of basketball.

In the *skating rink* the rival teams chase a Goodrich *rubber puck*; and *billiard balls* carom from Goodrich *rubber cushions*.

IT is *outdoors*, however, that Goodrich rubber is the rollicking good fellow companion.

Baseball, football, hunting and fishing, all owe deep debts to Goodrich rubber.

It is the life of the lively game of tennis.

Goodrich *remade* the game of *golf*. In 1898 it produced the first rubber center golf ball, which relegated the solid gutta percha ball to the scrap pile. In that moment, GOLF leaped as startlingly into popularity as the Goodrich *rubber center ball* leaped down links ahead of the *gutta percha* ball.

And in the greatest of outdoor pleasures, motoring, Goodrich *Silvertown Cord Tires*, Goodrich *Fabric Tires*, *Motorcycle Tires*, *Bicycle Tires*, carry the tourist awheel throughout the great open, happy in the confidence of the durability of Goodrich Tires.

Because Goodrich rubber is bound up with the comfort and delights of mankind, GOODRICH is RUBBER to men and women of the world of WORK and PLAY.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

FAIR TREATMENT

Making Production Jump

WHEREVER Robbins & Myers Motors keep wheels turning, the production sheet always makes a hit with the chief. There are no frowns because of faulty equipment.

Every machine running at "full capacity." No idle hands. No raw material eating its head off waiting to "go through the mill."

Little wonder that the factory superintendent says "Give me Robbins & Myers Motors." He knows that they will help him maintain his reputation as a producer.

Whatever the service—whether the need be for a motor of 1, 40 or 30 horsepower, he knows there is the very Robbins & Myers Motor for it—one that he can depend upon, absolutely, under all working conditions.

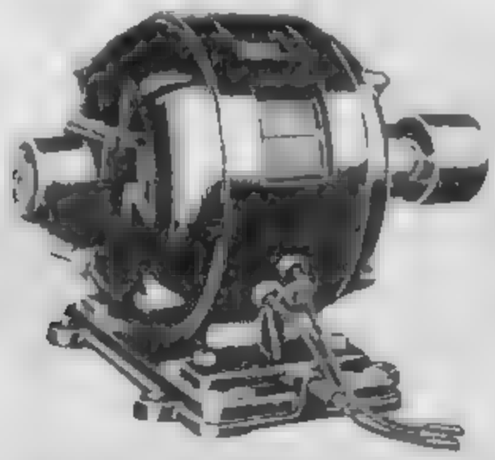
Manufacturers of high grade motor-driven devices equip their manufactured product with Robbins & Myers Motors to insure the same service reliability to the purchasers of their machines.

You can be sure of the quality and efficiency of whatever electrical device you buy, from a vacuum cleaner to a drill-press, if it has a Robbins & Myers Motor.

Users of electrical power; manufacturers of electrical devices, dealers—there are many features of Robbins & Myers service of interest to you.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities



Robbins & Myers Motors

TALISMANS

(Continued from Page 22)

chance, in the beginning, simply on account of the broken mirror. At first, of course, he had no surplus to risk; but, even when the amount of his weekly pay exceeded his expenses, the cloud of calamity that he felt was hanging over him was the thing which kept him from taking a sporting chance, or even availing himself of a sure tip. He had burned his fingers and he walked wide of even a cold stove. So his former haunts and most of his former associates knew him no more; and, as there can be no conviviality without convives, the mirror had an all-round good effect, which gradually hardened into habit.

Even the cloud of calamity disappeared by degrees—dissipated by the rising sun of prosperity perhaps. Philander, being prosperous enough for that, bought himself a new shaving mirror one day; and as he unwrapped it it occurred to him that the men who made the things must necessarily break them occasionally. There is always a certain percentage of breakage in the manufacture of any fragile ware. Would these workmen have a seven years' run of hard luck for every piece that slipped through their fingers? It seemed unlikely.

"Anyway, I'll be darned if I do anything to help the hard luck along!" Philander resolved. "What's more, I'll fight it!"

And by degrees his resentment against Brunhilda's father and mother, and against Lamkin, died out. Little by little he realized that they were in some measure justified.

"I certainly was crowding the limit," he owned, reflecting on his past habits. "I wonder she stood for me as long as she did!" That was when he thought of Brunhilda. "If I'd worked as hard for Lamkin as I do here I'd have been drawing down good money by this time. And the old rat was pretty white to offer me another chance, at that!"

Just little by little; but, as the light shone clearer, he went into absolute depths of humiliation. Then, for that reason, he made no attempt to see Brunhilda and had not courage to write to her. There had always been a dumb devil in him. He missed her infinitely though.

Now and then he had news of her from Jim Widdicum. Not much; for Jim was only an occasional caller on the Fletchers, having a girl of his own, and Philander was afraid to question him closely. He gathered that she was well, in tolerably good spirits—"You know she never was much of a cut-up," said Jim—and also that there were two or three fellows buzzing around; but—no, nobody in particular. Once Philander met Lester, the kid brother, on State Street. Lester had little to say and was obviously embarrassed and anxious to get away. That hurt Philander, for he and Lester had been pretty good pals. It showed, too, how the family—no doubt including Brunhilda—still regarded him.

He was not moping. In his new life he had made new friends. He met girls—pretty girls, too, and not unwilling girls; but beyond a certain point they found him unresponsive. However, he spent most of his evenings "at home" with the people who rented him a room—with family privileges—in their flat. There was a girl in the family, but she had not yet attained the flapper age and Philander allowed himself to be quite fond of her. She reminded him of Brunhilda's kid sister.

The parents were mighty fine folks. The man was a clerk in a wholesale drug house. Once he confided to Philander that he was getting twenty-five a week and laying by a little for a rainy day. Think of that! And his wife and little girl looked as well as anybody's wife and little girl.

Once Philander caught a bad cold which settled in his throat and chest, and he was a pretty sick pup for several days, though he missed no time at the office. Well, those people took as good care of him as if he had been their own son—or younger brother. They brought him his breakfast, and she made him broths and custards and lemonades and gargles, and mothered and doctored him generally. Homy, all right! Not a bad thing for a fellow to get in with people like that.

Summer had come again—a real Chicago summer—with the pitch bubbling up in the cracks of the pavement; the soda-water fountains spouting unceasingly but always behind the demand of parched crowds; women with less on than ever and looking remarkably cool; men carrying their coats on their arms, wearing handkerchiefs tucked into their wilted collars, waving palm-leaf fans as they walked, and looking parboiled withal. Not many people were left in town—not more than a million or so—and these were either looking forward to getting out or wishing they had not taken their vacations so early. Philander was one of the negligible few who had not been away and did not expect to go; but he thought a good deal about Saugatuck.

He was thinking of it so much one hot evening that it became painful, and he left his chair on the fire escape to find something to read for the distraction of his mind. It was quite a coincidence that he should have run across that old copy of David Harum. He had bought it, on his return from Saugatuck, because Brunhilda's father was daffy about it and recommended him to read it. He had never read it, but he had used it to press the four-leaved clover Brunhilda had found for him; and here, two years later, the book opened upon the dainty quatrefoil!

Strange that he had forgotten all about that! In an instant the fronts of the houses across the green of Walton Place were blotted from his vision; and the green itself, dim in the dusk of night, became a wide stretch of lush grass, vivid in noonday sunlight, except where it was dappled by the shade of old orchard trees. A girl was on her knees in a small patch of clover, searching. It seemed to Philander that he could hear what she was saying:

"I can always find them. I don't think I ever looked without getting one or two."

"You ought to be lucky," observed the young ass who was lounging beside her.

His name was Philander too—but the dreamer on the fire escape felt ashamed of him—disliked him—wondered at his asininity.

"I am lucky."

Oh, but she was a pretty girl! Was there ever hair like hers, with the sunlight upon it, sifting and shifting through the leaves! Her sleeves were uprolled, baring her slender sun-browned arms that tapered so beautifully to shapely hands, which moved here and there busily, parting the tender green of the clover. Lazily the young man moved himself to touch them.

"Don't, Phil; you're bothering me!"

Her face, so charmingly serious and intent, suddenly dimpled, and she gave a cry of triumph and held aloft not one but two of the objects of her search.

"Didn't I tell you! See? One, two, three, four! And one for each of us."

Lord! And he had forgotten all about it!

With David Harum on his knees, Philander sat and smoked his pipe until far into the night. He was smoking a pipe and had cut out cigarettes entirely by this time.

"Jepson," said the manager, pausing at Philander's desk, "do you want to take your vacation now?"

Philander looked up, surprised.

"I didn't expect to take one," he replied. 'I thought it was the rule ——"

"We're going to waive that for you," the manager told him good-naturedly. "You've been working pretty steadily and Mr. Johnson thinks you are entitled to a little rest. He wants to see you about it."

"But the work ——" Philander objected, and then blushed at the inference of his objection.

"We'll try to take care of the work," smiled the manager. "Go in and see Mr. Johnson."

"Now?"

The manager nodded, and Philander got up and knocked at Old Man Johnson's door.

"Mr. Clemens said that you wished to see me about a vacation," Philander suggested.

"Ye-es," said the Old Man absently. "Ye-es." Then: "Well, Jepson, how are they breaking for you?"

"Pretty well; thank you, sir," Philander answered.

"Hah!" said the Old Man. "Jepson, I'm beginning to think I win on that poker bet I made on you. I told you, I think, that I considered it a long shot. But I forgot. I guess I'm not making myself clear. You don't gamble, yourself, I believe."

"No, sir," replied Philander.

"I know you don't," said the Old Man. "I'm glad of it. I'm too old to reform, myself; but I'm glad you weren't. Yes; I'm incorrigible. For instance —— Do you think you can hold down the job of auditor?"

"I think I can," Philander managed to answer.

He was then assistant to the auditor and he had reason to think so; but the idea had never occurred to him before. He was fairly imaginative, but not wildly so.

"I'm a great hedger," said the Old Man. "I'll tell you, in confidence, that Mr. Watts is considering an offer from the Consolidated. He might resign at any time, and I'd have to fill his place. I've had one or two straight tips, right from the feed box, that you aren't bad filling material; and —— But we were going to talk about your vacation. Take it now, Jepson. I can't say how long we can give you, because we might need you in a hurry; but make the most of it while you can. Hope you'll have a good time. That's all."

At nine o'clock—almost to the dot—on the following morning the good ship City of Benton Harbor sidled away from her moorings and emitted hoarse hoots for the bridge that barred her from the Lake. On the upper deck, abaft the funnel, sat Philander Jepson. In the checkroom, two decks below, were Philander Jepson's suitcase and smart new traveling bag, packed for a two weeks' stay at the old dump at Saugatuck.

That's one thing about Saugatuck: if you once go there you are quite likely to go again, and with pleasurable anticipations. It may be that you are expecting to see old friends there; but, in any case, the fishing is sure to be good and the water as wet as ever, and the Lake breezes as cool as the weather will permit. You will have a cordial welcome from the lady who runs the dump, anyway; and it is pleasant to leave the dingy old warehouses and the sluggish, turgid river behind you and feel the slight heave of clean, clear Michigan. Of course there may be too much of that heave thing for some people at times; but you are a good sailor and you like it.

It is an off day; but there are lots of people aboard, and nice people, too, some of them—peacherettes and pippinos by the scores, if they happen to interest you. They are nothing in your young life, however, though you regard them tolerantly enough as they flirt by in their gauzy array. It is enough for you to be sitting restfully in the shade, thinking your thoughts and knowing that the engines, of which you get a warm, oily whiff now and then, are thumping away regularly and covering distance at every thump.

Faintly and intermittently you hear the strains of music, and you know that they are dancing below; but you have no inclination to mingle in the mazy. That sort of thing belonged to your youth, when your heart was as light as your heels. Not that your heart is heavy now, because there is hope in it; but it certainly does feel mighty queer—sort of as if it were too large for the space it occupied, and still swelling.

It is quite possible that there is a paddle game or some other game on board. Perhaps the City of Benton Harbor doesn't allow such things; but, whether she does or not, you don't give paddle games a thought. When the hour comes you eat your dinner—or try to, for you don't seem to have much appetite; and then you walk a little and strain your eyes for sand dunes, and sit for a while, still on the lookout for dunes; and then you walk again until the line of the horizon is broken at last, and you know you have arrived.

You find that the lady proprietor of the Dell Nook has a cordial welcome for you; but somehow—though your face is familiar —— "Why, yes, Mr. Jefferson, of course! Jepson? I meant to say Jepson. No; Mr. Peterson didn't come this year—nor Miss Munden. Miss Leckie was here, but she went back the last of July. We've been quite full. All the resorts have been. Inglebrae? I think there are one or two at Inglebrae; but they've been running down a good deal. Some of their boarders came to us—couldn't stand for the table. No; I don't know who is staying there now. Billy will take your grips upstairs. Oh, Billy!"

As soon as supper is over you hasten down to the river to see about a boat for to-morrow. You intend to row down to Inglebrae bright and early. You find the bow-legged extortionist who rents the boats and make your arrangements. Seeing that the moon is coming up, you decide that you may as well go out for half an hour or so now and get your hand in.

Presently you get to the Inglebrae pier, and rest on your oars and listen. You hear voices occasionally—shouts and laughter; but there is no voice that you recognize, and your heart sinks. Your old friends may have gone back to town—Jim Widdicum told you they were about due to return—or they may be away from the giddy, laughing and shouting throng, in some quiet corner of the veranda, or even in the little summerhouse, where it is quieter still, and where it is considered awful mean to intrude upon first-comers. Your heart sinks lower still at that thought. Fierce!

And every once in a while a boat goes past—sometimes with great splashing of oars and loaded down with noisy young people, and sometimes not much more than drifting, with not more than two occupants, and these conversing in mere murmurs. No telling who these twos may be—who one of them may be! Your emotions, when you consider that, become unbearable, and soon you pull back to your landing and dejectedly return to the dump, where you put in a bad night.

But morning comes at last; and there is such freshness in the air and such brightness of sunshine that your spirit revives. You have made an unusually careful toilet, and, in your white flannels and shoes and new blue serge coat, you look particularly immaculate and spick-and-span; and that helps. So, fortified by a hasty breakfast, you get out your boat and pull with swift, clean strokes down to Inglebrae.

There are more than a few people there. The swing seats are full, a croquet game is already in progress, and some girls are awkwardly throwing a soft ball from one to another; but at a glance you assure yourself that the girl you want is not among those present. You climbed the bluff almost on the run, so that your heart is thumping and your breath is short; but you walk briskly to the house for all that—straight as a bee's homeward flight; and there, sitting on the porch, with a writing tablet in her lap, is Brunhilda.

Writing tablet and pencil fell to the porch when Philander spoke. She had not noticed his approach.

"Brunhilda!"

How much may be said in a single word—in the calling of a name! "Oh, girl, I have come back to you! Dear one, dearer than ever before, as I look at you, fearful of what you may say, humbly conscious of my demerit—yet hoping for kindness, praying with all the fervor of my nature for forgiveness —— Dear one, I have come back to you! Oh, pity and forgive me, and take me into your heart again!"

All that in one word—"Brunhilda!"

"Phil!" she cried. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come!"

Presently they were in the old orchard together, and there Philander, being questioned, related his adventures in absence; but he told them haltingly and with none of his old complacence.

"I'm an awful rotter," he concluded; "but I think I have learned something."

"I don't care whether you have or not," said Brunhilda.

Then Philander took a letter case out of his pocket and showed her the four-leaved clover.

"I think it was that made me come here," he said after he had told her how he had found it in David Harum. "I made up my mind right then to ask for a couple of days off and see you."

Brunhilda showed him her companion spray, in a locket.

"I've always carried it with me," she said as she slipped the locket back to her bosom. "It brought us luck—didn't it, boy? I'll always believe in it now."

Philander smiled tolerantly.

"I don't think it was the clover itself, darling," he said. "Still —— Oh, sweetheart! Little sweetheart!"

After all, they had little time together—just then. When Philander got back for lunch he found a telegram awaiting him. It was from the manager of Johnson & Wasserman's:

Sorry to call you back but come at once
Congratulations to new auditor

CLEMENS

What do you think of this luck thing?

McQUAY-NORRIS

LEAK-PROOF

PISTON RINGS

Whatever the Motor

—there is an exact size of this ring made for it

Every dealer, repair and garage man has this McQuay-Norris piston ring dimension book.

It supplies them with the piston ring sizes of all makes and models of motors. It enables them to fit your particular motor with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings of *exact* dimensions—*at once*. Note that—*exact; at once.*

Genuine McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings are made and carried in stock in over 2000 different sizes, including all over-sizes in both widths and diameters. Each and every size is accurate to one-thousandth of an inch: perfect in fit and finish. No other make of piston ring has anything like so wide a range of stock sizes.

There are complete service stocks of McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in all jobbing centers from coast to coast.

Therefore, order and insist on Genuine McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Rings. The only rings which will ensure the maintenance of good compression, save fuel and oil, and minimize motor wear and carbon trouble.

As an assurance of getting the Genuine have your garage or repair man send you the empty containers—one container for each ring—with his bill.

Send for Free Booklet

"To Have and to Hold Power"—the standard handbook on gas engine compression. Simple, sensible, informative—of great value to anyone who owns or operates any motor or engine. Write Department E.

Manufactured by

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Company

St. Louis, U. S. A.

Branch Offices

New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Atlanta, Dallas, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Denver, St. Paul

Canadian Factory:
W. H. Banfield & Sons, Ltd., 372 Pape Ave., Toronto

The Genuine —— packed this way for your protection

—and if you own a FORD —put in a set of LYNITE ALUMINUM PISTONS

Completely equipped with McQUAY-NORRIS Leak-Proof PISTON RINGS

They reduce vibration, noise, riding discomfort, repairs.
They mean speed, silence, smoothness, comfort, long life, economy.

ROLL of White Truck Fleets

This roll call annually becomes more truly and completely a Blue Book of American Industry and Commerce. It is a list of owners of ten or more White Trucks; showing how these fleets have grown to present size and how the rate of growth accelerates rapidly from year to year. Here is graphic evidence that the longer White Trucks are in service the more do owners become convinced of their superiority.

Fleet owners and the number of White Trucks in their service each year.
The last column includes only the first three months of 1917.

OWNER	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	To-day
B. Altman & Company	0	0	8	8	33	67	92
Adams Express Company	0	0	0	2	3	5	10
American Can Company	0	0	4	7	8	8	33
American Express Company	0	0	0	7	8	8	44
American Steel & Wire Company	0	0	1	5	5	6	10
American Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
American War Relief Service	0	0	0	0	0	2	35
Ammen Transportation Company	0	0	2	7	8	9	11
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n.	0	0	0	0	0	1	17
Armour & Company	0	4	30	51	63	84	165
Associated Bell Telephone Cos.	0	1	6	30	46	84	311
City of Atlanta	0	3	6	8	10	10	11
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	0	0	0	15	15	15	20
Atlantic Refining Company	1	4	9	31	67	86	184
Auto Livery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
The Bailey Company	0	1	3	6	6	13	16
City of Baltimore	0	3	4	7	14	14	29
The Barrett Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Beam-Fletcher Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
Bell Grocery Company	0	1	2	6	11	12	14
Bellevue and Allied Hospitals	0	0	0	1	3	9	15
Stedman Bent	0	0	0	0	0	0	62
William Bingham Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
Blake Motor Trucking Company	0	0	0	1	6	6	35
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	8	10	18	23	25	25
Henry Bosch Company	2	8	8	9	10	10	11
City of Boston	0	2	9	12	17	18	25
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	0	9	20	25	26
Broadway Taxicab Company	0	3	12	12	12	12	12
Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Co.	0	0	0	2	9	9	13
California Parks Transportation Co.	0	0	0	1	7	7	25
Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	0	0	0	0	4	6	30
City of Chicago	0	0	0	1	4	10	27
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	0	5	11	13	13	13
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	10
City of Cleveland	0	2	7	14	15	19	23
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	6	7	9	14	15	19	21
Cleveland Builders Supply Company	0	1	1	3	4	7	10
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	17
Cleveland Provision Company	0	0	1	3	7	7	11
Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	0	1	1	2	3	10
Club Cab Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	21	25
Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	0	3	6	12	26	38	75
Consol. Gas, El. Light & Power Co.	2	3	6	8	11	12	12
Continental Oil Company	0	1	2	2	3	4	19
Cudahy Packing Company	0	0	2	6	8	10	21
James DeMallie	0	0	0	0	1	1	16
Dunn & Ruth	0	0	0	0	0	0	24
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	5	13	14	15	15	20
William Edwards Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	1	5	9	11
Owen H. Fay Livery Company	0	0	0	23	23	23	23
Fenway Garage Company	0	0	19	19	29	29	39
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company	0	0	1	2	3	3	14
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	2	4	4	8	10	10
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	0	3	7	9	10
A. W. Gamage, Ltd.	0	0	14	14	14	14	14
Georgia Railway & Power Company	0	0	1	3	7	7	18
Gimbel Brothers	0	10	26	46	59	59	62
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	10	20	22
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	6	9	11	12	17	19
Great Northern Paper Company	0	0	0	1	1	11	13
Greenfield Elec. Light & Power Co.	0	3	6	9	10	11	13
Gulf Refining Company	0	1	9	29	81	172	463
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Hawaii County	0	0	2	9	9	9	11
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
The Higbee Company	2	4	5	6	10	10	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	0	1	3	5	6	8	10
Joseph Horne Company	5	12	15	24	33	39	48
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	17
Imperial Oil Company, Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	1	12
Independent Brewing Co. of Pgh.	1	1	2	5	5	11	28
Jones Store Company	0	2	2	5	6	10	14

CALL

In Actual Service

OWNER	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	To-day
Kaufmann Department Stores, Inc.	0	0	10	16	24	44	80
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	0	0	1	40	45	51
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Theodor Kundtz Company	3	7	8	9	10	11	12
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Leyte Land Transportation Company	0	0	3	6	10	12	14
Lit Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	17
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	0	2	7	13	14	15
Henry C. Lytton & Sons (The Hub)	0	6	7	9	10	11	11
McCreery & Company	6	6	8	8	8	11	17
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	0	1	1	6	8	18
R. H. Macy & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Mandel Brothers	0	9	10	15	16	17	17
State of Massachusetts	0	1	4	4	4	5	11
The May Company	0	0	0	4	11	15	26
Mesaba Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	15
Michelin Tire Company	0	1	2	3	3	9	11
National Casket Company	0	0	2	10	14	15	19
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
State of New York	0	0	3	3	3	5	29
City of New York	0	1	7	11	12	13	13
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	0	0	2	6	8	16	20
Omaha Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	6	8	17
Oppenheim, Collins & Company	0	0	0	0	20	21	27
Pacific Mills	0	0	3	4	4	7	12
Frank Parmelee Company	0	0	0	9	9	18	28
C. C. Parsons & Company	0	2	3	6	8	12	14
Philadelphia Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Pikes Peak Auto Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	15
City of Pittsburgh	0	2	9	14	14	15	15
Prest-O-Lite Company	1	1	1	1	2	4	11
Public Service Corporation of N. J.	0	0	0	0	0	4	11
Pullman Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	31
Quaker City Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	75
Riverside Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	5	15	15
Rocky Mountain Motors Company	0	0	2	2	3	3	22
The Rosenbaum Company	1	1	2	11	12	33	39
San Francisco Drayage Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	11
Saks & Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	10

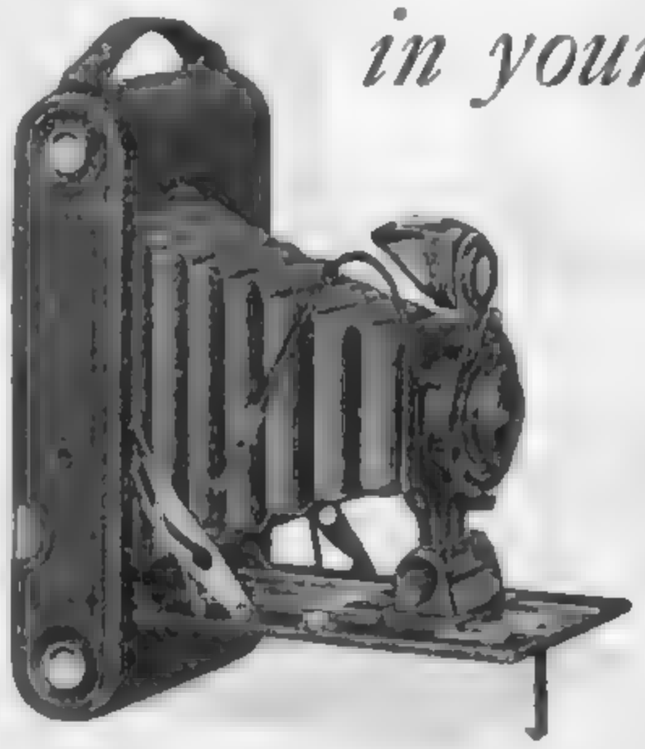
OWNER	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	To-day
Schulze Baking Company	1	1	9	15	17	22	23
Seiple & Wolf	0	0	0	1	2	2	10
Franklin Simon & Company	0	0	0	3	6	10	14
W. & J. Sloane	13	14	15	15	15	17	21
Southern Express Company	0	0	0	2	9	11	31
Spear & Company	0	0	1	9	13	14	15
Standard Oil Company of California	1	3	4	6	7	26	67
Standard Oil Company of Indiana	1	4	5	9	59	122	168
Standard Oil Company of Kentucky	0	1	2	4	5	9	38
Standard Oil Company of Nebraska	0	0	0	0	5	11	17
Standard Oil Company of New York	2	6	18	35	68	113	230
Standard Oil Company of Ohio	0	1	1	1	10	17	28
Sterling & Welch Company	2	4	7	7	8	8	11
Stern Brothers	0	0	8	18	18	19	21
Stewart Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Stroehmann Baking Company	0	0	0	2	2	2	10
Swift & Company	0	0	0	2	2	10	101
The Taxi Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	13
Taxicab Association, Inc.	0	0	0	26	40	76	176
The Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	10
Taxicab Company of California	0	0	19	39	59	59	59
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	3	4	4	9	11	11
E. B. Tenny	0	0	0	1	3	6	12
Terminal Taxicab Company	0	0	20	36	61	61	61
The Texas Company	0	0	0	0	0	9	11
Union Oil Company of California	0	0	0	1	10	22	43
United Gas Improvement Company	0	0	0	0	2	3	25
United States P. O. Department	0	0	0	21	27	104	132
Wall Street Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	0	6	27
Ward Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	53
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Wescott Express Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	25
White Transit Company	0	1	1	2	6	9	19
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	0	0	15
Yellowstone Park Trans. Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	106
Zumstein Taxicab Company	0	0	0	2	2	6	10
	54	188	489	985	1635	2473	5099

There are a total of 1695 White Truck Fleets now in service. These fleets comprise a total of 17,471 White Trucks. purchased in repeat orders over a period of years. No single truck owners included.

White Truck predominance has been consistently substantiated in White advertising year after year by publishing actual lists of White Fleet owners showing their steady growth in all lines of business.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

Put a "two-C" in your pocket.



It fits.

The 2C KODAK Jr.

For pictures of the somewhat elongated post-card shape, but just a trifle smaller,—2⅞ x 4⅞ inches. And this elongated shape in the picture makes possible a slim, thin camera, that *fits the pocket.*

The 2C Autographic Kodak Junior has a capacity of ten exposures without reloading, it has the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, working at speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second and of course the usual "bulb" and time actions. The camera has brilliant reversible finder, two tripod sockets, black leather bellows, is covered with fine grain leather, is well made and beautifully finished. It is autographic, of course, and is extremely simple to use.

Furnished with a choice of lens equipment as listed below:

No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., meniscus achromatic lens, ...	$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens, . .	14.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.7.7, .	19.00

All Dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE NARIKIN

(Continued from Page 24)

Also, all sorts of junk iron, scrap, old hardware, and such stuff, went sky-high.

Ichiju Tojo served his time in the army and then became a clerk in the store of a wholesale hardware merchant at Sumiyoshi-cho, in Yokohama. Tojo was ambitious and wanted to be rich. He learned what he could of the hardware business, decided that he never could get anywhere as a clerk, and determined to try his hand as an independent dealer. He borrowed two hundred yen—a hundred dollars—from his father and opened a small shop of his own. He heard of an offering of four hundred tons of iron for sale in Kobe for forty thousand yen. He had a friend in Tokio who was a dealer in iron, and Tojo induced that friend to lend him the forty thousand yen for the purchase of this iron at Kobe, promising the friend a half interest in the profits. Tojo got the money, bought the Kobe iron, turned it over at a profit of twenty-six hundred yen, which meant thirteen hundred yen, or six hundred and fifty dollars, for himself, and with that money he plunged into the buying and selling of iron.

His latest order was for five thousand tons of iron from America, at prevailing war prices. And he is not yet twenty-eight years old!

Many hardware men in Japan, on the verge of bankruptcy, have become narikins. One merchant in Kanda had a shopful of iron articles. He loaded up three years before the war began, when iron was very low in price; and he was practically bankrupt, because he could not move his stock. Then came the war, and he made five hundred thousand yen. Another hardware merchant in Kyobashi made a similar amount; and an iron shop near the Yedo-bashi Bridge in Hinombashi made a million yen in the first year of the war and is making a million a year now. The widow of an iron merchant in Osaka cleared up half a million. And so the tale goes. The iron-and-steel trade in Japan has contributed about fifty narikins to the new list.

The dealers in dyestuffs have made their millions also in Japan, as in the United States. Japan got most of her dyestuffs from Germany, as did this country. The war stopped the export from Germany. Japan needed dyestuffs. The dyers were hard hit; but the dealers who had stocks on hand became narikins between daylight and dawn. A dye merchant named Shibata, in Hinombashi, is a type of the lot. He had a large stock of dyes; but business had been poor and he had pledged his stock as security for his debts, which amounted to sixty thousand yen, or thirty thousand dollars. He was almost bankrupt. Indeed, his relatives were sitting in committee on his case and preparing to turn over his stock to his creditors.

Black Hand Methods

The war began. The import of dyestuffs from Germany stopped abruptly. The attempt to grow indigo again on the old plantations in Shikoku Province was a failure, for the indigo was not of good quality. The embarrassed Shibata, with his thirty thousand dollars' worth of dyes, had his opportunity. He held on to them until the market was right, and sold his stock, worth sixty thousand yen before the war, for two million yen. Mr. Shibata, in Hinombashi, is now one of the well-known narikins of Japan.

Yamada, a dye merchant in Osaka, made a million yen out of the stock he had on hand before the war; and so did another merchant in Osaka. One small merchant in Kobe with a most inferior stock got three hundred thousand yen for what he had.

The narikins are not immune from attack from those who are less fortunate. They are in constant receipt of begging and threatening letters from men and women who pray charity or demand largess. Yamada, the Osaka dye merchant, had a typical experience.

I relate it as it was related to me by a Japanese friend:

"A letter of menace once reached Yamada, the dyestuff merchant of Osaka. The sender was a newspaper man connected with a certain Osaka newspaper, whose household was in a condition difficult to keep the wolf from the door. With the horrible words: 'Money or life; life or money!'—the letter run this way:

"'I'm a man different from ordinary Black Hand member. I'm a man of certain position. You gained, I heard, a disgraceful profit by grace of war. You are a wretch to monopolize the gaining! Let me have a thousand yen. Make the money in a parcel and keep it hanging at the door of your house. In case of removal a dynamite will destroy your house. In case of betray you shall not live. I have several tens of followers under me. My name will be kept secret for the present; but you will be surprised to learn it later.'

"The merchant was petrified by receiving the threatening letter, and left the matter, as it developed, without reporting to the police. Two or three letters of similar meaning reached the merchant. He accepted the sender's request of the money and, as was instructed, hunged a parcel of one hundred yen on the door of his house. That night, in the late hours, the sender was arrested by the policeman on reconnoiter. The guilty man was identified."

From all of which we learn that it is as troublesome to be a narikin in Japan as it is to be a millionaire in America.

My Japanese friend moralized on the matter as follows: "It was a fate, one would say, that the writer went into jail; but from a point of view from the Chinese way of understanding, a guilt was effected on account of the dyestuff merchant's becoming a narikin." Which is one way to look at it.

How Fortunes Come and Go

As the American Wall Street is responsible for many precipitate millionaires, so Kabuto-cho, in Tokio, is responsible for many narikins. Kabuto-cho makes them as rapidly and breaks them as expeditiously as does its American prototype. The stock market in Tokio is a local institution, dealing entirely in Japanese stocks, and mostly, of course, in what we call industrials, as the railroads are government-owned. And the government is a partner in many other industrial enterprises. The principal commodities—in shares dealt in in Tokio—on the stock market are sugar, oil, shipping, flour, spinning and cotton cloth and cotton yarn. And at Yokohama there is a big silk market. So far as shares are concerned, those most dealt in are the shares in the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the T. K. K. and O. S. K., and the other big shipping companies; and in shares in the Stock Exchange itself—that is, the members and brokers and customers of the Tokio Stock Exchange do a large amount of their speculating in shares of the institution in which or through which they do business.

There were many stock narikins in Tokio until December of last year. Then, on the day the Kaiser made his peace proposals, the market dropped so quickly and so disastrously that a lot of them became ex-narikins. Shares went off from fifty to a hundred yen a share on the first announcement of the German proposal. They

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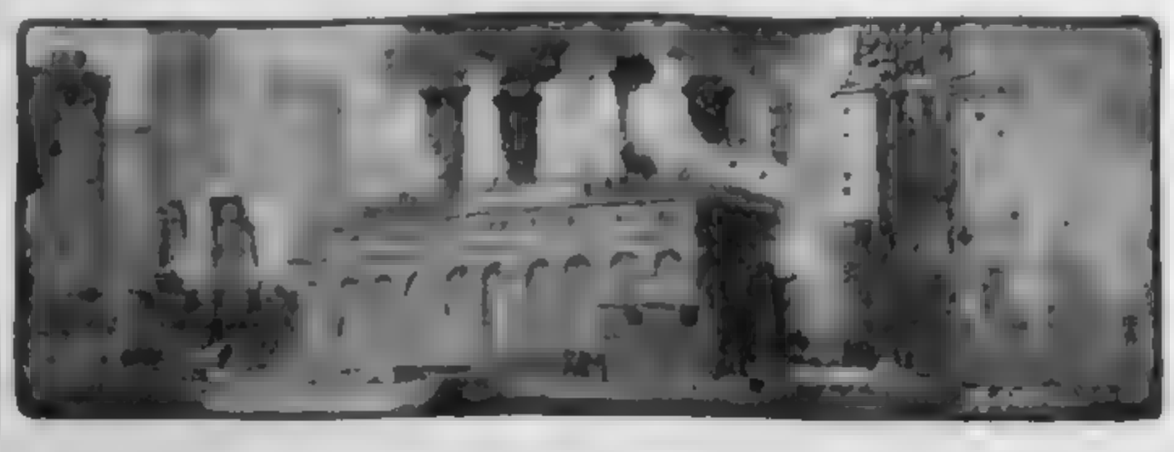
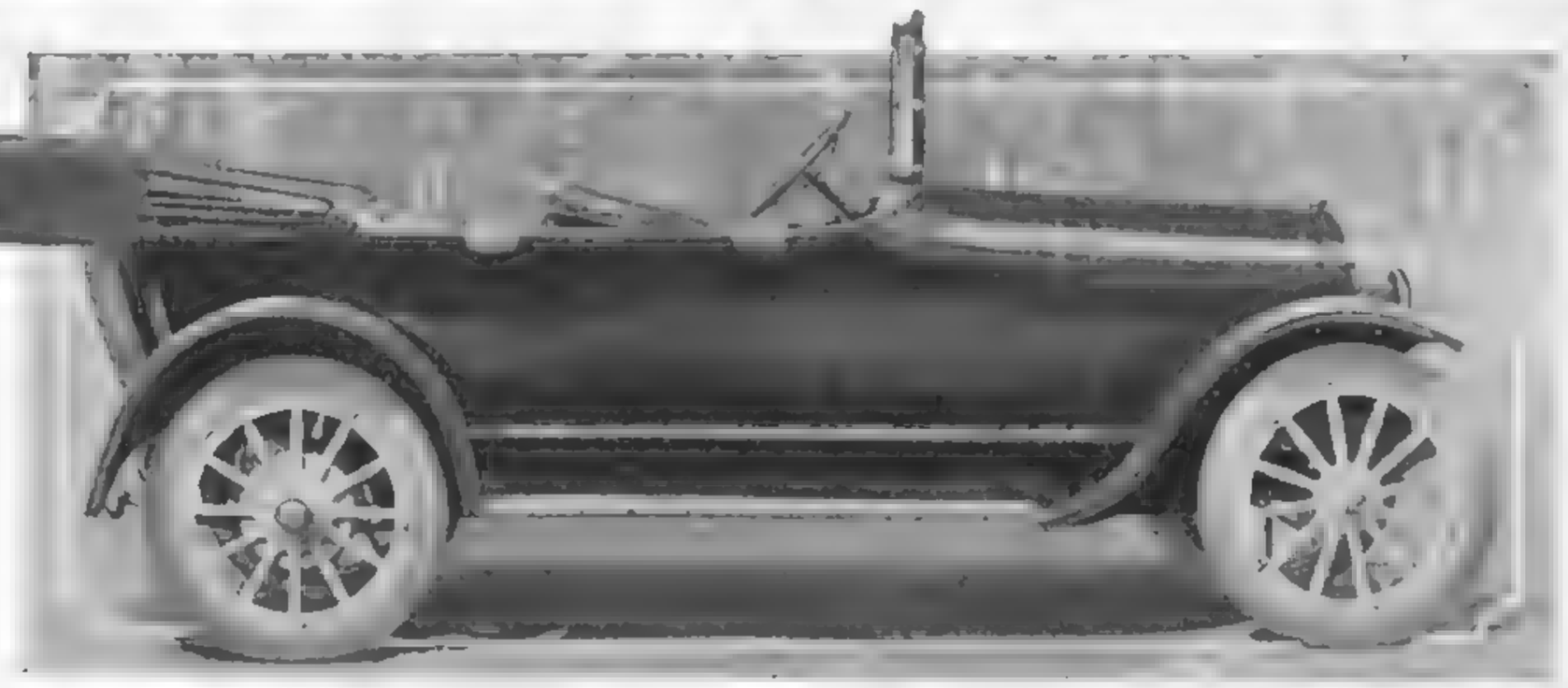


Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car $845



How Engineers Explain The

Multi-Powered Car

By Chester S. Ricker

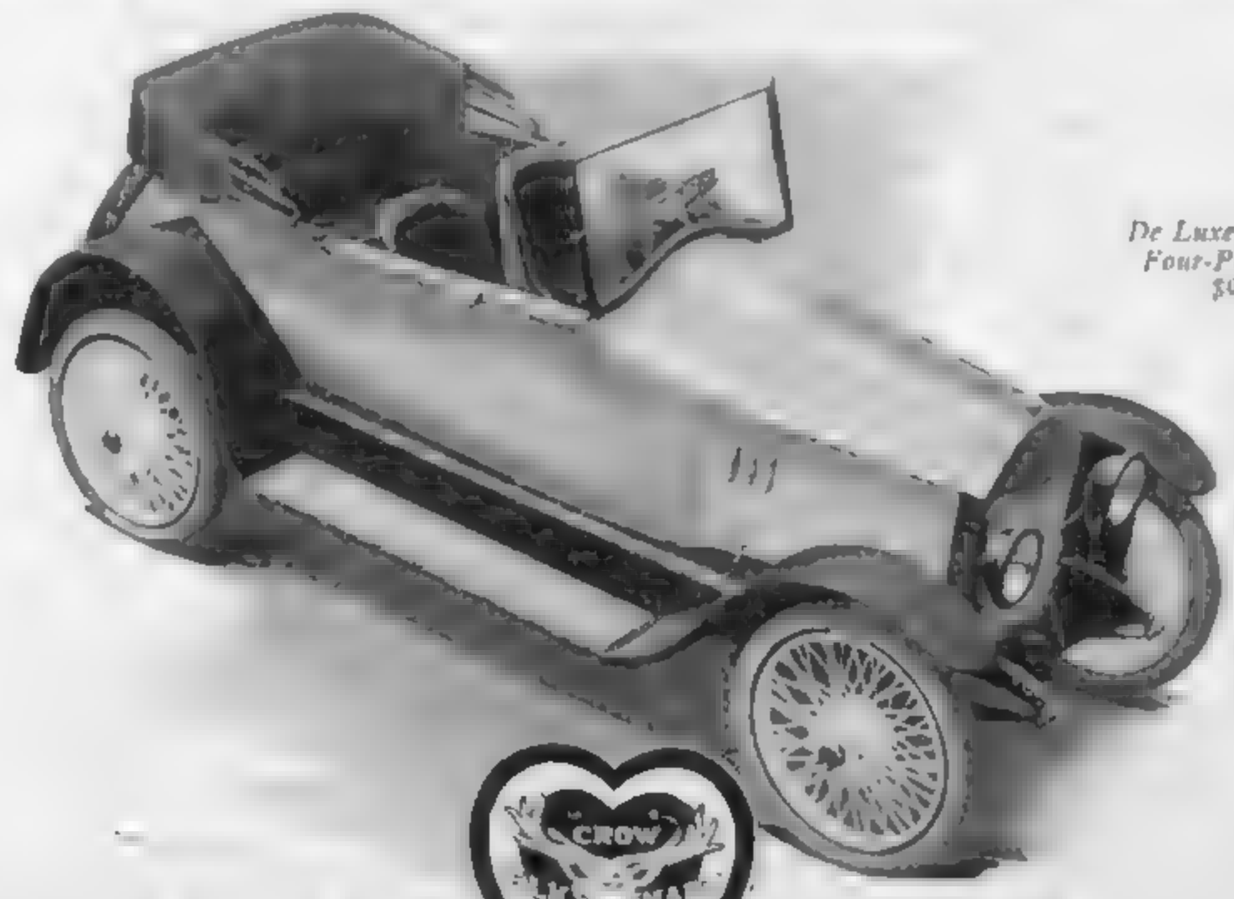
International Recognized Designer and Consulting Engineer to Four Successful Automobile Companies. Member Society of Automobile Engineers.

A ton or more is the magnitude of the unbalanced centrifugal forces in the average motor! Crankshafts distort more or less while in motion, due to centrifugal force. This causes vibration, high main bearing pressures, excessive friction and other motor ills. Such unbalanced forces devour power.

In the Crow-Elkhart Multi-Powered Car these unbalanced centrifugal forces have been eliminated—a notable engineering feat. This gives a new kind of motor operation—vibrationless and vigorous—an exclusive Crow-Elkhart construction utilizing this principle in the most modern way—eliminates crankshaft distortion—removes practically all main bearing friction and vibration—gives the astonishing smoothness of multiple-cylinder construction with the economy inherent in the four-cylinder motor. The full power of the motor is released—gives the driver full sway over the road. Going "fifty" is like coasting down hill.

(Signed) *Chester S. Ricker, M. E*

There is no wanted thing in motoring that you cannot have in the Crow-Elkhart, now that this beautiful, large car has the Multi-Powered Motor. It touches the light car climax in value, built as it is on the 9-Year Chassis. Bodies are Custom-Made in Crow-Elkhart Coach Shops.



De Luxe Roadster
Four-Passenger
$935

CROW-ELKHART MOTOR COMPANY
ELKHART INDIANA

QUALITY IS ECONOMY

THE SIGN OF A HOOD DEALER

IN a general way you know a tire is made of Rubber and of Fabric. And you buy a particular tire for a reasonably expected service.

This tire service to you depends upon three things—the quality of the material put into the tire, the care expended in manufacturing it, and, most important of all, the ideal behind and in the Tire—what it is built to *be* and to *give*.

Given the best rubber, the best fabric and exacting inspections during manufacture—and it is apparent that the tire created for *Quality* alone will give in service—in positive, unvarying dependability—a record of mileage, long life and wear which is its own particular reputation.

Hood Extra-ply Tires possess this distinction. They become identified with the satisfaction of money-saving experience to every car owner who puts them to the test of miles, road and load.

And their famed "Arrow Tread" makes them practically unskidable—the added satisfaction of safety.

Hood Tire Co., Inc.

Watertown, Mass.

(Concluded from Page 94)

closed the stock market for three days in order to allow things to adjust themselves; and when they opened it again there were not so many stock narikins as there had been, for most of these lucky ones were pyramiding their fortunes in the belief that the rise in values was to continue indefinitely.

They were wiser in Osaka. Those stock narikins had felt that stocks were too high, and they had gone short of the market. Thus when the peace slump came in December they cashed in on the fall; and they still have their money, so far as I have been able to learn.

The greatest of the Tokio stock narikins is Raizo Kanda, a director of the Momijiya Ginko, or bank, which he himself opened. Kanda is a brilliant speculator, and has no hobby, interest or occupation other than money-making. He has made ten million yen since the war began by operations on the Tokio Stock Exchange. He is the son of a country wine merchant, and began life as an apprentice to a brewer. He lived in Nagoya at the beginning of the war with China, in the nineties, and made a large fortune. Later he lost that fortune. Then he came to Tokio and got a position of very minor salary and importance, as a report clerk in the office of a stock broker. He speculated, had his ups and downs, and presently made the acquaintance and got the confidence of the late Prince Katsura. When he opened his bank Prince Katsura gave him his patronage and indorsement, and Kanda has swept along until he has his fortune of ten million yen.

There are many men of similar but smaller fortunes, all made in the stock market—especially since the war boom in stocks began. One notable speculator is a man who made five million yen, lost it all, made another million, and lost that. He now has, or did have when I was in Japan in February, fifty thousand yen toward his third fortune, and says he will be a narikin soon.

Stock buying and selling is a favorite form of speculation with the Japanese, albeit not many women invest, as women do in the United States. The most noted of the women stock speculators, who is by no means a narikin, but has done much—for a woman—in Japan, is a hairdresser who lives in Nagoya. This woman had two hundred yen, and bought shares with it. She prayed at an Inari Shrine, pyramided her winnings, and came out with a good many thousand yen.

After the panic in December, when the stock market reopened, following a three-day suspension, there was a further slump, and stocks reached a reasonably normal level. For example, shares in the Exchange were quoted at 295 yen for the old and 263 yen for the new. These shares pay a 20.8 per cent dividend and yield 3.5 per cent on the old. N. Y. K. stock of the old issue was 305 yen a share, paying a dividend of 28 per cent and yielding 4.6 per cent. Fuji Spinning closed at 131 yen a share, paying 16 per cent and yielding 6.1 per cent; Japan Sugar at 103 yen a share, paying 15 per cent and yielding 7.3 per cent; Nippon Oil at 145 yen, paying 20 per cent and yielding 6.9 per cent; and so on. So a reasonable basis had been established and there were not so many stock-market narikins as there had been.

Other lines of speculation and industry have produced other narikins. Japan has more money now than she ever had, and corelatedly more narikins. The war, in its Japanese way, has made as much money relatively for Japan as it has made for the United States, and exactly the same problems confront Japan as confront the United States; for while we have our great stock of gold Japan has increased her gold from about two hundred and fifty million yen before the war to seven hundred and fifty million yen on the first of the present year, and has all the other evidences of war prosperity.

Meantime the narikins are as much in evidence in Tokio and in the big commercial centers as the millionaires are in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland; and, when environment is considered, they do the same things in the same way. A narikin is a narikin the world over, no matter how he is designated or where he is situated.

ANIMAL STUFF

(Continued from Page 16)

A week's close association with the Baron had wrought a great change in the captive. Socrates did not know much about men and their ways, but he was beginning to believe that he was not too old to learn. His long and eventful life had been spent on a rugged island off the California coast, and though he had often seen hunters, they had seldom seen him and then only at great distances. At first something of a skeptic where humans were concerned, Socrates was undergoing a change of ideas as well as a change of heart.

His short acquaintance with the Baron had proved a mighty influence in favor of humankind in general. This heavy-footed, slow-moving, gentle-voiced friend seemed to read a goat's inmost thoughts, and his soothing hand produced a sensation far from unpleasant. Socrates would have followed the Baron willingly, rope or no rope. He did not know the assistant very well, but took him on trust, and as the slip-knot looped his horns his speaking eyes said quite plainly:

"Any friend of my friend is a friend of mine."

He did not know what this change of location might bring to him. In case it was to be anything of vital importance, Socrates would have preferred the Baron as a guide into the unknown; but he accepted the situation with true philosophic calmness and trotted along behind the assistant animal man, meek as an aged sheep.

Now Socrates was old but by no means senile, and he was a remarkably well preserved goat as goats go. They go far on Catalina Island, the sky line of which resembles a fever chart, and their muscles are toughened by much climbing. No peak in all his former domain was unknown to Socrates. He had left the prints of his cloven hoofs upon all of them, and his few days of confinement and soft living had not filched the steel from his thews. Nor had it one whit abated his almost overpowering personality, that aroma of antiquity which moved with him, a part of him and yet apart, a sort of invisible pall.

A slight breeze sprang up, and David MacWade, fully fifty yards away and waiting at the entrance to the sacrificial chamber, threw up his head with a sudden gesture.

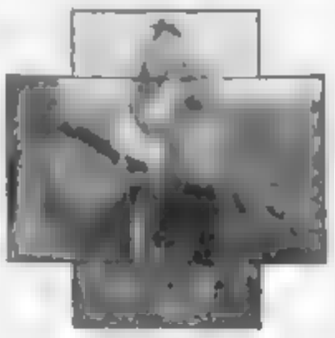
"'Whence comes this rich, o'ermastering fog, this fragrant gloom?'" he quoted, striking an attitude, for David had been an actor in his time, and had often "given away the furniture on Saturday night." "'Aha! 'Tis he, and none other! By the testimony of this, mine honest nose ——'"

"Anybody got a clothespin handy?" inquired Gabby, poking his head out of the safety cage. "Phew! What a cologne factory! And I've got a front seat at this performance too!"

Jean Campbell watched the approach of the doomed creature with pity in her eyes—pity and a slight but unmistakable lifting and widening of the nostrils.

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM



The old-style finder cut off the girl's head. This cannot happen with the Ansco which has the exclusive picture-saving exact radius finder.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

The Ansco has so many automatic safeguards that it leaves nothing to chance or experiment except the arrangement of the picture.

The exact radius finder guarantees that *all* of the image you see in it will appear on the film. The adjustable focusing device makes it easier for you to get sharp, clear pictures. The spring-hinge back lock saves many a roll of film by preventing accidental opening of the back. The spool-holding device makes loading and unloading easy.

These additional devices in the Ansco cost you nothing extra. Why not have them? They are fully described in the catalog, which may be had at the Ansco dealer's or direct from us.

Ansco Cameras fit the pocket, the opportunity and the purse. Prices begin at $2.

ANSCO COMPANY
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

You're leaving the theatre, shop or office. A surprise shower! You and your enthusiasm are drenched. From then on you are uncomfortable—with danger of catching cold.

"Caught in the rain" does not spell discomfort to the man, woman or child with a

Raynster

Reg U. S. Pat Off

These stylish storm-coats are worth their weight in gold. There's something so good-looking about a Raynster that you wear it rain or shine.

Raynsters are made for men, women, boys and girls; for all kinds of wear—work or play. See Raynsters at your dealer's—you'll find many that will suit your taste and pocketbook. Look for the Raynster label. It bears the Honor Mark of a Great Company.

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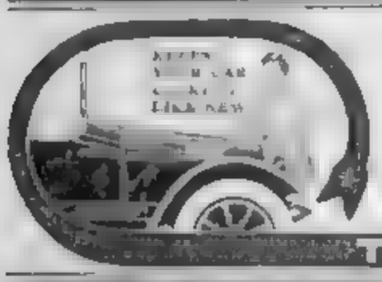

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"I'm not in this scene," said she to David, "and if you don't mind, I—I think I'd rather not ——"

"I don't care to see it either," spoke up Jerry Fairfax. "Let's take a walk."

"Make it a little one," said David. "I'll want you both in a minute."

"Oh," wailed Gabby, "if I could only take a little walk!"

"Cheer up!" said David. "It'll soon be over. Where do you want Sir Limburger?"

"I want him on the other side of the Rocky Mountains," said the camera man. "The Alleghanies would suit me better, Davy, but I suppose I've got to have him bang in the foreground here. Will old Violet Extract stand still?"

"Sure he'll stand still." The assistant led the unresisting Socrates into the arena and halted him on the spot indicated. "He's tame enough to suit anybody."

"Anybody but me," said Gabby, and at the sound of his voice Socrates raised his head and looked long and hard at the safety cage. "There he goes!" yelled Trozier. "What did I tell you, Davy? The old boy knows me like a book—he's got my number! Just look at him, trying to figure out some way to get a crack at me!"

"Forget it!" ordered MacWade. "Let's go! Do you want that crazy Baron back here again, balling up everything? Now then, bring the tiger to that same entrance! When he sees the goat he'll do the rest! Quick with him!"

Thereafter matters moved with the silence and celerity one observes in the preliminaries to a well-regulated execution. The Baron was not a desirable witness—and speaking of that excellent old gentleman, he was even then being courteously but firmly informed that the General Manager was "out," also that in none other was power to reprieve.

Socrates did not in the least mind being left alone in such pleasant surroundings. The portion of the tropics in which he found himself was edible and appealed to his taste. He fell to nibbling daintily at a flowering shrub, and did not even lift his eyes when the camera began clicking. Catalina, he thought, was never like this!

Those lambent eyes were not closed, however; they caught a splash of moving color at the other end of this immense banquet—a vivid yellow, laced with black. Socrates ceased to crop the scenery; his attitude became one of strained expectancy. Something was moving there in the background. What was it?

The undergrowth parted without a sound, and there stepped out into the open the most gorgeous and brilliant creature that this provincial goat had ever seen, a sleek, supercilious, yellow-eyed, long-tailed, soft-footed thing which halted suddenly and showed its teeth. Almost immediately Socrates realized that he was not going to care a great deal for this striped and superior stranger.

As for Rajah, he stood perfectly still, registering surprise, disgust and no small amount of indecision. His entrance had been striking; he now seemed in danger of hogging too much film before beginning the action. For some moments the tiger's delicate olfactory nerves had been tortured and wrung by a powerful and uncatalogued odor, strong enough to make his very eyes water. There was about it the basic suggestion of goat, Rajah thought, but not a goat in all the world—no, nor all the goats in the world—could loose upon the air an essence so pungent and all-pervading! And, thus reflecting, Rajah stepped into the open and came face to face with his victim—one might almost say nose to nose.

Sniff! Goat, was it, or supergoat?

Rajah was in doubt, so he played a small trump. He settled himself upon his haunches and snarled in a tentative and theoretical manner—not much of a snarl, but still enough to do the business for any ordinary goat. The theory was correct as far as it went; like most theories it broke down short of the facts in the case. Socrates was no ordinary goat. When at home, with only the blue Pacific to limit his activities, it was his pleasure, as well as his pride, to meet all comers. Socrates was the undisputed, undefeated heavyweight champion of Catalina Island. Furthermore, and of great importance, he had never seen a Bengal tiger in his life, and how was he to know that he should fear one—he, a champion, with a fighting record unscarred by so much as a draw?

The first snarl irritated Socrates beyond bounds and past bearing. He recognized that he was at a disadvantage in that place, a pilgrim and a stranger far from his rugged hills, but he also realized that a challenge was being hurled at him by this gaudy alien—and a real champion may make but one answer to a challenge. Socrates lowered his battering-ram of a head, measured the distance with a practiced eye, pawed the floor and issued a discordant blatting note of defiance.

Again Rajah hesitated. The first snarl had been no more than sending a boy to market. He decided to lead his ace of trumps—a real snarl this time, teeth bared, flaming gullet exposed, eyes shut tight—and that was where he made a fatal error. In the very midst of that terrifying snarl something hard and heavy and odoriferous, and traveling with the annihilating force of a thunderbolt, smote Rajah full in the unprotected, wide-open face and hurled him, head over tail, into the jungle. He had been so foolish as to offer a blind and defenseless front to the crushing, catapult charge with which the heavyweight champion of Catalina was wont to defend his title.

Now Rajah was no quitter, but he sincerely wished to be one. He began to be anxious about his immediate future. He tried to get on his feet and defend himself, but he was in the case of a fighter dazed by the opening blow of battle, floored before he could lift his guard. His right eye was closed, the left one was closing fast, all his front teeth seemed to be leaving him in a body, and he had a splitting headache. Again the fragrant thunderbolt struck him, and again and yet again, and the Pride of the Mammoth Zoo tucked his ringed tail between his haunches and began asking the way out of that place.

When the Baron came within hailing distance, breathless and flourishing his animal fork, Socrates had just scored his fourth touchdown, and was triumphantly trundling down the arena to a fifth, punting a whimpering, spitting ball of black and yellow fur before him.

"Hey!" cried the Baron. "What you done to that goat?"

"Goat—hell!" shouted MacWade, dancing up and down in his excitement. "Ask him what he's doing to this tiger!"

And the estimable LeRoy Trozier, true to tradition and art, continued to wind the record of the humiliating spectacle.

"Kid me about a safety cage, will they?" he murmured. "I had a hunch all the time—a hunch on a hundred-to-one shot! I should have made book on this fight—I could have busted every barn on the lot! Oh, Mac! Don't you think we'd better turn this thriller into a comedy? You could star the goat!"

■

IT WAS early dusk and three friends were gathered in a corner of the corral behind the animal house.

The old Baron squatted on his haunches and looked searchingly into the flickering eyes of the creature which he had been so ill-advised as to call Socrates. The Airedale also sat on his haunches, regarding his master with a wide grin. The joke was on the Baron, but Rolf, being a gentleman himself, if not indeed the reincarnation of a gentleman, did not mention the fact. The goat looked at his visitors, and listened gravely to what the Baron had to say.

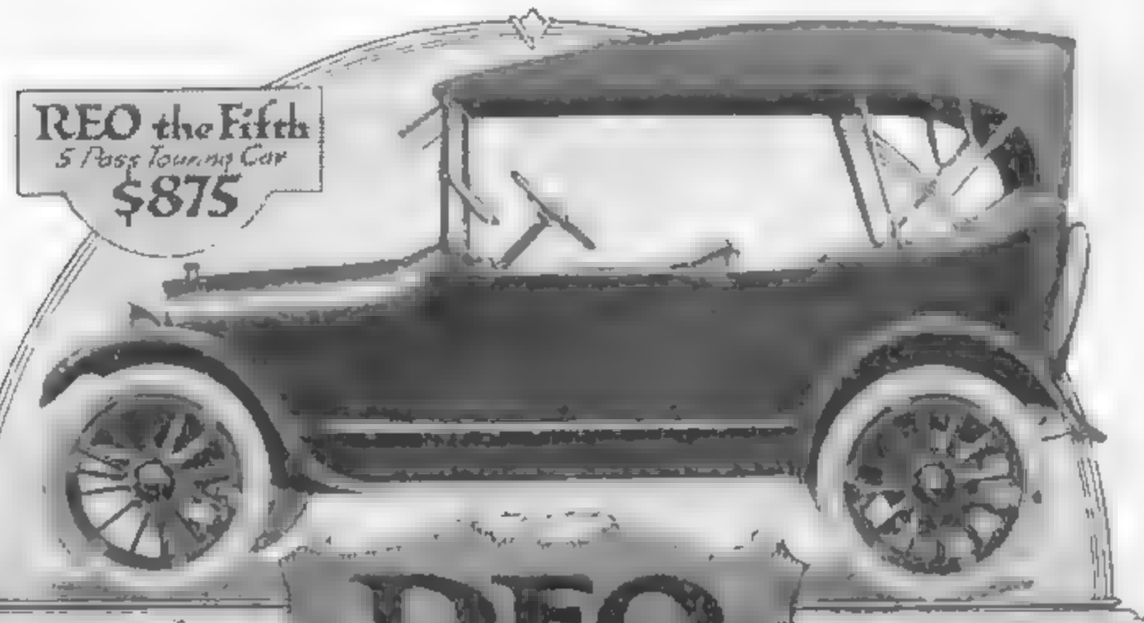
"Yes, I got to admit it. I did you a great injustice to name you after a philosopher. I am apologizing to you now. I wish I knew what to call you. I expect, if you could talk, you would tell me what name old Thor had for you. Don't you shake your head like that. You fool me once, but this time I got your number, you bet! Yes, Thor he was a countryman of mine. I expect you know that too. Yeeminy crickets! What a team that must have been—and you the leader!

"You excuse me now, please. I got to look after Rajah. That tiger he say he feels pretty sick. He say he don't never want to be an actor any more. I expect you won't be one either. Thor, he was a rough customer, and I expect you learned rough ways from him. I wonder where you been all these years? Say, look at me! Look me in my eye! Now then, what name did Thor give you, eh?"

"M-m-mah!" remarked the goat.

"You're a liar!" chuckled the old man. "An awful liar! Come, Rolf, you and me, we got to go see if we can save that tiger's teeth!"

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of stories by Mr. Van Loan. The fourth will appear in an early issue.



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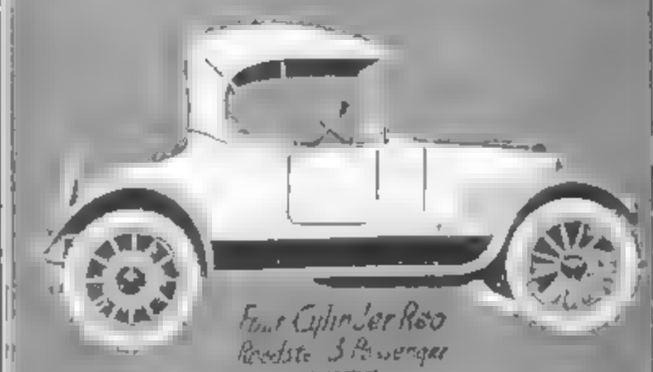

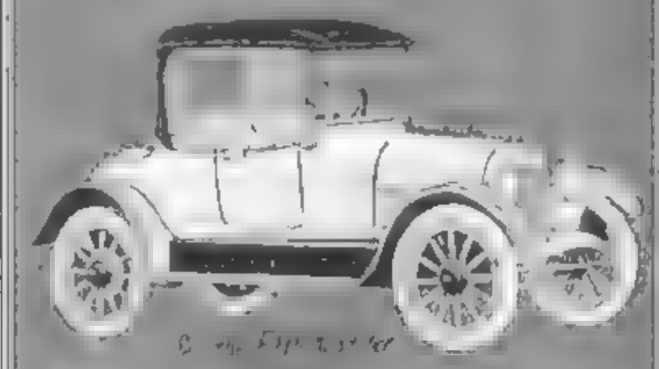

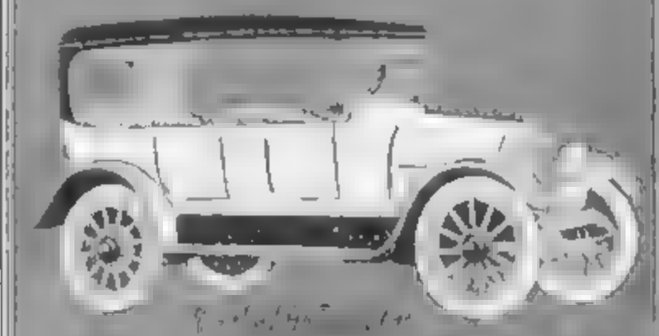

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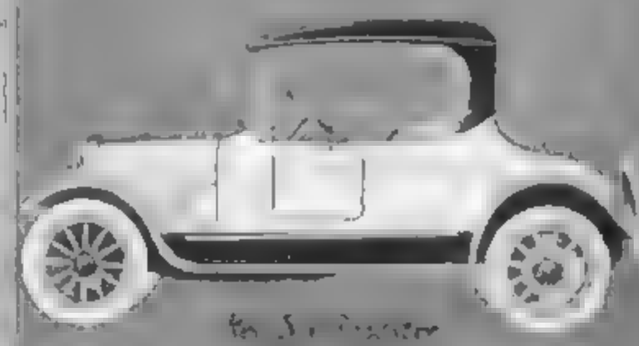

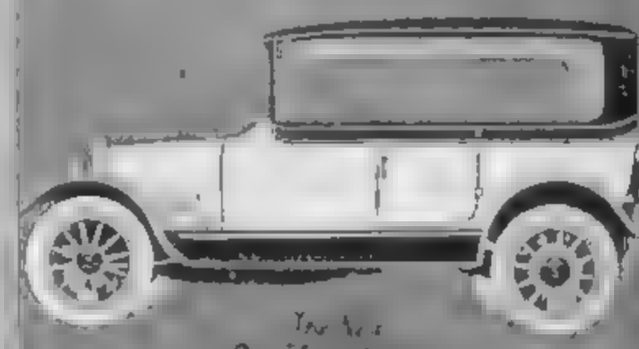

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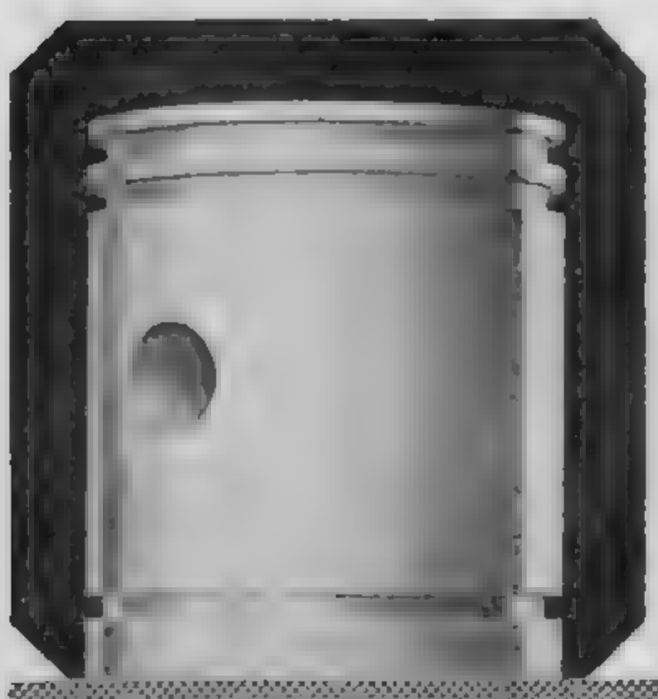

How many cylinders? What about the bearings? The electrical system?

To these and a hundred other questions you've sought the answer before deciding on the car.

But have you concerned yourself with another question even more important—what's *inside* the cylinders?

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Until a few years ago practically all automobile engine pistons were cast-iron. Today cast-iron pistons are fast passing into memory.

The explanation is simple: From 40 to 50 times a second, depending on crankshaft speed, the piston makes a round trip in its cylinder—100 starts, 100 stops almost in a clock-tick. At this high speed, any decrease in piston weight means increased flexibility and lessened vibration. And the greater the engine speed, the greater these advantages.

Thus you understand one of the big reasons why these leading manufacturers have adopted LYNITE Pistons as standard equipment and others are planning to do so on their 1918 cars.

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LYNITE PISTONS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE ISSUES OF THE WORLD WAR

(Continued from Page 17)

perfect embodiment of the imperial idea. If anything about him is crazy it is the system of which he is so remarkable an exponent. Francis Joseph, on the other hand, was well described as a man with a crooked and cavernous mind. Such a being never makes a success of his life, whether he be citizen, subject or emperor. To the extent that Austria seems to us less objectionable than Germany, the difference is due to the relative inability of Francis Joseph to act the imperial part so effectively as William.

The theory that a man is a subject rather than a citizen and that government begins at the top rather than at the bottom is a theory which is being backed to-day by approximately half the armed force of the world.

At the bottom of the long-standing trouble between Austria and Serbia were the Austrian determination to force the imperial idea of government upon Serbia and the Serbian determination to resist it. No God-fearing man will justify the murder of the Austrian archduke. Neither will he approve the terrible international crime which Austria thereupon committed, pleading the assassination as an excuse.

Austria's famous ultimatum to Serbia bore all the earmarks of a sham proposal. It was dispatched at a moment when it was believed that all of Serbia's powerful friends were preoccupied with troubles of their own. It was to be answered in forty-eight hours; so that there was no time for consultation with them. It contained various extreme proposals and at least two that could not be accepted without the surrender of Serbia's sovereign rights and the acceptance of an Austrian overlordship. Preparations were made in advance for the war that was to follow if any item in the preposterous demand was refused.

Serbia's reply was pacific in the extreme. All the demands were conceded except the impossible two; and even as to these there was a qualified acceptance coupled with an offer to refer the matter either to the Hague Tribunal or to the Great Powers. But the Austrian Emperor knew he had Germany behind him. He believed he had nobody but little Serbia in front of him. Though it was morally and politically impossible for Russia to allow Serbia to be annihilated, the German Kaiser and the Austrian Emperor seem to have proceeded upon the certainty that Russia would be afraid to interfere.

It was a clear case of two big bullies believing that they could beat up a little chap in the absence of his friends.

No fair-minded man can read the diplomatic record without concluding that the Kaiser's government deliberately and successfully blocked England's earnest effort at conciliation, and did so in order that the Austrian Emperor might impose on Serbia the shackles of government from the top. Russia, however, had a finer spirit than had been attributed to her and began to mobilize. Austria was startled and showed a willingness to confer. Russia met the suggestion with favor.

An Awful Responsibility

Peace prospects for a moment seemed bright. But the German Kaiser, notwithstanding that Germany had no part in the matter except as an ally of Austria, addressed to Russia a peremptory demand to stop the mobilization at once, though only by means of it had Austria been induced to pause in her insane course. The Czar's reply was conciliatory. The Kaiser's rejoinder was fiery and insolent. Russia failing to halt at the point of the pistol, Germany immediately declared war—first on Russia, and then on Russia's ally, France.

Having found that Serbia could not be disposed of in private, the Kaiser nevertheless hoped he could postpone a conflict with Great Britain until after Germany and Austria had defeated Russia and France. As he had attempted to keep everybody from helping Serbia, so he sought to persuade Great Britain to stand aside while Belgium was overrun and France was annihilated. But, just as in morals and for self-interest Russia had been bound to intervene in behalf of Serbia, so for the same reasons Great Britain was bound to come to the aid of Belgium and France. She did so; and the World War was on.

Every step taken by Germany and Austria had been characteristic of the conduct of potentates rather than of peoples. Their reasons for confidence that Russia would not intervene are persuasive proofs that Russia would have stood aside had she dared. Great Britain and France left no stone unturned in their efforts to avert the conflict. If anyone has ever attempted to place responsibility upon Belgium, he has not dared in so doing to raise his voice above a whisper.

The awful responsibility for the greatest catastrophe in history must be borne by a very few men, who had no sense of accountability to the people for their course and whose thinking was in terms of states and not in terms of human life.

And the point Americans will do well to remember is that the conception of government which substitutes potentates for people is to-day effectively backed by approximately one-half of the armed force of the world.

Can we afford to be indifferent to the outcome?

Russia's Democratic Forces

All Americans wish France well, and for Belgium they have admiration and pity. About Italy they know little. For the last few weeks their eyes have been focused upon Russia; but they are as yet unable to grasp the full significance of the Czar's abdication. Great Britain they identify with England; and England they were taught in their schoolbooks to dislike. They have been told that the British Empire is a sinister force in the world, and they are apt to regard its triumph as of doubtful value to humanity. Some of them have an uncomfortable suspicion that the triumph of the Allies will, in a measure, strengthen and not weaken the cause of government from the top.

This way of thinking ignores two vastly important facts:

One is that the war is a painful process through which the Russian people are coming into their own. What has happened in Petrograd is not so much a revolution as a revelation. It is to-day possible for many of us to perceive what recently was realized by only a few, which is that the dominant and effective force in Russia has been for some time past a democratic force. When the war began the Russian bureaucracy seemed to be as firmly intrenched as ever. Happily, however, government from the top in this case proved to be not even efficient; though efficiency is usually the principal asset of despotism. When, through the collapse of bureaucracy, the national safety was threatened, a great democratic and unofficial group of citizens came into being and proved itself to be the real source of Russian effectiveness.

Government from the top having been found wanting in a crisis, government from the bottom was wrought out in substance, though the forms of autocracy remained. Financing, supplying, administering—all that proved effective in connection with the war—were done not by a ruling class but by the people themselves. Little by little the people came to a realization of their power. Little by little the bureaucrats perceived that the ground was slipping from beneath their feet. It was only in outward appearance that the revolution and the abdication came suddenly. These things were merely the climax of a movement that had been long on its way. The husk fell when the grain was ripe. From this time forward Russia will be numbered among the democracies of the world. The triumph of Russia and her allies in the war will be a notable triumph for government by the people.

The other important fact is that the British Empire at which American critics look askance is not the British Empire of to-day. Just as railroads and insurance companies are by many people distrusted because of the sins of long ago, so the popular American estimate of Great Britain leaves out of account the history of the empire during the last fifty years. A great many of us have read of Lord North and Warren Hastings who know little or nothing about Sir Edward Grey and Lord Cromer. With a shocked expression, people are wont

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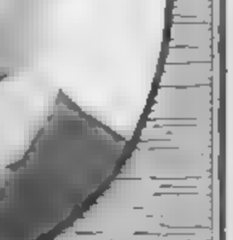

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to say "Look at India!" The trouble is they do not look at it themselves. If they did they could not fail to see in the loyalty of the Indian princes and their people the most remarkable tribute of appreciation ever paid by dependent groups to a central authority.

Now and then a superficial observer will class King and Kaiser together, and will speak of King George as if his was a government from the top. All well-informed Americans are, however, aware that the English constitutional system is essentially democratic; that the people have in many respects a more direct and immediate control over government than the people of the United States; and that, though the king takes office by succession instead of by election, he has far less constitutional power and is far less of a ruler than the President of the United States.

On one side of the World War the potentates are fighting to perpetuate the theory of government from the top. On the other side the people are struggling manfully, animated by the high resolve that government which proceeds from them, and which they administer, shall not perish from the earth.

Only when the people are in control is there any certainty that the collective conscience of all citizens will determine the course which the nation is to pursue.

If the state is conceived of as the foundation of rights, and its interests are regarded as paramount to those of the subject, it is only a short step to the conclusion that the state is not bound by the moral principles which are binding upon individuals. If there were a definite moral code for nations, the coexistence of two standards of conduct would be at least perplexing. But as there is, in fact, only one standard in the world, the refusal of a government to conform to that one standard makes of the nation an outlaw.

Whining Excuses

The point to which such a state will go in violating moral principles may depend entirely upon what the ruler regards as the state's self-interest. What that self-interest is conceived at any time to be depends, in turn, upon the prevailing view of national destiny. Germany's destiny, as pictured by the Kaiser, is nothing short of achieving the civilization of the world.

When, in July, 1914, government from on top had created a situation for which it had only itself to blame, it proceeded to use the wrong that had been done as the justification of still greater crimes. We know today what infinite suffering has resulted from the Kaiser's violation of Belgian neutrality. We realize how utterly impossible it will always be for Germany to make adequate amends for unspeakable loss. As one tragic event has succeeded another—rape following robbery, and murder giving place to the torture of slavery—the words of the German Chancellor have burned themselves deeper and deeper into the consciousness of the rest of the world:

"We are now in a state of necessity," said he; and he might have added: "And our necessitous condition is the direct result of our own wrong." What he actually proclaimed to the Reichstag was far different. "Necessity," he whined, "knows no law. . . . Our troops," he continued, "have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is contrary to the dictates of international law."

This was putting it mildly. International law would have been violated by the invasion of neutral Belgium, even if there had been no express guaranty by treaty that Germany would respect that neutrality. But there was such a treaty; so that the invasion violated also the obligation of a most solemn contract. "Belgium"—so the treaty declared—"forms an independent state of perpetual neutrality." This declaration was guaranteed by Prussia. Lest, however, united Germany might ignore this Prussian obligation, the neutrality of Belgium was guaranteed by a later engagement—though Bismarck declared that the treaty already in force made the new guaranty quite superfluous. There was, therefore, no possible excuse for what was done except the self-interest of the German state. World dominion, the Roman Empire reincarnate, was the Kaiser's objective.

In the pursuit of such a purpose, private rights, the rights of small nations, moral considerations of the most fundamental sort could not possibly be allowed to interfere. "The wrong—I speak openly that we are committing," said the Kaiser's Chancellor, the keeper of the Imperial Conscience, "we shall endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached." But good resolutions for the future are apt to come to nothing when formed on the brink of deliberate and willful sin. "If I succeed in robbing this house I shall never rob another" is a promise that gives little hope of moral reform.

The issue must not be obscured by insisting that in the course of the war cruelties have been practiced by other nations as well. It is inevitable that this should be so. But the things that individuals or nations do under provocation and in violation of their own standards are not to be compared with the outworkings of an immoral system in which these things have an avowed and legitimate place.

Such is the issue between government from the top and government by the people. If the American people must be on one side or the other, there is no doubt on which side they will be found. Our national declaration of war with Germany must involve—to use the President's language—the utmost practicable coöperation, in counsel and action, with the governments now at war with Germany.

America's Task

"But why take sides?" someone may ask. "The war must end in one of three ways: Victory for the peoples; victory for the potentates; or a draw. If the peoples win, well and good. If there is a draw, or if the potentates win, things will at least be no worse than before the war."

No vainer hope than this can possibly delude the shortsighted. It is this sort of illusion that Lincoln's genius was powerful in dispelling. It was clear to him in 1858, though far from clear to multitudes of his fellow citizens, that the government could not endure permanently half slave and half free. He perceived that a national group cannot hold together if half the people in the group have one conception of human rights and civil liberty, and the other half cling to a contradictory conception.

The simple truth is that this little world of ours cannot live in permanent peace if half of it is committed to the principle of government from the top. The reason is that the policies of the state are, in that case, too closely identified with the ambitions, the caprices and even the whims of one man or of a small group of men. No servant of the people ever yet gained from the masses of his constituents a passion for world dominion.

The fact is, the people of Germany have not had a square deal. They have been trained in the most insidious ways to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, and to conceive of national self-interest as of more concern than the moral law. "The German," wrote one of their trusted teachers, "is the superior type of the man of wisdom, from the physical as well as the intellectual point of view."

When the potentate can dominate the thinking and control the conduct of his subjects, he is, in effect, enslaving them. But happily there is still a half of the world which stands firm in the conviction that freedom exists only when it is the people who are in power. The world cannot continue to exist half slave and half free. We do not expect civilization to dissolve—we do not expect the house to fall; but, unless we are blind, we must expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the Allies, with all the aid that the people of the United States can give them, will arrest the further spread of government from the top, and place it where the people shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or the Central Powers, with the aid of Bulgaria, the Turks, and those among us who are unconsciously giving them much aid and comfort, will push forward the doctrine of Divine Right until it shall become the recognized political creed alike of the Old World and of the New.

The task we are setting ourselves is a great one; but the issue cannot be in doubt. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes—everything we are and everything we have—with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles which gave her birth and happiness, and the peace she has treasured.

God helping her, she can do no other!

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Starting & Lighting Batteries *for* Automobiles

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This company for twenty-nine years has enjoyed the commanding position in every field where the storage battery is of paramount importance.

BATTERIES of this Company are used:

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See the "Exide" Battery; have its various points explained to you, learn what it is doing for your brother motorists.

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The Motor of "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

When you raise the hood of a Paige car, you will find one of the most efficient power plants that has ever been placed in an automobile chassis.

As it stands today, the Paige Motor is a *finished* product—a true mechanical masterpiece. It bears the O. K. of the ripest genius that the industry affords, and we are convinced that no current engineering practice could make it better.

Ours is a safe motor—a sane motor—an ever dependable motor. With equal grace, it will swing blithely up the steepest hills—plough its way through thick, clinging sand roads—or purr along at two miles an hour in congested city traffic.

Yes—a demonstration will convince you.

Stratford	"Six-51"	seven-passenger, $1495 f. o. b. Detroit
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Limousine	"Six 51"	seven-passenger, $2750 f. o. b. Detroit
Sedan	"Six-51"	seven-passenger, $2300 f. o. b. Detroit
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Town Car	"Six-51"	seven-passenger, $2750 f. o. b. Detroit

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

THE BRITISH CENSORSHIP

(Continued from Page 19)

Edinburgh and London, from Dublin and Glasgow. Intense workers—quiet and reserved, but deadly keen—they become so absorbed in their subtle and fascinating game of hunting the King of Big Game that they know not the eight-hour day, but often work from morning till evening, and from evening round the clock again to morning.

They are self-effacing, but take great pride in each other's achievements. When first I visited their workshop one of their number, an ex-professor of chemistry, pointed with brotherly pride to an inoffensive little ex-professor of history and said: "He is one of our very best men. His reconstructive conclusions are nothing short of miraculous. To-day, for instance, he is just putting the finishing touches on a case that will add yet another notch to his tally of dead spies."

The fondest hope of their chief, whose achievements far surpass those of the fictitious heroes of Conan Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe, is that he may, after the war, meet and match scores with his real antagonists, the men "higher up" in Berlin who are behind the spies. It is with them that he plays a game akin to blindfold chess. The spies are but silly pawns pushed tentatively forward to be sacrificed for the slightest advantage in this eerie game.

Some of his feats in checkmating the German Secret Service are playing an important part in the outcome of the war. For instance, the German forces in East Africa had been cut off from communication with other German forces and from Berlin by the destruction of their wireless sending station at Dar-es-Salaam. This caused serious complications, since it was of vital importance that reports of the exact state of their campaign should reach the great General Staff in Germany.

The Germans in East Africa knew that prisoners taken by the British were sent to a concentration camp at Ahmednagar; and that, after having been put upon parole not to abuse the privilege by attempting to forward military information to Germany, they were immediately allowed to write home. Taking this fact as a point of departure, the Germans worked out a plan they believed could not fail to achieve their purpose.

Secret Writing Exposed

They concocted an invisible sympathetic ink, and with it filled the toothwash bottle of a trusted Prussian officer, who thereupon went out scouting and purposely allowed himself to be captured by the British. As had been expected, he was sent to Ahmednagar, and was there allowed the privilege of writing to Germany to announce his capture, and to state that he was well and unwounded. He composed a long letter, praising the treatment he received from the English and saying that he was happy and contented.

Before he posted this perfectly innocent missive, however, he steamed the envelope in which it was to be sent until it could be unfolded into a flat sheet of paper. He then wrote his military report in secret ink on the inside, remade the envelope, placed his letter therein, and posted it to Germany.

In due time it reached the British Censorship, where the head of the testing department had given orders that all communications written by Prussian officers, whether under parole or not, should be submitted to him. He merely glanced through the letter and immediately called an assistant.

"The writer of this," he said, "is up to some deviltry. I deduce this from the fact that he omits to complain of not having a servant to wait on him. Such a grumble is invariably the first that a Prussian officer makes when he reaches prison—that is, unless he is up to some crookedness and is trying to sugar the pill. Take this letter and examine it carefully; and don't bring it back to me until you find what is wrong with it."

Within an hour the assistant had discovered and developed the secret writing on the inside of the envelope. The testing department thus converted their opponent's forward pass into a touchdown for their own side; for the information contained in the document was far more valuable to the British than it would ever have been to the enemy, as will be incontrovertibly shown by the partial translation which follows:

"The commandant expects a ship from America to Southwest Africa next month. . . . The commandant intends . . . to hold up the British Army of sixty thousand men by a slow retreat and thus keep it away from more important theaters of war. . . . The state of health of our army is satisfactory, there being only twenty-five cases of typhus at P.'s hospital in Mombo. . . . Medicaments, however, are very short; but we have begun to produce quinine at Amani and along the Central Railway. All other stores for Europeans are available; even cigarettes, chocolate and schnapps are being manufactured, and also leather boots. . . . Until the end of March rainfall was so slight that there was insufficient water for our native troops. . . . The traitor Von Maidell is at New Moschi, with the British. This we know from Peterholz" [evidently the Doctor P previously referred to] "who stayed behind in his professional capacity at the capture of New Moschi, and has since been returned to us."

Texts for Trouble-Makers

Next to the testing department one of the most interesting sections of the censorship is the library of German war literature, in which are preserved for reference sample copies of all the German propaganda that reach the censorship through the mail. It contains an almost complete collection of all textbooks produced in Germany since the war began intended for distribution to the myriads of her agents scattered throughout all the countries of the world. Here the visitor beholds thousands upon thousands of books and pamphlets published under the supervision of the Propaganda Section of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Nearly every section of every country in the world seems to have been supplied with carefully studied pro-German publicity, written in its own patois or dialect, and composed in strict sympathy with its particular local traditions and interests. Without duplication, there are more than five hundred feet of tightly packed books, which have been carefully selected from hundreds of tons of propaganda removed from German mails.

Even a cursory examination of this library makes it evident that German propagandists try to be all things to all men, and seek to convert to the uses of the Fatherland everyone, from the Pope to the Sheik ul Islam. In Great Britain they devote their energies to the encouragement of conscientious objectors; in Ireland, to the financing and fomenting of revolution; in Germany, to breeding hatred of England and America; in America, to the encouragement of emotional pacifism; in Turkey, to the announcement of Germany's military invincibility and of the Kaiser's sympathy with Mohammedanism; in Austria-Hungary, to fostering ideas of inseparable brotherhood in arms between the soldiers of Austria and Germany; in Holland and Scandinavia, to terrifying details of the fate of small nations that, like Belgium, Serbia and Rumania, have dared to cross Germany's path.

The various productions of German propaganda are self-contradictory and were never intended to be collected together in one place. Books encouraging pacifism and nonresistance, and intended as a basis for propaganda in America, stand cheek by jowl with others, for German consumption, preaching the doctrine of "Might is Right!" Books encouraging a Mohammedan Holy War against Christians stand side by side with others that praise the Good Old German God, who will smite, hip and thigh, the unchristian enemies of the Fatherland. Most of the more recent propaganda was not intended for general distribution, but merely to serve as a text for German agents living in foreign countries, who make native citizens their dupes, in order to secure the publication in the local press of the ideas outlined in the texts sent out by Germany.

The objects and purposes of all this German propaganda seem to group themselves into four classes: It calls attention to German methods of organization and exaggerates the importance of Germany's

Fixtures—and Tools

It is an easy matter to put up bathroom fixtures yourself if you have the right tools. Before you try to drive a screw, let Mr. Punch drill a hole for it. Then the screw will go in all the way, and without difficulty and without marring the head—which is important with polished fixtures.

Through the numbered holes in the hollow handle are seen the eight drill points that come with this tool; the hole in the handle is exactly the size of the hole the drill cuts. Select the size you want, insert the drill point in the tool, place the point on the spot where the hole is to be, and push. The tool does the work. As you push on the handle a spiral twist rotates the drill rapidly; it will cut through an inch of oak in a few seconds.

Then with the automatic screw-driver two strokes will drive home the screw. This tool is even more ingenious than Mr. Punch. It operates as an automatic screw-driver for driving or drawing screws, as a rachet screw-driver for either purpose, or as an ordinary screw-driver.

These tools, and all others of Goodell-Pratt make, are tools of the highest grade; tools to be proud of; tools to last a lifetime.

Partial List of Goodell-Pratt Tools	
Hacksaws	Bit-Braces
Saw Sets	Levels
Gauges	Lathes
Punches	Grinders
Vises	Calipers
Drills	Squares
Micrometers	

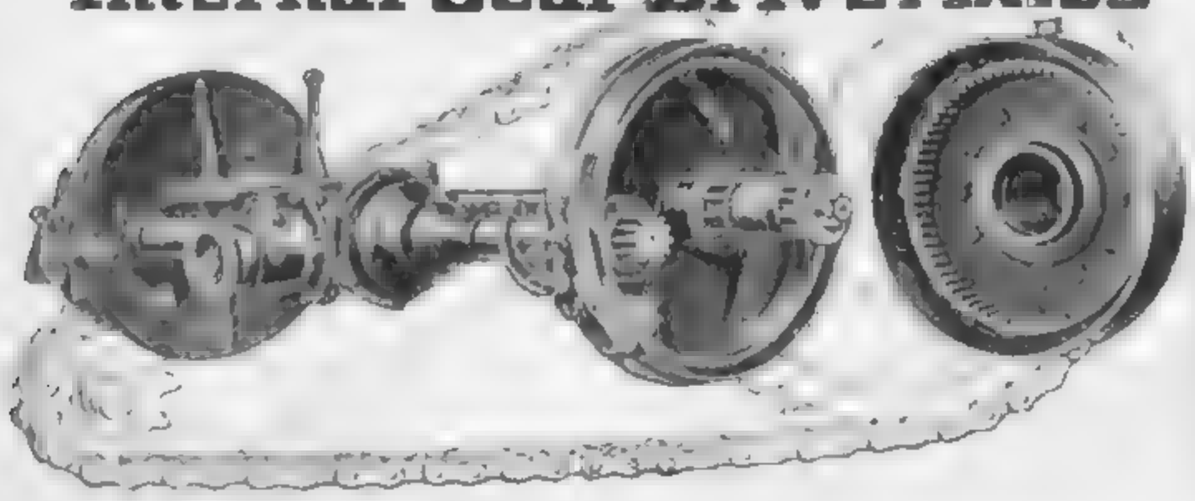
Send for the story, "The House That Jack Fixed," an interesting account of the tools one young man bought and how he used them.

Goodell-Pratt Company
Greenfield, Mass.

Toolsmiths

GOODELL PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Russel
Internal Gear Drive Axles



The Russel Internal Gear Drive Axle has retained and improved all the good features of the chain drive, and has eliminated all the bad ones.

The chain drive, when new, is the most efficient drive for motor trucks. But it soon loses its efficiency, as the chains yield, wear rapidly and become noisy.

Large manufacturing experience is back of Russel design and workmanship. We have supplied more manufacturers of 1 and 2 ton trucks with jackshafts than any other axle maker

Russel Motor Axle Company
Railroad Ave., North Detroit

The Russel Load-Carrying Axle is a one-piece round bar of chrome-nickel steel

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"JOIN IN THE NATION'S MOST POPULAR SPORT—BOATING"

Of Course You'll Want a Boat

WATER AUTOMOBILING will be the big sport this season. Those who like to be out of doors have learned that the lake, ocean and river have a charm all their own that crowded boulevards and dusty roads cannot equal. You will want your boat to be a Mullins not only because

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

but also because beauty of design and efficient and dependable power plants properly installed, have given Mullins boats an enviable reputation for comfort, service and speed.

Built of tough steel having greater resistant qualities than one-inch oak planking, powered with 2 and 4-cycle engines bearing world-famous name plates, Silent Underwater Exhaust, Mullins boats can't leak, water log, dry out, warp or open at the seams and never require calking.

There are now more than 65,000 enthusiastic owners of Mullins boats. Forty models now ready for delivery

Let us send you our big catalog of steel and wooden motor boats, rowboats and canoes—free.

THE W. H. MULLINS COMPANY
71 FRANKLIN STREET SALEM, OHIO
World's Largest Manufacturers of Steel and Wooden Pleasure Boats and Builders of the Celebrated Mullins Outboard [illegible] 14-Foot Steel Boat.

military successes, thereby discouraging enemies and impressing upon neutrals, like Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and America, the danger to be incurred by all who interfere with Germany's aims. It aims to promote mutual mistrust among the Allies, and by subtle touches insinuates that dissension already exists among them, in the hope of weakening the Entente and modifying the attitude of neutrals toward the ultimate outcome of the war. It stimulates martial spirit in the Central Empires and encourages pacifism in all neutral and allied countries, in order to bring the present war to a close on the basis of a German victory, and relatively to weaken foreign countries as a preparation for Germany's future wars. It obscures Germany's part in starting the war, and seeks to minimize the effect produced in America and Spain by the violation of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania, the Holy War against Armenian Christians, and the recent slave raids in Belgium and France.

In the cellar of the censorship is one department which is of more interest to Americans than any of the others—that in which all condemned letters are filed away. Letters are never destroyed by the censorship, but are detained for periods of time varying from one week to the duration of the war, according to the value which the information they contain might be to the Germans.

Thousands and thousands of letters are carefully docketed and filed; so that any letter, or any series of letters, or all the letters written by one man, or even all letters dealing with any particular subject, may be located in a few minutes.

An American who examines these files is aghast at what he thereby learns of German propaganda in his own country. Its extent and efficiency almost surpass comprehension. Thousands of letters reiterate and prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the existence of a widespread system of criminal conspiracies organized by Count Bernstorff, and so thoroughly established that it remains behind him unimpaired, even now that he has finally been sent about his business. These plots are promoted not only by Germans but by American citizens of German extraction, and even by recreants of native stock.

The system stands poised, ready to fall upon its foolishly hospitable host, to destroy his bridges, factories and water-supply systems.

Copies of all the most important of these letters have been forwarded by the censorship, through the American Embassy, to the State Department in Washington; so that our Government has at least been allowed ample time to take adequate precautions. A few sample letters will, I think, prove extremely illuminating to the average American citizen. It is not possible within the space of a short article to give more than one in a hundred of similar import on file in the office of the British Censor.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Wood on British Censorship.

GET-RICH-QUICK SHIPS

(Continued from Page 9)

winter they may have this information for what it may be worth, together with the additional information that they are not the only ones who have suffered. Before the war coal freights to Rio de Janeiro averaged eleven or twelve shillings, and the vessel paid all the port charges and expenses of discharging the cargo. Now Rio coal freights are stiff at twenty-one dollars a ton, with all port charges and stevedoring paid by the consignees.

Of course steamers are in great demand because of their greater carrying and earning power; but the windjammer, be she ever so humble, has not been overlooked. Out on the Pacific Coast the little old three-masted lumber hooker, built to carry between five hundred and six hundred thousand feet of lumber, board measure, had, for all practical purposes, been crowded out of that trade by the steam schooners fifteen years ago. When lumber freights from Puget Sound and Grays Harbor jumped from four dollars to ten dollars following the destruction of San Francisco in 1906, and the consequent abnormal demand for lumber with which to rebuild, these old vessels came out of retirement; and until the panic in October, 1907, their owners again viewed them with pride and affection.

Following the panic, however, these vessels went back to Rotten Row. From time to time the best of them were sold for codfishers and departed for Alaskan waters; while others shipped gasoline engines and departed for Mexican and West Coast ports, between which they will engage in piffling trade while they hold together. One could have had his pick of the lot, following the earthquake, for twenty-five hundred dollars. But, oh, to have them back again at twenty-five thousand dollars and run them, with the forgotten sisterhood of Rotten Row, in the lumber trade!

The foreign cargoes are sawed and piled on the mill docks; but, even at two hundred shillings a thousand feet to Australia, or two hundred and twenty shillings to South Africa, the mills cannot get tonnage to move them; for the big steam schooners haven't sufficient fuel-oil tankage to enable them to run foreign, while the despised, rusty, battered little windjammer can go anywhere. Thus, even in old ships, we see illustrated the Biblical statement that the last shall be first and the first shall be last. And there is nothing now left in Rotten Row that could possibly be patched up and sent to sea.

To a shipping man the saddest sight during 1916 was the Alaska salmon fleet laid up for the winter in Oakland Inner Harbor. Here is gathered annually fully fifty per cent of all the grand old square-riggers under the American flag. About the middle of March they are hauled out, and about the fifteenth of April they leave for Alaska, laden with fishermen and cannery supplies; about the first of September they begin to come romping home with the fishermen, and their great holds are filled with cases of canned salmon. After discharging they are taken in hand by tugs and tucked away to await the next spring hegira to the north. Practically six months they lie there, not earning a dollar; and the thought of what they might earn, if the packers would only charter them for that idle period, is enough to bring tears to the eyes of a graven image. In all probability the packers have wept over it; but they dare not let their square-riggers go for the winter, for they never forget that they are square-riggers and may not get back on time in the spring.

If half a dozen of those big ships shouldn't get home until June, and a few more should fail to come home at all, people who like canned salmon would be sending a memorial to Congress, asking for an official investigation of the outrageous prices being charged. So pity the poor Alaska packer whose ships lie idle for six months each year in wartime—that is, pity the majority of them. They all stood pat during the fall and winter of 1914. During the fall and winter of 1915 they still stood pat, though some shuddered every time they looked at their ships. But when the fleet came home in the fall of 1916 human nature could no longer stand the strain, and several cases of salmon were broken and dropped overboard in the hurry of discharging, in order that the ships might make short voyages to Honolulu and down to the West Coast; for in every crowd you will always find a few daring devils who will take a chance, though the majority of the salmon ships laid up as usual.

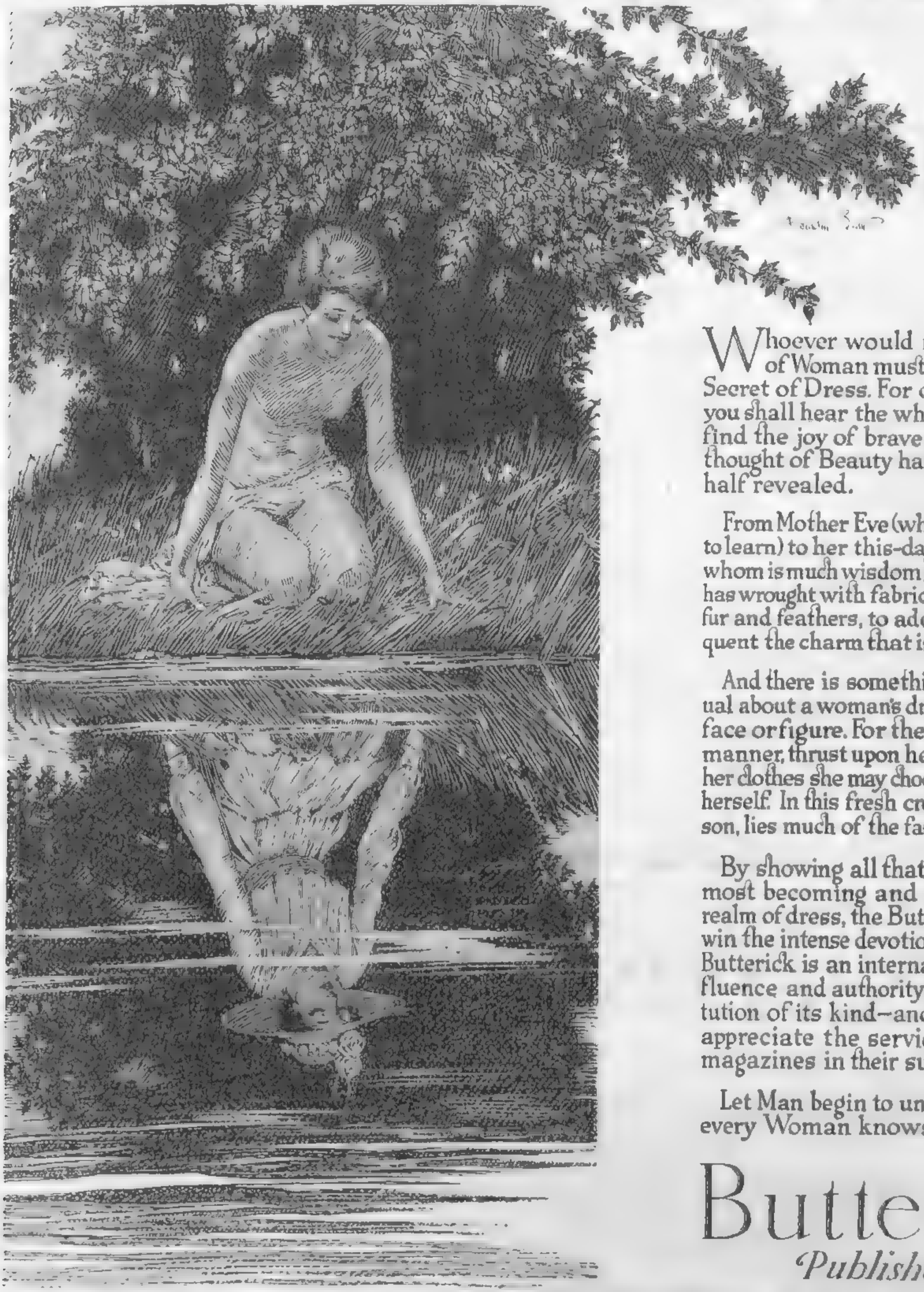
Another instance of the sudden values old square-riggers have attained, and are continuing to attain, is found in the case of the ship Edward Sewall. This honest old girl sold in 1916 for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which was probably slightly over a hundred thousand dollars in excess of her intrinsic value as a ship. She is now worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The most spectacular coup of all, however, is probably that made by the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. Forty years ago this company was operating a line of square-riggers round the Horn, and at the beginning of the war had a fleet of approximately twenty steamships running from New York through the Canal to Honolulu and Pacific Coast ports; in fact, the American-Hawaiian ships moved the Hawaiian sugar crop annually.

Now in order to keep this line busy on this run, general cargo had to be freighted from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific.

(Continued on Page 109)

The Dream of Fair Women



Whoever would fathom the Soul of Woman must first discern her Secret of Dress. For deep in her heart you shall hear the whisperings of silk, find the joy of brave colors and the thought of Beauty half concealed and half revealed.

From Mother Eve (who had everything to learn) to her this-day daughters (in whom is much wisdom) feminine instinct has wrought with fabric and flowers, with fur and feathers, to adorn and make eloquent the charm that is hers.

And there is something more individual about a woman's dress, than in her face or figure. For the latter were, in a manner, thrust upon her by Nature, but her clothes she may choose and make for herself. In this fresh creating of the person, lies much of the fascination of Dress.

By showing all that is newest, best, most becoming and authentic in the realm of dress, the Butterick magazines win the intense devotion of womankind. Butterick is an international style influence and authority—the only institution of its kind—and women deeply appreciate the service of Butterick magazines in their supreme interest.

Let Man begin to understand "what every Woman knows".

Butterick

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THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE | THE DELINEATOR | THE DESIGNER

Peerless

All that the name implies

"Purr" and "Punch"

Two Power Ranges Combine These Opposite Virtues in the Peerless Eight

THE DELECTABLE purr of an ideally soft, smooth, flexible motor may now be had in a car capable of stupendous feats of power and speed.

Two Power Ranges make the Peerless Eight a car of "dual personality"—of unbelievable contrasts of performance.

A "Loafing" Range

For all ordinary driving you will use its "loafing" range. In this range it performs all of those feats of smoothness which distinguish the really fine from the ordinary car in the every day service of an exacting owner. And in this range it is on half rations, consuming fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six.

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Among the finer cars of the day, there are a few which pretend no compromise with the demand for the gentler virtues of soft, smooth flexibility. Such cars are out and out exponents of the more rugged virtues of brute power and speed. In its "sporting" range the Peerless is ready to vie with such cars in their own chosen field.

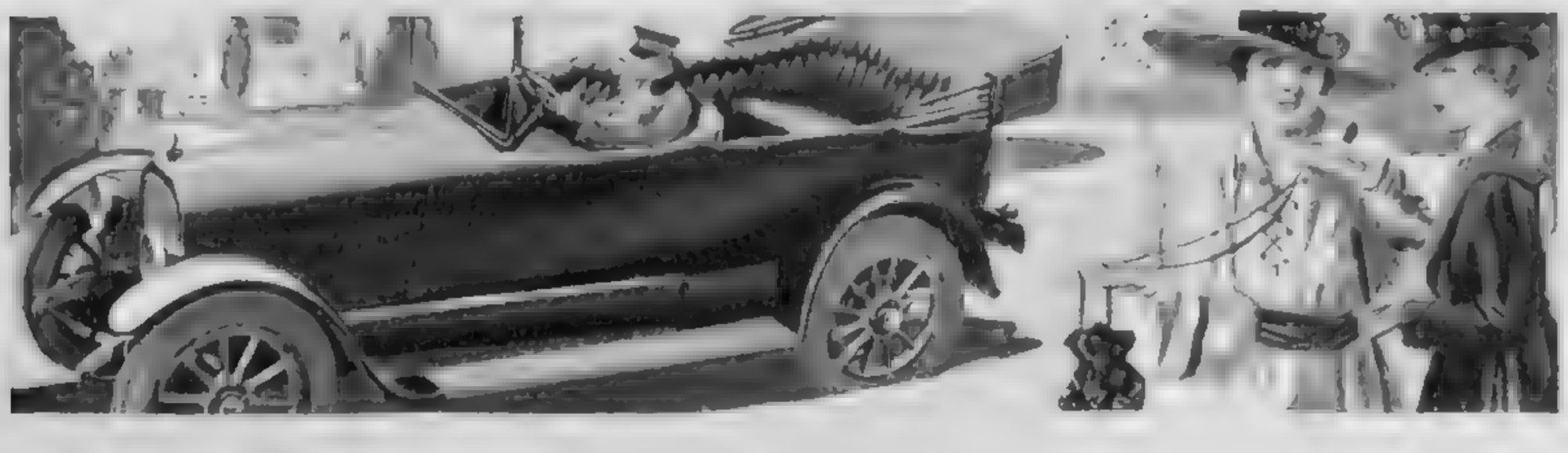
Let the Peerless Dealer demonstrate how much more your motor car will mean to you when you can run the whole gamut of motor car performance with one and the same car—the Peerless Eight.

Touring, $2090 Roadster, $2090 Sporting Roadster, $2250 Coupé, $2750 Sedan, $2890 Limousine, $3590

Prices f. o. b. Cleveland—Subject to change without notice.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Peerless Eight



(Continued from Page 106)

When tonnage grew scarce and freight commenced to pile up on the Atlantic Seaboard, the railroads put an embargo on all freight from the Middle West consigned to the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company for transportation to the Pacific Coast and Honolulu, and insisted that such freight should be shipped by rail directly to Pacific Coast ports—an argument that was particularly hard to combat in view of the slide in Culebra Cut, which closed the Panama Canal for so many months in 1915–16.

Of course this constituted a pretty kettle of fish for the American-Hawaiian Line; but the president, Mr. George S. Dearborn, was equal to the emergency. He had to move that Hawaiian sugar crop, and he couldn't move it at a profit when his steamers had to go round Cape Horn, while the Canal was blocked, and return to the Pacific via the same long route only half loaded. So he sold a number of the fleet—the smallest and the worst, of course—at several times the value of the largest and best, put three big steamers on the run between Honolulu and San Francisco to move the sugar crop, and delivered it to the transcontinental roads at San Francisco.

Under the present maritime freight rates only the rich could now afford sugar in their coffee had it not been for Dearborn's business ability; for the water haul, added to the rail charges, would have shot the price of sugar sky-high. Of course sugar did show quite an upward tendency; but it might have been worse if the American-Hawaiian Line hadn't hauled three hundred thousand tons of Hawaiian sugar to San Francisco for nothing. Three steamers did the trick, which released seven others from the sugar trade and left them free to haul nitrate from the West Coast and to engage in European and South African trade at abnormal freight rates.

Thus, at one stroke, as it were, the American-Hawaiian Line continued to deliver the Honolulu consignments of its customers in the Middle West by picking up their freight at San Francisco instead of New York; it obliged the railroads with Atlantic Seaboard terminals and helped them with their congestion of freight; it didn't disappoint and ruin the sugar planters; and it made the transcontinental lines happy by giving them three hundred thousand tons of freight they hadn't figured on. Incidentally, nitrate freights being up to thirty dollars and as high as thirty-six dollars, the A.-H. Line has made a pot of money since the war began.

A Piker's Luck

Of course, all this good fortune hasn't benefited vessel owners exclusively. Take, for instance, the case of a certain Wall Street piker who once invested in twenty-five shares of the Consolidated Steamship Line, which had been organized by Mr. Charles A. Morse. It will be remembered that this line went to smash several years ago. It was reorganized as the Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies Steamship Company, and in exchange for his twenty-five shares of practically worthless Consolidated Steamship stock our modest investor was given three shares of common stock and two of preferred in the A., G. & W. I. S. S. Company. He also got one of the same company's bonds, which had a par value of a thousand dollars and was worth whatever you could get for it. The stock had no market either.

The owner tucked this evidence of his lack of business perspicacity into a safe-deposit box and forgot it. Recently he sold his two shares of preferred for sixty-five dollars a share, while his three shares of common netted him one hundred and forty-two dollars each; and he still has the bond, which is worth about eight hundred dollars and is steadily getting more valuable. His original twenty-five shares of Consolidated cost him about twenty dollars a share.

New York City is the home of the most conscientious shipping man in the entire civilized world. A company he controlled once bought a steamer for eighty-five thousand dollars. He could never make any money out of the old swindler, however, and finally he tried to sell her. The best price he could get, however, was fifty thousand dollars; and inasmuch as he hated to see his stockholders shoulder a loss of thirty-five thousand dollars in addition to the long-continued loss of their expected profits, he decided to hang on to her and hope against hope. When the war broke out he had an offer of sixty-five thousand dollars for her. At once he called a meeting of the board of directors to consider the offer, and it was unanimously decided to sell while the selling was good; for, though Mr. Barnum declared that a sucker is born every minute, said suckers rarely go in for steamships after they have attained to the years of supposed discretion. So the steamer was sold and the company declared a dividend, with everybody happy and glad to get rid of her, until presently it began to dawn on the president and general manager that he had sold a couple of hundred thousand dollars too cheap!

He began to grieve over it; and presently he came to the conclusion that he was several different kinds of a poor steamship man, and had, by reason of his lack of foresight and imagination, caused his stockholders a gigantic loss. "At least," he argued to himself, "I should have sold her for them for what she cost the company." And forthwith he sat down and wrote an apologetic letter to each stockholder and inclosed his personal check for the stockholder's pro rata of twenty thousand dollars—the difference between the cost of the vessel and her selling price!

By a strange coincidence the man who had purchased those twenty-five shares of Consolidated years before happened to be the recipient of one of these conscience checks. He sent it back, with a little note of appreciation.

Orders in Council

The various orders in council issued by the belligerent European nations have had little or no effect on United States shipping. Germany, of course, will not recognize the transfer of a British steamer to provisional American registry; but, since Britannia rules the wave, nobody pays any attention to the Kaiser's warning. Great Britain, on her part, will not recognize the transfer of a German steamer to provisional registry; and, since Britannia rules the wave, there aren't any German steamers changing hands, for nobody cares to buy a German steamer cheap, only to have her confiscated when she puts to sea.

The American Transatlantic Steamship Company has been rather unlucky in this respect. Unfortunately for this company, its president, though an American citizen, signs himself R. G. Wagner—and Wagner is a German name. Contrary to the newspaper reports, however, the A. T. fleet was never under the German flag, the eleven steamers owned by this company having been purchased in Denmark, Norway and Sweden shortly after the outbreak of the war.

They represent a total tonnage of sixty-two thousand five hundred tons. The first four steamers to put to sea were captured by British cruisers, on the ground that they were vessels which in reality were German-owned.

It is reported, however, that this cannot be proved in a prize court; and, according to shipping gossip, the sole excuse Great Britain has for taking these steamers lies in a report, equally difficult of confirmation, that the Danish gentleman who helped to finance the purchase of these ships for the American Transatlantic Steamship Company was once caught shipping goods to Germany in violation of Denmark's neutrality. At any rate, Great Britain has not formally confiscated the vessels, and our State Department has arranged with Great Britain to permit the other seven vessels to operate, pending the decision of the prize court.

In the event that Great Britain cannot sustain her contention, the A. T. Company will have a valid claim against her for the loss of earnings sustained by these four vessels while detained in England; and this, of course, will amount to a pretty penny. Meantime the remaining seven steamers are running to South American ports.

Contrary to a general impression that unrestricted U-boat warfare has had a disastrous effect on American shipping, the fact is that American shipowners are no more excited over the U-boat warfare than are the farmers of the Middle West. Only those steamers that are carrying contraband goods at a staggering freight rate, and are, moreover, fully covered by war-risk insurance and guaranties from the governments to which their cargoes are consigned, are trading to Europe.

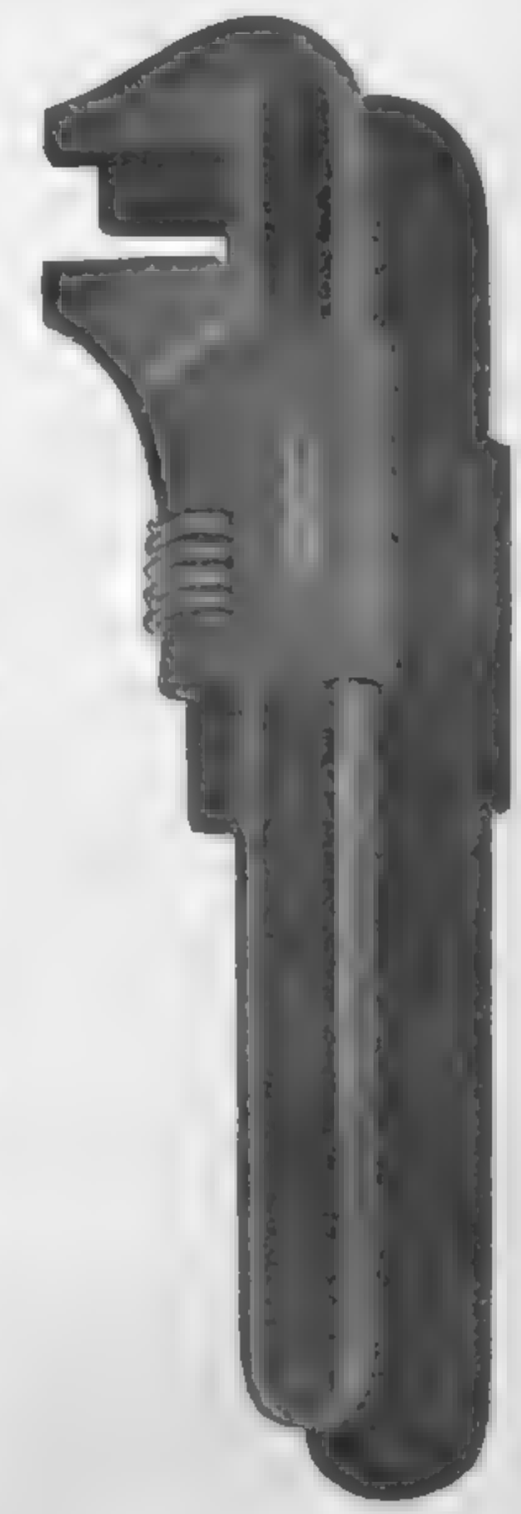
Freights to the Far East, South Africa, and particularly South America, are too high for the enterprising Yankee shipowner

TRADE MARK

97's Big Brother
"Model G"
Automobile Wrench

IN a previous advertisement we told about the famous Model 97 Wrench—more than ten millions in service.

MODEL G automobile wrench is the big brother of the Model 97. It has the same characteristics of workmanship and finish that have made the 97 so universally popular, but is especially designed for heavier service, as on automobiles, trucks, engines, locomotives and all large machinery. In sizes from 6 to 18 inches.



DROPFORGED from selected open hearth steel throughout, and scientifically hardened, Model G is a wrench that is handed down from father to son. For utility, strength and convenience its superior is not to be found, and it is just one of a complete line of triangle trademarked dropforged tools.

MODEL G may be purchased from the hardware, machinery and accessory trade everywhere.

Every wrench stamped with the Billings & Spencer Triangle trademark is unconditionally guaranteed.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO.
HARTFORD, CONN. U. S. A.

Cigar Stores Confectioners
News Stores

Big Profits in Soda Water

Quick profits, too. Everybody everywhere drinks soda water. And there's big money selling it.

Let us start you now in the profitable soda water business. Make almost 4c on every 5c drink you sell, about 400% profit.

No money tied up in this investment. Your outfit *more than pays for itself* with the first five gallons of syrup dispensed.

Cherryallen Soda Fountain

Complete with 5 gallons of Cherryallen syrup - - $54.50

This amount of syrup brings you in $64.00, more than enough to pay for fountain and syrup. Some stores sell this much every two weeks through this fountain. Every gallon of syrup brings you $10.50 profit. The FOUNTAIN assures this because it makes every drink the same strength. Cherryallen has the true cherry flavor, pure, wholesome and thirst-quenching. It's a big repeater.

Fountain is handsome and novel in appearance—silver plated with marble base and large frosted globe displaying the syrup. Occupies little space on your counter. Simple, practical. Does the work of elaborate and costly fountain, with added feature that it dispenses *"Finished Drink."* Turning the lever to the right instantly draws a glass of Cherryallen. The syrup and water flow out together in the proper proportion and mix as they flow into the glass. Turning lever to left draws plain carbonated water, fine and coarse stream, enabling you to make any other kind of drink. Carbonated water is cooled in the cooler and makes an ice-cold drink. Ice box and coolers built to last. Pipe to carbonated water tank included.

This Soda Fountain is a quick, sure way of adding easy dollars to the income of your Cigar Store, News Stand, Confectionery, or for individuals for outside use at resorts, etc.

Remember—the first 5 gallons of syrup sold more than pays for the entire outfit.

Right now is the time for you to begin. The big season for soda water is just opening. You want *your* share of the summer profits. Don't let this extra money get away from you

Write quick for particulars about this wonderful soda maker and illustration, actual size

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Get a Delta complete electric lighting system. Great for night riding. Throws searchlight beam. Uses any bicycle. Uses common dry batteries. Strongly made—finely finished. See your dealer today.

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DEALERS: This shoe IN STOCK.
No 659. Black Glazed Kid Combination Sol.
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COMFORT—Ralston shoes prove that stylish shoes *can* be truly comfortable even the first time you put them on. They need no "breaking in." Ralstons FIT—which also adds to their life—and to your satisfaction.

Sold in 3000 good stores. Style booklet on request.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS, BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.

to fool away his time on European trade, even trading to neutral countries; for when a ship enters European waters her war-risk insurance amounts almost to a third of her freight money, and she is subject to delays and inspections that operate to cut the profits down still further.

It is a significant fact that when the unrestricted U-boat warfare commenced the regular transatlantic liners—the American Line steamers—were the only vessels to apply for gun crews and armament from the navy. Indeed, it is more than probable that, had the Navy Department declined to arm the vessels of the American Line, no great amount of agony would have been experienced by the owners; for these vessels are essentially passenger boats and carry approximately but a thousand tons of cargo, while the U-boats have had such a deleterious effect on transatlantic passenger business that if an American Line boat carries fifty passengers nowadays she has a good list. However, the schedule of sailings must be maintained, even at a loss, until the day when the American Line vessels are commandeered for troopships.

One of the results of the enormous increase in ship values has been to cause an influx of real-estate brokers into the shipping-brokerage game. As a consequence many a sale is killed by the eagerness and lack of knowledge of these newcomers in the maritime field; for in the long run the deal must be left for closing in the hands of a trained shipping broker, and he often finds his hands tied by the number of shipping and real-estate brokers with claims on the commissions or profits.

The Effect of Car Shortage

As an instance of this, I might state that some time ago my shipping stories in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST attracted the attention of a real-estate broker in Altoona, Pennsylvania—of all places under the sun! A friend of his had some tankers to sell and it had occurred to the Altoona citizen that I might know some shipping man on the Pacific Coast who would be interested in buying them. The prices he quoted me in January were two hundred and twenty-five and two hundred and fifty dollars a ton respectively. At that time he was adding about twenty-five dollars a ton to cover his profit, and was, moreover, about twenty-five dollars a ton over the market.

However, while I was in New York in April last the market had caught up with the man from Altoona—granting, of course, that his tankers were reasonably good ships—and the demand for that class of tonnage was very keen. The case of the steamship Malmanger, an oil tanker built by the Chester Shipbuilding Company, illustrates this. The Malmanger's contract price was probably in the neighborhood of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; yet her owners had refused two million dollars for her and were asking two million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars when she was torpedoed on her first trip to Europe. She was a vessel of eighty-eight hundred tons dead-weight capacity.

What with the demand for tankers to supply fuel oil to the fleets of the Allies—a demand that will be still further stimulated when the United States is deeper in the war and our own high-seas fleet must be furnished with fuel oil—the man from Altoona and his New York friend may, even before this article appears in print, have joined the great majority who daily cuss themselves for star-spangled idiots.

However, this sharp pinch for tonnage is going to have a most beneficial effect on the United States of America. There is an old saying that one never misses the water till the well runs dry; and the contented millions who dwell in the Mississippi Valley never missed any ships until the great war started. Possibly by this time many of us have commenced to trace an analogy between our lack of foreign-going tonnage and the high cost of living; possibly it may occur to our paternal Government that the laws originally designed to protect and stimulate an American mercantile marine are antiquated and hampering. In which event, within the next decade, the Stars and Stripes may be as familiar a sight in every foreign port as they were in the brave old days of the clipper ships.

At any rate, there is money in shipping nowadays, and a belated though furious effort is being made to turn out tonnage. Down East they are building wooden sailing ships, with auxiliary power in the shape of semi-Diesel engines. In the Northwest every shipyard cradle contains a wooden hull, either of auxiliary windjammer or steam schooner; and extra slips are being added wherever possible. In every yard where it is possible to construct a steel steamer, from one to half a dozen great freighters are coming into being amid a pandemonium of industry.

A builder has no trouble in securing all the contracts he can handle. What is driving him to an early grave is the car shortage, which makes it so hard to get material delivered by the railroads; and the reason there is a car shortage is the lack of tonnage to move rail freight! Up and down the Atlantic Seaboard the box cars stand in rows, mile after mile, waiting for the ships. All the warehouses and docks are filled, and now they are using box cars for warehouses.

So, up in Maine, when the shipbuilders cannot get long-leaf yellow pine from the Southern States they curse the yellow-pine mills and send hurried calls to the mills of the Northwest for Douglas fir; and the manufacturer of Douglas fir wires back that he cannot guarantee delivery. Then he looks at the foreign cargoes out on the mill dock, waiting for the ship that is not; and on the sidings he sees the car orders, waiting for the cars held up on the sidings back East, waiting for the ships that are not; and ——

But why navigate the vicious circle farther? Somehow, some day, we shall muddle through; and meantime, considering conditions, business is good, and the ship broker who made a commission of from eighty to a hundred dollars on a coal charter from Norfolk to the Windward Islands four years ago gets one thousand dollars for the same fixture to-day.

Where eternal vigilance and activity were the price of a beefsteak four years ago, and six thousand dollars a year was too much for a ship broker, he has accumulated a fortune of from a quarter of a million to a million dollars, and is still going to it. And, like all American business men, he is promising himself a vacation—next year!

Fifty-Fifty

FINLEY PETER DUNNE'S famous character of Mr. Dooley was founded upon a real individual. His name was McGarry, and in Chicago in the old days he kept a saloon which was a favorite resort of newspaper men.

One evening there entered into his place a newspaper man who had the reputation of being always ready to borrow, but never in position to repay.

"Mac," he said briskly, "I've just been ordered on an out-of-town assignment and I haven't a cent on me. Could you let me have ten until next pay day?"

McGarry took a bill out of the till, passed it across the bar to the suppliant, and resumed his task of wiping off glasses.

"Say, hold on, Mac!" said the reporter as he took a look at the greenback. "This isn't a ten. You've only given me five dollars."

"Thot's all right, me boy," said McGarry, "'tis an even break: Five you lose and five I lose."

Your Velie for Use Today or Tomorrow

means satisfaction and pleasure that you cannot make up if you wait to place your order.

The prestige of the Velie's surpassing success backs your judgment in selecting this beautiful car. It has tripled the Velie output this year. It has added over 1000 dealers. A Mile of Velie Factory is required to meet the demand.

The product of one of America's oldest and most substantial organizations, it is the success that belongs only to a car built up to a rigidly maintained standard, and not down to a price.

Money cannot buy better values than this Light Six, with the grace and charm of its long, roomy body—its marvelous mirror finish—deep-tufted, genuine leather upholstery—special Continental motor—Timken axles—push button starter—everything.

Eight body styles—Touring Sedan, Four Passenger Roadster, Coupé, etc. See your Velie dealer today and arrange for a convincing ride. Write for booklet, "How Velie Cars Are Made."

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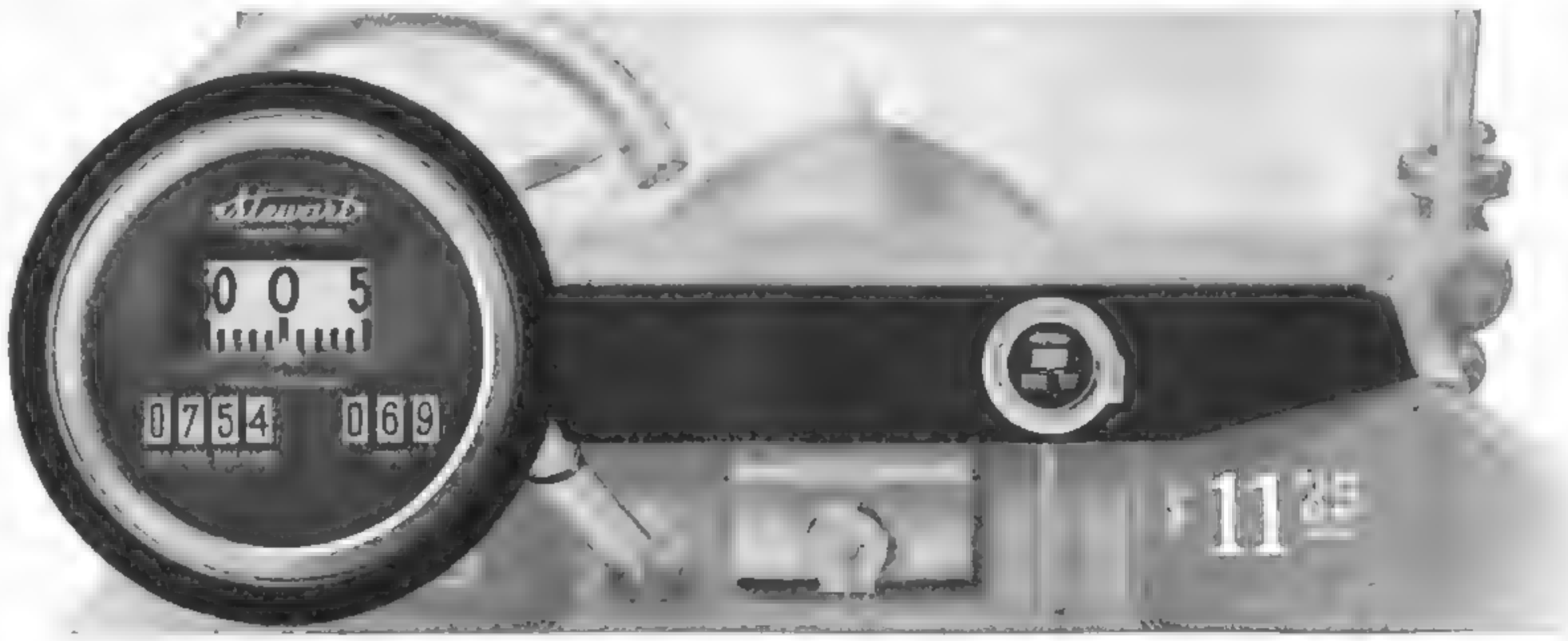

New Stewart Instrument Board for Ford Cars

Takes Vibration out of Steering Wheel.

Improves Appearance.

No Bolts—No Screws—No Brackets.

Instantaneous Installation.

Can be Installed in One Minute.

Just what every Ford Owner wants. Anyone can install it—takes only a minute. No bolts, screws, nuts, or brackets to fuss with.

Not like any other instrument board. When installed it becomes a part of the car.

To install it, merely exert a downward pull on the steering column, slip the board into place and it is there to stay.

Top edge of the board is grooved to fit the cowl just below the windshield. The lower edge rests tight against the steering column—eliminates every bit of vibration from the steering wheel. Makes driving a pleasure—no more tired arms, no matter how far you drive.

You can install on the Stewart Instrument Board, a clock, headlight control, priming lever, starter control, and any other accessories you desire. An Instrument Board makes the best installation of any of these. If desired the Instrument Board can be purchased without the Speedometer.

The Stewart Instrument Board is made of wood, with a black satin, egg-shell finish. You can't get this Instrument Board with any other make of Speedometer. It is an exclusive Stewart feature. Its many patented features can't be imitated.

A wonderful combination. Exactly what is needed to give the Ford car that look of finished elegance.

Hundreds of thousands of Ford owners will want the Stewart Instrument Board, because of its many features; also because it is furnished with a Stewart magnetic type Speedometer. This is the same type of speedometer which is standard equipment on 95 per cent of all makes of cars.

The Stewart Speedometer is a flush type instrument. The large figures are white on black. Has season register and also a trip register which can be reset to any mile or tenth of a mile. Of inestimable value when touring.

You need a Stewart Speedometer to tell how far you travel; how fast you go to avoid arrest for speeding; what mileage you get from gasoline, oil and tires.

You must know all about your car's performance. Only a Stewart Speedometer can tell you accurately. And, it's a pleasure to have a Stewart Speedometer, no matter how much driving you do.

Just think! For only $11.25 you can do away with that unsightly gap below the windshield. Put in its place this instrument board complete with a Stewart Speedometer. You can buy the Special Ford model Stewart Speedometer for $10.00; the Stewart Instrument Board for $1.25, or the combination complete for $11.25.

Better see your dealer today.

The Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug, with its four sparking points, will put a V-Ray flame in your cylinders. Sure fire, oil-proof, compression tight and practically fracture-proof. A set will put new life into your motor. Price $1.00 each.

You need the ever-reliable, far-sounding Stewart Warning Signal. A commanding warning blast just when it's needed. Motor-driven type $6.00—hand-operated type, $3.50.

"It will pay you to see that your car is Stewart-equipped."

Opportunity for Dealers

The new Stewart Instrument Board offers a big opportunity to dealers.

Sells on sight. Every Ford owner wants one.

By far the fastest-selling accessory for Ford cars.

Demand is growing by leaps and bounds. Thousands sold every week.

Dealers! Get your share of this business. Sell the Stewart Instrument Board and Speedometer. And, don't overlook the other Stewart Products. Each a leader and fast seller.

Write to us, or to your jobber, for full details on a very profitable and interesting proposition.

Stewart Products are carried by leading accessory dealers, jobbers and garages.

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Stewart
Hand Operated
Warning Signal

Stewart
Motor Driven
Warning Signal

Stewart V-Ray
Spark Plug

OVER, UNDER, AROUND OR THROUGH

(Continued from Page 27)

eyes, I desire no pedestal; I am not avaricious. Be mine the short and simple flannels of the poor."

An hour later Francis Charles paused in his strolling, cap in hand, and turned back with Mary Selden.

"How fortunate!" he said.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Selden. "Odd, too, considering that I take this road home every evening after school is out. And when we reflect that you chanced this way last Monday at half past four—and again on Friday—it amounts to a coincidence."

"Direction of the subconscious mind," explained Francis Charles, unabashed. "Profound meditation—thirst for knowledge. What more natural than that my heedless foot should stray, instinctively as it were, toward the—the ——"

"—— old oaken schoolhouse that stood in a swamp. It is a shame, of the burning variety, that a state as wealthy as New York doesn't and won't provide country schools with playgrounds big enough for anything but tiddledywinks!" declared Miss Selden. Her fine firm lip curled. Then she turned her clear gray eyes upon Mr. Boland. "Excuse me for interrupting you, please."

"Don't mention it! People always have to interrupt me when they want to say anything. And now may I put a question or two? About—geography—history—that sort of thing?"

The eyes further considered Mr. Boland.

"You are not very complimentary to Mr. Thompson's house party, I think," said Mary in a cool, little, matter-of-fact voice.

Altogether a cool-headed and practical young lady, this midget schoolma'am, with her uncompromising directness of speech and her clear eyes—a merry, mirthful, frank, dainty, altogether delightful small person.

Francis Charles stole an appreciative glance at the trim and jaunty figure beside him and answered evasively:

"It was like this, you know: Was reading Mark Twain's Life on the Mississippi. On the first page he observes of that river that it draws its water supply from twenty-eight states, all the way from Delaware to Idaho. I don't just see it. Delaware, you know—that's pretty steep!"

"If it were not for his reputation I should suspect Mr. Clemens of levity," said Mary. "Could it have been a slip?"

"No slip. It's repeated. At the end of the second chapter he says this—I think I have it nearly word for word: 'At the meeting of the waters from Delaware and from Itasca, and from the mountain ranges close upon the Pacific ——'

"Now what did he mean by making this very extraordinary statement twice? Is there a catch about it? Canals, or something?"

"I think, perhaps," said Mary, "he meant to poke fun at our habit of reading without attention and of accepting statement as proof."

"That's it, likely. But maybe there's a joker about canals. Wasn't there a Baltimore and Ohio Canal? But again, if so, how did water from Delaware get to Baltimore? Anyhow, that's how it all began—studying about canals. For, how about this dry canal along here? It runs forty miles that I know of—I've seen that much of it, driving Thompson's car. It must have cost a nice bunch of money. Who built it? When did who build it? What did it cost? Where did it begin? Where did it start to? Was it ever finished? Was it ever used? What was the name of it? Nobody seems to know."

"I can't answer one of those questions, Mr. Boland."

"And you a schoolmistress! Come now! I'll give you one more chance. What are the principal exports of Abingdon?"

"That's easy. Let me see: Potatoes, milk, eggs, butter, cheese. And hay, lumber, lath and bark—chickens and—and apples, apple cider—rye, buckwheat, buckwheat flour, maple sirup; pork and veal and beef; and—and that's all, I guess."

"Wrong! I'll mark you fifty per cent. You've omitted the most important item. Abingdon—and all these country towns, I suppose—ships off her young people—to New York; to the factories—a few to the West. That is why Abingdon is the saddest place I've ever seen. Every farmhouse holds a tragedy. The young folk—

"They are all gone away;
The house is shut and still.
There is nothing more to say."

Mary Selden stopped; she looked up at her companion thoughtfully. Sea-shell colors ebbed from her face and left it almost pale.

"Thank you for reminding me," she said. "There is another bit of information I think you should have. You'll probably think me bold, forward, and the rest of it; I can't help it."

Francis Charles groaned.

"For my good, of course. Funny how anything that's good for us is always disagreeable. Well, let's have it!"

"It may not be of the slightest consequence to you," began Mary, slightly confused. "And perhaps you know all about it—any old gossip could tell you. It's a wonder if they haven't; you've been here two weeks."

Boland made a wry face.

"I see! Exports?"

Mary nodded, and her brave eyes drooped a little.

"Abingdon's finest export—in my opinion, at least—went to Arizona. And—and he's in trouble, Mr. Boland; else I might not have told you this. But it seemed so horrid of me—when he's in such dreadful trouble. So, now you know."

"Arizona?" said Boland. "Why, there's where —— Excuse me; I didn't mean to pry."

"Yes, Stanley Mitchell. Only that you stick in your shell, like a turtle, you'd have heard before now that we were engaged. Are engaged. And you mustn't say a word. No one knows about the trouble—not even his uncle. I've trusted you, Mr. Boland."

"See here, Miss Selden—I'm really not a bad sort. If I can be of any use—here am I. And I lived in the Southwest four years, too—West Texas and New Mexico. Best time I ever had! So I wouldn't be absolutely helpless out there. And I'm my own man—foot-loose. So, if you can use me—for this thing seems to be serious ——"

"Serious!" said Mary. "Serious! I can't tell you now. I shouldn't have told you even this much. Go now, Mr. Boland! And if we—if I see where I can use you—that was your word—I'll use you. But you are to keep away from me unless I send for you. Suppose Stan heard now what some gossip or other might very well write to him—that 'Mary Selden walked home every night with a fascinating Francis Charles Boland!'"

"Tell him about me, yourself—touching lightly on my fascinations," advised Boland. "And tell him why you tell him. Plain speaking is always the best way."

"It is," said Mary. "I'll do that very thing this night. I think I like you, Mr. Boland. Thank you—and good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Boland, touching her hand.

He looked after her as she went.

"Plucky little devil!" he said. "Level and straight and square. Some girl!"

*

MR. OSCAR MITCHELL, attorney and counselor at law, sauntered down River Street, with the cheerful and optimistic poise of one who has lunched well. A well-set-up man, a well-groomed man, as-it-is-done; plainly worshipful; worthy the highest degree of that most irregular of adjectives, respectable; comparative, smart; superlative, correct.

Mr. Mitchell was correct; habited after the true Polonian precept; invisible, every buckle, clasp-snap, strap, wheel, axle wedge, pulley, lever, and every other mechanical device known to science, was in place and of the best. As to adornment, all in good taste—scarfpin, an unpretentious pearl in platinum; garnet links, severely plain and quiet; an unobtrusive watch-chain; one ring, a small emerald; no earrings.

Mr. Mitchell's face was well shaped, not quite plump or pink, with the unlined curves, the smooth clear skin, and the rosy glow that comes from health and virtue, or from good living and massage. Despite fifty years, or near it, the flax-smooth hair held no glint of gray; his eyes, blue and big and

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Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear absorbs perspiration so quickly that you scarcely know you are perspiring.

But you *do* know you are *cool*.

The little openings let out the heat of your body and let the dry, cooling fresh air get to your skin.

Put Chalmers "Porosknit" to the severest kind of a test. Wear it to business on a warm, sticky day or when you are "playing your game."

If you don't find this underwear most satisfactory in every respect, we will gladly refund your money.

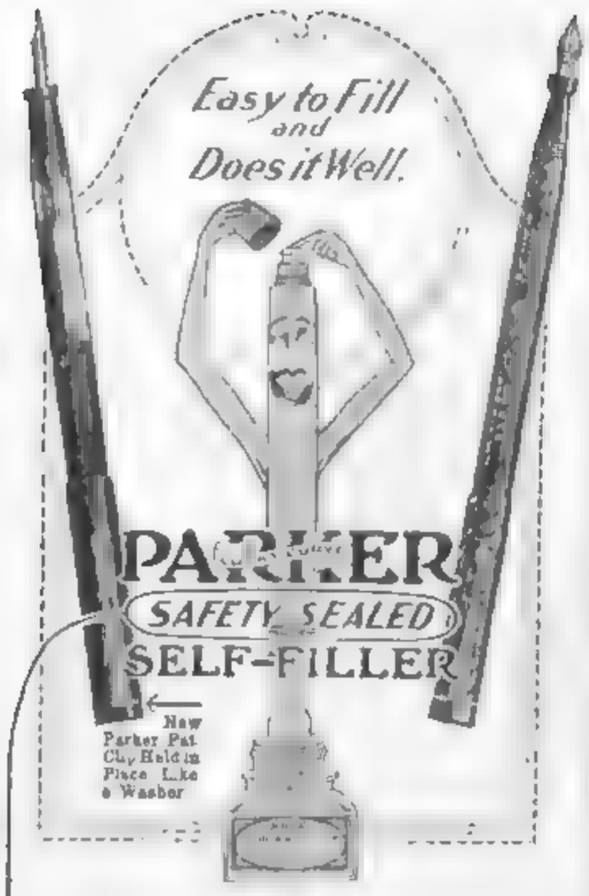
You will be delighted with the way "Porosknit" is made. The best materials, seams reinforced, buttons tightly sewed on. Fits comfortably without bagginess or tightness. Elastic and responsive to your movements as your own skin. Easy to wash thoroughly.

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits are made with a special elastic closed crotch that prevents binding and cutting.

Ask your dealer to show you genuine "Porosknit"

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear



Why Should the Soldier Select This Fountain Pen?

Because it is SAFETY-SEALED. Needs no base of supplies in the trench or on the high seas.

Carry it in any position—it can't leak because there are NO HOLES IN THE WALL through which ink can escape.

In case of accident to self-filling mechanism it automatically changes to a SAFETY-SEALED self-filler.

Get one now at nearest Parker dealer—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5

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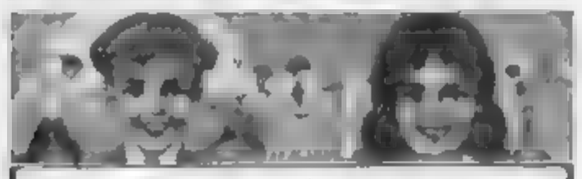
New York retail store, Woolworth Bldg.

Means—no holes cut in wall of barrel—no openings, levers or rings where ink can get out to stain clothes or person.



Your Boys' and Girls' Shoes Will Wear Much Longer

If made with the Tel-Til-Tip. You will save shoe money and your children will take more pride in their footwear. Tiplooks like rest of shoe; actually outwears the soles. Water-proof and wear-proof.

TEL-TIL-TIP

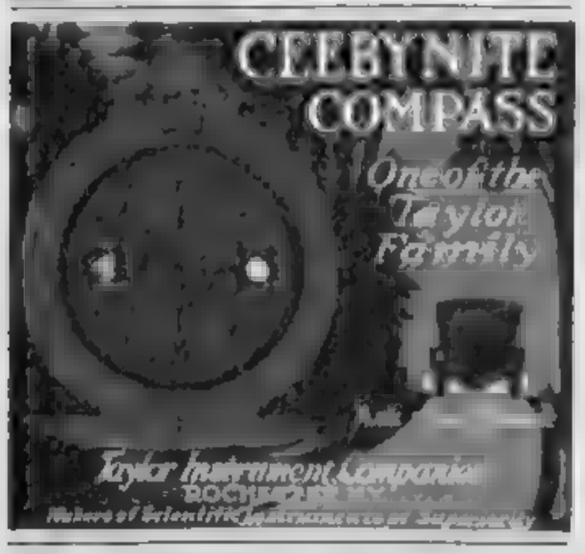
"The Leather Toe That Wears Like a Pig's Nose."

Trade mark on sole is your guarantee that the Tel-Til-Tip is built into shoe. If dealer will not supply you write us.

Trade Mark

Interesting Booklet on "Odd Leathers and Their Preservation," and shoe description blank sent for your dealer's name.

TEL TIL TIP CO., 376 W. 18th Street, Holland, Mich.



NATHAN FLEXIBLE NO-METAL ARCH SUPPORTS

View of arch cut with knife

gave immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. At dealers' or direct.

Write for Booklet and Free 10 day Trial Offer

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-B Reade St., N.Y.

wide, were sharp and bright, calm, confident, almost candid—not quite the last, because of a roving trick of clandestine observation; his mouth, where it might or should have curved—must once have curved in boyhood—was set and guarded, even in skillful smilings, by a long censorship of undesirable acts, material or otherwise to any possible issue.

Mr. Mitchell's whole bearing was confident and assured; his step, for all those fifty aforesaid years, was light and elastic, even in sauntering; he took the office stairs with the inimitable sprightly gallop of the town-bred.

Man is a quadruped who has learned to use his front legs for other things than walking. Some hold that he has learned to use his head. But there are three things man cannot do, and four which he cannot compass: To see, to think, to judge and to act—to see the obvious; to think upon the thing seen; to judge between our own resultant and conflicting thoughts, with no furtive finger of desire to tip the balance; and to act upon that judgment without flinching. We fear the final and irretrievable calamity: we fear to make ourselves conspicuous, we conform to standard, we bear ourselves meekly in that station whereunto it hath pleased heaven to call us; the herd instinct survives four-footedness. For we note the strange and not the familiar; our thinking is to right reason what peat is to coal; the outcry of the living and the dead perverts judgment, closes the ear to proof; and our wisest fear the scorn of fools. So we walk cramped and strangely under the tragic tyranny of reiteration: whatever is is right; whatever is repeated often enough is true; and logic is a device for evading the self-evident. Moreover, Carthage should be destroyed.

Such sage reflections present themselves automatically, contrasting the blithesome knee action of prosperous Mr. Mitchell with the stiffened joints of other men who had climbed those hard stairs on occasion with shambling step, bent backs and sagging shoulders; with faces lined and interlined; with eyes dulled and dim, and sunken cheeks; with hands misshapen, knotted and bent by toil: if image indeed of God, strangely distorted.

Consider now, in a world yielding enough and to spare for all, the endless succession of wise men, from the Contributing Editor of Proverbs unto this day, who have hymned the praise of diligence and docility, the scorn of sloth. Yet not one sage of the bountiful bunch has ever ventured to denounce the twin vices of industry and obedience. True, there is the story of blind Samson at the mill; perhaps a parable.

Underfed and overworked for generations, starved from birth, starved before birth, we drive and harry and crush them, the weakling and his weaker sons; we exploit them, gull them, poison them, lie to them, filch from them. We crowd them into our money mills; we deny them youth, we deny them rest, we deny them opportunity, we deny them hope, or any hope of hope; and we provide for age—the poorhouse. So that charity is become of all words the most feared, most hated, most loathed and loathsome; worse than crime or shame or death. We have left them from the work of their hands enough, scantly enough, to keep breath within their stunted bones. "All the traffic can bear!"—a brazen rule. Of such sage policy the result can be seen in the wizened and undersized submerged of London; of nearer than London. Man, by not taking thought, has taken a cubit from his stature.

Meantime we prate comfortable blasphemies, scientific or other; natural selection or the inscrutable decrees of God. Whereas this was manifestly a Hobson's selection, most unnatural and forced, to choose want of all that makes life sweet and dear; to choose gaunt babes, with pinched and livid lips—unlovely, not unloved; and these iniquitous decrees are most scrutable, are surely of man's devising and not of God's. Or we invent a fire-new science, known as Eugenics, to treat the disease by new naming of symptoms; and prattle of the well born, when we mean well fed; or the degenerate, when we might more truly say the disinherited.

It is even held by certain poltroons that families have been started gutterward, of late centuries, when a father has been gloriously slain in the wars of the useless great. That such a circumstance, however glorious, may have been rather disadvantageous than otherwise to children thereby sent out into the world at six or sixteen years, lucky to become ditchdiggers or tiptakers. That some proportion of them do become beggars, thieves, paupers, sharpers, other things quite unfit for the ear of the young person—a disconcerting consideration; such ears cannot be too carefully guarded. That, though the occupations named are entirely normal to all well-ordered states, descendants of persons in those occupations tend to become "subnormal"—so runs the cant of it—something handicapped by that haphazard bullet of a lifetime since, fired to advance the glorious cause of—foreign commerce, or the like.

Mr. Mitchell occupied five rooms lined with law books and musty with the smell of leather. These rooms ranged end to end, each with a door that opened upon a dark hallway; a waiting room in front, the private office at the rear, to which no client was ever admitted directly. Depressed by delay, subdued by an overflow of thick volumes, when he reaches a suitable dejection he is tiptoed through dismal antechambers of wisdom, appalled by tall bookstacks, ushered into the leather-chaired office, and there further crushed by long shelves of dingy tin boxes, each box crowded with weighty secrets and shelved papers of fabulous moment and urgency; the least paper of the smallest box more important—the unfortunate client is clear on that point—than any contemptible need of his own. Cowed and chastened, he is now ready to pay a fee suitable to the mind that has absorbed all the wisdom of those many bookshelves; or meekly to accept as justice any absurdity or monstrosity of the law.

Mr. Mitchell was greeted by a slim, swarthy, black-eyed elderly person of twenty-five or thirty, with a crooked nose and a crooked mind, half clerk and half familiar spirit—Mr. Joseph Pelman, to wit; who appeared perpetually on the point of choking himself by suppressed chucklings at his principal's cleverness and the simplicity of dupes.

"Well, Joe?"

"Two to see you, sir," said Joe, his face lit up with sprightly malice. "On the same lay. That Watkins farm of yours. I got it out of 'em. Ho, ho! I kept 'em in different rooms. I hunted up their records in your record books. Doomsday Books, *I* call 'em. Ho, ho!"

Mr. Mitchell selected a cigar, lit it, puffed it, and fixed his eye on his demon clerk.

"Now then," he said sharply, "let's have it!"

The demon pounced on a Brobdingnagian volume upon the desk and worried it open at a marker. It had been meant for a ledger, that huge volume; the gray cloth covers bore the legend "N to Z." Ledger it was, of a grim sort, with sinister entries of forgotten sins, the itemized strength or weakness of a thousand men. The confidential clerk ran a long, confidential finger along the spidery copperplate index of the W's: "Wakelin, Walcott, Walker, Wallace, Walsh—Walters; Earl, John, Peter, Ray, Rex, Roy—Samuel—page 1124." His nimble hands flew at the pages like a dog at a woodchuck hole.

"Here 'tis—'Walters, Samuel: born '69, son of John Walters, Holland Hill; religion—politics'—um-um—'bad habits, none; two years Vesper Academy; three years Dennison shoe factories; married 1896—one child, b. 1899. Bought Travis Farm 1898, paying half down; paid balance out in five years; dairy, fifteen cows; forehanded, thrifty.' Humph! Good pay, I guess."

He cocked his head to one side and eyed his employer, fingering a wisp of black silk on his upper lip.

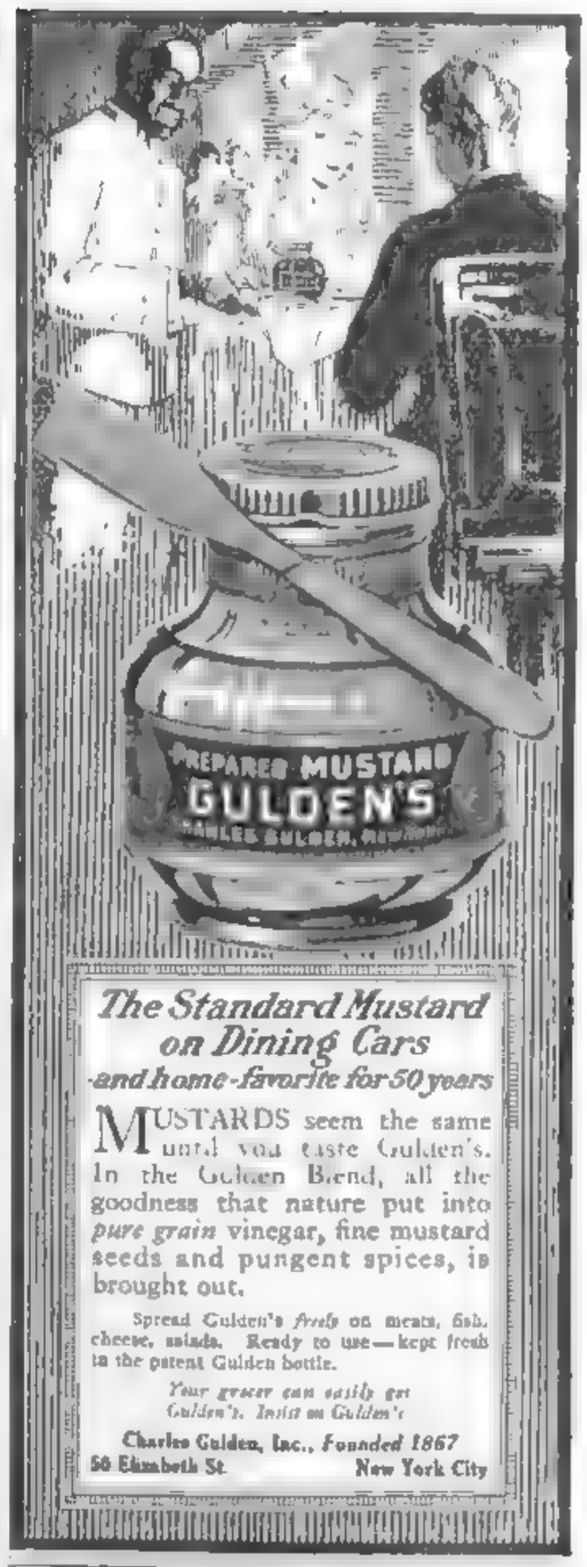
"And the other?"

The second volume was spread open upon the desk. Clerk Pelman flung himself upon it with savage fury:

"'Bowen, Chauncey, son William Bowen, born 1872'—um-um—'married Louise Hill '92'—um—'divorced '96; married Laura Wing '96—see Lottie Hall. Ran hotel at Larren '95 to '97; sheriff's sale '97; worked Bowen Farm '97 to 1912; bought Eagle Hotel, Vesper, after death of William Bowen, 1900. Traded Eagle Hotel for Griffin Farm 1912; sold Griffin Farm, 1914; clerk Simon's hardware store, Emmonsville, Pennsylvania. Heavy drinker, though seldom actually drunk; suspected of some share in the Powers Affair—or some knowledge, at least; poker fiend. Bank note protested and paid by indorser 1897, and again in 1902; has since repaid indorsers. See Larren Hotel, Eagle Hotel.'"

"Show him in," said Mitchell.

(Continued on Page 117)



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Spread Gulden's *freely* on meats, fish, cheese, salads. Ready to use—kept fresh in the patent Gulden bottle.

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Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.

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Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism. In all, over 100 Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

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The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

and sprinkle in the Foot-Bath. Don't suffer from Bunions, and Callouses from Tender, Hot, Aching, Sweating Feet. Relieves at once. Many Army and Navy officers use it. Prevents Blisters and Sore Spots. Keeps the Feet in Good Condition. Over 100,000 testimonials have been received from Athletes, Baseball Players, Golfers, Tennis Players, Dancers, Marathon Runners, Members of Military and Police Forces, Traveling Men, Factory Workers, and others who have used it. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

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ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

Use Golden Star Auto Body Polish — On Your Car

Cleans thoroughly—polishes perfectly—with one application. One quart lasts a year. Your dealer can tell you all about it. Manufactured by
R. W. MORRIS MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

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Kills Rats and Mice — Harmless to Humans
SEED, HARDWARE, DRUG, GENERAL STORES

WELD
The Patches On Your Tubes

In Over 500,000 Tool Boxes Now

The next time you get a puncture—fix it right—in five minutes—by welding a patch on to the tube over the puncture. You know that a patch stuck on with cement will come off again.

Over 500,000 motorists have already proved the Marvel Junior way of welding a patch to the tube to be the fastest repair and the only permanent way of fixing the puncture. There are Marvel Junior Vulcanizers in the tool boxes of more than 500,000 motor cars today.

It takes 10 to 15 minutes to stick a patch on any tube—and sometimes not much longer for it to come off.

It takes only five minutes with Marvel Junior Vulcanizer to weld a patch on so that it becomes a part of the tube itself, making a permanent repair.

Use Marvel Junior Vulcanizer for welding new rubber over punctures. Double the satisfaction and service you get from your inner tubes.

Save expensive repairs for punctures. Put your old tube in as good condition as new in less time than it will take to get a new tube out of the box and put it into the casing.

MARVEL JUNIOR VULCANIZER

Welding patches to inner tubes with Marvel Junior Vulcanizer is the simplest tire repairing you can do. You need nothing but the equipment that comes in the box, and a match.

Simply clamp the pure rubber patch over the puncture with the vulcanizing outfit—put the chemicalized disc in the welder—touch a match to it and in five minutes the complete repair is made.

It takes from two to three times as long as this to cement a patch on. And when you get it done, the repair is not permanent. The first time your tube gets hot from fast driving, the cemented-on patch comes off. A welding heat puts the Marvel patch on—so frictional heat cannot take it off. Marvel Junior Vulcanizer for $1 gives you permanent puncture repairs—costs no more to buy than unsatisfactory cement puncture repair kits—and gives you a supply of patches and chemicalized discs to last the average driver for six months.

It costs you only $1 to make six repairs with the Marvel Junior Vulcanizing outfit, and after that it costs less than 10c a puncture, for you can replenish your supply of patches and chemicalized discs for $1.00 per dozen.

Marvel Senior Vulcanizer for Casings

40% of the trouble with casings comes from open cuts. You can eliminate all this trouble and give much greater life to your expensive casings by using Marvel Senior Vulcanizer.

The welding process of casings is the same as that done by the Marvel Junior Vulcanizer on tubes.

A permanent, good for all time, money saving, service increasing welded repair of the gashes in your casing.

The price of the Marvel Senior Vulcanizer is only $2.00.

Money Back Offer

The very first puncture you get will prove the immense value of Marvel Junior Vulcanizer to you, and if, after welding three patches you are not satisfied that it is the most remarkable puncture repair outfit you could possibly get, send it back and we will refund the entire purchase cost.

Get Your Outfit—Today

Do not go another day without this important money saving tire repair outfit. Mail coupon today.

The Marvel Accessories Mfg. Co.
7237 St. Clair Avenue CLEVELAND, OHIO

Dealers
Tremendous Sales Campaign

Biggest, most comprehensive sales campaign ever put on for any tire repair accessory will start on June first. Become a Marvel dealer before this date. Wire for details today.

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Jobber's Name

Motorists Send Today

The Marvel Accessories Mfg. Co.,
7237 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Send one Marvel Jr. Vulcanizer Outfit, including chemicalized discs and patches for six tube repairs—all subject to return under your money refund guarantee.

Enclosed find {check / money order / currency} for $1.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Jobber's Name

There's Hot Water Ready if You Own a RUUD

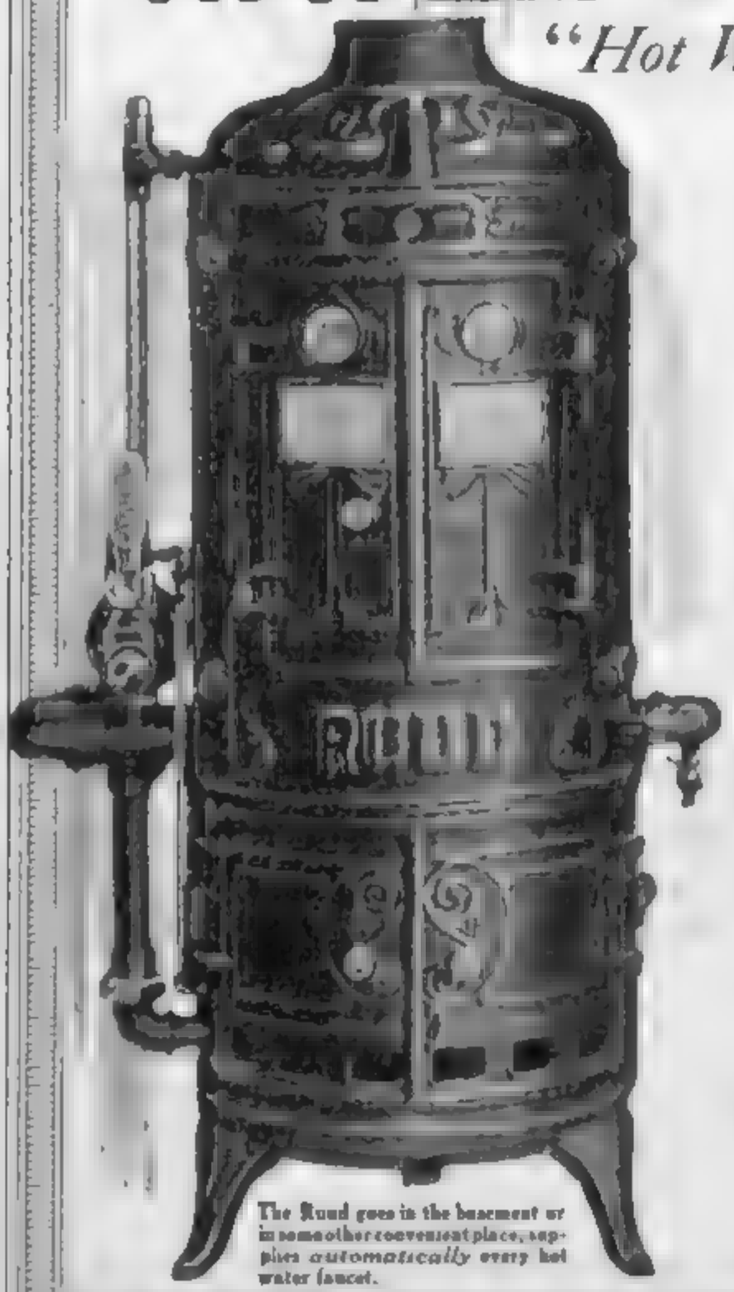
A RUUD means instant hot water at every hot water faucet—ready when you are for a hurry-up shave or shower. There's never a doubt or uncertainty once you install a Ruud in your basement. Morning, noon, night—bathroom, kitchen, laundry—every hot water faucet in the house responds instantly to the touch of your hand.

The Ruud is simply an automatic attachment which joins your gas and water pipes in the basement or in some other convenient place and produces hot water whenever you turn on a hot water faucet. You need never go near it. There is nothing to light, nothing to watch, nothing to keep on your mind. The Ruud operates *entirely* by the opening and closing of the hot water faucets.

RUUD

AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"



The Ruud goes in the basement or in some other convenient place, supplies *automatically* every hot water faucet.

The Ruud is the *economical* way to secure ever-ready hot water. Except for an insignificant amount in the pilot light, it burns gas *only* when you are drawing hot water, and then *only* the exact amount needed to heat the water you use. Yet unlimited hot water is always at your disposal without trouble or bother of any kind. Certainly, Ruud Service is the ideal for every home where gas is available.

The Ruud is simple in its operation. When you open a faucet, the flow of water automatically turns on the gas, which ignites from the tiny pilot light. The water is heated instantly as it passes through a copper coil. Shutting off the water shuts off the gas. There can be no waste, for a temperature regulator in the heater keeps the gas down to just what is needed and also prevents overheating of the water.

Ruud Heaters are made in sizes to fit every home. They operate on either artificial or natural gas. Ask your gas company or any plumber or gas-appliance store about Ruud Hot Water Service. If you are near one of our branch offices, listed opposite, come in and see the Ruud for yourself.

Interesting Ruud Booklet Mailed Free

The Ruud booklet and descriptive matter, telling all about the Ruud Heater and Instant Hot Water Service, mailed free on request. Address home office or branch nearest you.

RUUD MANUFACTURING CO.

Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters

Dept. A., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada,
371 Adelaide St., W., Toronto

Get a RUUD

—Not an Imitation

The efficiency and reliability of the Ruud Heater have been demonstrated by twenty years of satisfaction-giving service. Over 100,000 are in use. Consider this when you buy.

There are other water-heating devices on the market which operate by the "turn-the-faucet" method. You may be offered one for a little less than the Ruud costs. But the sturdy construction of the Ruud and its exclusive gas-saving features make it far more economical and satisfactory. The Ruud in greater economy of gas alone soon makes up for the small difference in price. It is distinctly worth while to be sure that the water-heater you get bears the name "Ruud." In no other appliance is it quite so true that the best is cheapest.

See the Ruud at any one of these branch offices

ATLANTA	927 Grant Building
BALTIMORE	114 W. Lexington Street
BOSTON	50 Pitts Street
BUFFALO	89 Main Street
CHICAGO	435 People's Gas Building
CINCINNATI	621 Elm Street
CLEVELAND	1854 East 4th Street
COLUMBUS	41 West Long Street
DALLAS	1501 Main Street
DENVER	1435 Arapahoe Street
DETROIT	316 West Fort Street
LOS ANGELES	322 Pacific Electric Building
KANSAS CITY, Mo.	114 West 11th Street
LOUISVILLE	300 Third Street
LOS ANGELES	745 So. Broadway
MILWAUKEE	89 Reed Street
MINNEAPOLIS	16 South Seventh Street
NEW YORK	115 Broadway
NEW ORLEANS	922 Union Street
PHILADELPHIA	1248 Market Street
PORTLAND (Ore.)	1610 Northwestern Bank Building
SAN FRANCISCO	548 Second Street
SAN FRANCISCO	45 Second Street
ST. LOUIS	1017 Locust Street
ST. PAUL	144 East Fourth Street
TOLEDO	811 Jefferson Street
WASHINGTON	616 Twelfth Street

(Continued from Page 114)

"Walters?" The impish clerk cocked his head on one side again and gulped down a chuckle at his own wit.

"Bowen, fool! Jennie Page, his mother's sister, died last week and left him a legacy—twelve hundred dollars. I'll have that out of him, or most of it, as a first payment."

The clerk turned, his mouth twisted awry to a fiendish grin.

"Trust you!" he chuckled admiringly, and laid a confidential finger beside his crooked nose. "Ho, ho! This is the third time you've sold the Watkins Farm; and it won't be the last! Oh, you're a rare one, you are! Four farms you've got—and the way you got 'em—ho! You go Old Benjamin one better, you do.

"Whoso by the plow would thrive
Himself must neither hold nor drive.

A regular hard driver, you are!"

"Some fine day," answered Mitchell composedly, "you will exhaust my patience and I shall have to let you be hanged!"

"No fear!" rejoined the devil clerk amiably. "I'm too useful. I do your dirty work for you and leave you always with clean hands to show. Who stirs up damage suits? Joe. Who digs up the willing witness? J. Pelman. Who finds skeletons in respectable closets? Joey. Who is the go-between? Joseph. I'm trusty too—because I dare not be otherwise. And because I like the work. I like to see you skin 'em, I do—fools! And because you give me a fair share of the plunder. Princely, I call it—and wise. You be advised, Lawyer Mitchell, and always give me my fair share. Hang Joey? Oh, no! Never do! No fear!" A spasm of chuckles cut him short.

"Go on, fool, and bring Bowen in. Then tell Walters the farm is already sold."

The door closed behind the useful Joseph, and immediately popped open again in the most startling fashion.

"No; nor that, either," said Joseph.

He closed the door softly and leaned against it, cocking his head on one side with an evil smile.

His employer glanced at him with uninquiring eyes.

"You won't ask what, hey? No? But I'll tell you what you were thinking of: Dropping me off the bridge. Upsetting the boat. The like of that. Can't have it. I can't afford it. You're too liberal. Why, I wouldn't crawl under your car to repair it—or go hunting with you—not if it was ever so!"

"I really believe," said Mr. Mitchell with surprised eyebrows, "that you are keeping me waiting!"

"That is why I never throw out hints about a future partnership," continued the confidential man, undaunted. "You are such a liberal paymaster. Lord love you, sir, *I* don't want any partnership! This suits me. You furnish the brains and the respectability; I take the risk, and I get my fair share. Then, if I should ever get caught, you are unsmirched; you can keep on making money. And you'll keep on giving me my share. Oh, yes; you would! You've such a good heart, Mr. Oscar! I know you. You wouldn't want old Joey hanged! Not you! Oh, no!"

XI

A STRANGER came to Abingdon by the morning train. Because of a wide-brimmed gray hat, which he wore pushed well back, to testify against burning suns elsewhere—where such hats must be pulled well down, of necessity—a few Abingdonians, in passing, gave the foreigner the tribute of a backward glance. A few only; Abingdon has scant time for curiosity. Abingdon works hard for a living, like Saturday's child, three hundred and sixty-five days a year; except every fourth year.

Aside from the hat, the foreigner might have been, for apparel, a thrifty farmer on a trip to his market town. He wore a good ready-made suit, a soft white shirt with a soft collar, and a black tie, shot with red. But an observer would have seen that this was no care-lined farmer face; that, though the man himself was small, his feet were disproportionately and absurdly small; that his toes pointed forward as he walked; and detraction might have called him bow-legged. This was Mr. Peter Johnson.

Mr. Johnson took breakfast at the Abingdon Arms. He expressed to the landlord of that hostelry a civil surprise and gratification at the volume of Abingdon's business, evinced by a steadily swelling current of early morning wagons, laden with produce, on their way to the station, or, by the river road, to the factory towns near by; was assured that he should come in the potato-hauling season if he thought that was busy; parried a few polite questions; and asked the way to the Selden Farm.

He stayed at the Selden Farm that day and that night. Afternoon of the next day found him in Lawyer Mitchell's waiting room, at Vesper, immediate successor of Mr. Chauncey Bowen, then engaged in Lawyer Mitchell's office on the purchase of the Watkins Farm; and he was presently ushered into the presence of Mr. Mitchell by the demon clerk.

Mr. Mitchell greeted him affably.

"Good day, sir. What can I do for you to-day?"

"Mr. Oscar Mitchell, is it?"

"The same, and happy to serve you."

"Got a letter for you from your cousin, Stan. My name's Johnson."

Mitchell extended his hand, gave Pete a grip of warm welcome.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Johnson. Take a chair—this big one is the most comfortable. And how is Stanley? A good boy; I am very fond of him. But, to be honest about it, he is a wretched correspondent. I have not heard from him since Christmas, and then barely a line—the compliments of the season. What is he doing with himself? Does he prosper? And why did he not come himself?"

"As far as making money is concerned, he stands to make more than he'll ever need, as you'll see when you read his letter," said Pete. "Otherwise he's only just tol'able. Fact is, he's confined to his room. That's why I come to do this business for him."

"Stanley sick? Dear, dear! What is it? Nothing serious, I hope!"

"Why no-o—not to say sick exactly. He just can't seem to get out o' doors very handy. He's sorter on a diet, you might say."

"Too bad; too bad! He should have written his friends about it. None of us knew a word of it. I'll write to him to-night and give him a good scolding."

"Aw, don't ye do that!" said Pete, twisting his hat in embarrassment. "I don't want he should know I told you. He's—he's kind of sensitive about it. He wouldn't want it mentioned to anybody."

"It's not his lungs, I hope?"

"Naw! Nothing like that. I reckon what's ailin' him is mostly stayin' too long in one place. Nothing serious. Don't ye worry one mite about him. Change of scene is what he needs more than anything else—and horseback ridin'. I'll yank him out of that soon as I get back. And now suppose you read his letter. It's mighty important to us. I forgot to tell you me and Stan is pardners. And I'm free to say I'm anxious to see how you take to his proposition."

"If you will excuse me, then?"

Mitchell seated himself, opened the letter, and ran over it. It was brief. Refolding it, the lawyer laid it on the table before him, tapped it, and considered Mr. Johnson with regarding eyes. When he spoke his voice was more friendly than ever.

"Stanley tells me here that you two have found a very rich mine."

"Mr. Mitchell," said Pete, leaning forward in his eagerness, "I reckon that mine of ours is just about the richest strike ever found in Arizona! Of course it ain't rightly a mine—it's only where a mine is going to be. Just a claim. There's nothing done to it yet. But it's sure going to be a cracka-jack. There's a whole solid mountain of high-grade copper."

"Stanley says he wants me to finance it. He offers to refund all expenses if the mine—if the claim"—Mitchell smiled cordially as he made the correction—"does not prove all he represents."

"Well, that ought to make you safe. Stan's got a right smart of property out there. I don't know how he's fixed back here. Mr. Mitchell, if you don't look into this you'll be missin' the chance of your life."

"But if the claim is so rich, why do you need money?"

"You don't understand. This copper is in the roughest part of an awful rough mountain—right on top," said Pete most untruthfully. "That's why nobody ain't ever found it before—because it is so rough. It'll cost a heap of money just to build a wagon road up to it—as much as five or six thousand dollars, maybe. Stan and me can't handle it alone. We got to take someone in, and we gave you the first show. And I wish," said Pete nervously, "that you could see your way to come in with us and

I heard screams. Saw a burning car; a frantic woman; children in grave peril. I snatched Pyrene and put out the fire so quickly that the little ones were unhurt.

Without Pyrene five minutes would have finished that car. Five children might have perished. Think of your wife! Your children!

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$10, bracket included. Sold by hardware and accessory dealers everywhere.

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Every Appliance for Fire Protection

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Standardization means economy, and in this age true economy means success.

In this country cheap raw materials have made us careless and wasteful, and we have triumphed industrially in spite of it. Now prices are going up.

Waste of material, time and labor must be stopped if American superiority is to be maintained.

Inaccurate work done by poor tools or poor workmen means a large proportion of rejections. Production is too expensive if hand labor is used where machines could be used. Not cost alone, but cost and effectiveness measure the value of any machine or process.

Work must be accurately gaged to insure interchangeability, but this is best to [illegible] By the use of Limit Gages [illegible] By constant checking [illegible] reduced, assembling is speeded up, production increased, estimating made exact. This is a form of standardization that is simple, efficient and very valuable.

For information on the proper kinds and uses of thread gages, send for the Bulletin, "How to Measure Screw Threads."

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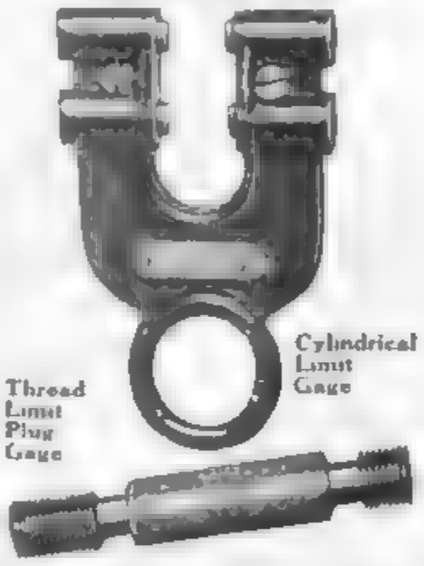

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WORKO

Minute Carbon Remover

A handy, convenient tablet—doesn't soil anything—won't leak or evaporate. Put two tablets in each cylinder—good bye carbon. Don't pay a dollar a cylinder [illegible] Worko cleans your engine—saves 20 to 40 per cent on gasoline [illegible]

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Here is a beautiful desk flag that will appeal to every loyal citizen of the United States. Flag is 4 x 6 inches, mounted on polished hardwood staff and [illegible] bronze spear head. Base is [illegible] inches square, covered with felt. Under the [illegible] is engraved in gilt letters the words "Our Country. In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country right or wrong."

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Write for illustrated booklet.

R. Blackinton & Co., North Attleborough, Mass.

go right back with me, at once. We're scared somebody else might find it and make a heap of trouble. There's some mighty mean men out there."

"Have a cigar?" said the lawyer, opening a desk drawer.

He held a match for his visitor and observed, with satisfaction, that Pete's hand shook. Plainly here was a simple-minded person who would be as wax in his skillful hands.

Mitchell smoked for a little while in thoughtful silence. Then, with his best straightforward look, he turned and faced Pete across the table.

"I will be plain with you, Mr. Johnson. This is a most unusual adventure for me. I am a man who rather prides himself that he makes no investments that are not conservative. But Stan is my cousin and he has always been the soul of honor. His word is good with me. I may even make bold to say that you, yourself, have impressed me favorably. In short, you may consider me committed to a thorough investigation of your claim. After that, we shall see."

"You'll never regret it," said Pete. "Shake!"

"I suppose you are not commissioned to make any definite proposal as to terms, in case the investigation terminates as favorably as you anticipate? At any rate, this is an early day to speak of final adjustments."

"No," said Pete; "I ain't. You'll have to settle that with Stan. Probably you'll want to sign contracts and things. I don't know nothin' about law. But there's plenty for all. I'm sure of one thing—you'll be glad to throw in with us on most any terms once you see that copper, and have a lot of assays made and get your expert's report on it."

"I hope so, I am sure. Stanley seems very confident. But I fear I shall have to disappoint you in one particular: I can hardly leave my business here at loose ends and go back with you at once, as—I gather—is your desire."

Pete's face fell.

"How long will it take you?"

"Let me consider: I shall have to arrange for other lawyers to appear for me in cases now pending, which will imply lengthy consultations and crowded days. It will be very inconvenient and may not have the happiest results. But I will do the best I can to meet your wishes, and will stretch a point in your favor, hoping it may be remembered when we come to discuss final terms with each other. Shall we say a week?" He tapped his knuckles with the folded letter and added carelessly: "And, of course, I shall have to pack, and all that. You must advise me as to suitable clothing for roughing it. How far is your mine from the railroad?"

"Oh, not far. About forty mile. Yes; I guess I can wait a week. I stand the hotel grub pretty well."

"Where are you staying, Mr. Johnson?"

"The Algonquin. Pretty nifty."

"Good house. And how many days is it by rail to —— Bless my soul, Mr. Johnson—here am I, upsetting my staid life, deserting my business on what may very well prove, after all, but a wild-goose chase! And I do not know to what place in Arizona we are bound, even as a starting point and base of supplies, much less where your mine is! And I don't suppose there's a map of Arizona in town."

"Oh, I'll make you a map," said Pete. "Cobre—that's Mexican for copper—is where we'll make our headquarters. You give me some paper and I'll make you a map mighty quick."

Pete made a sketchy but fairly accurate map of Southern Arizona, with the main lines of railroad and the branches.

"Here's Silverbell, at the end of this little spur of railroad. Now give me that other sheet of paper and I'll show you where the mine is, and the country round Cobre."

Wetting his pencil, working with slow and painstaking effort, making slight erasures and corrections with loving care, poor, trustful, unsuspecting Pete mapped out, with true creative joy, a district that never was on land or sea, accompanying each stroke of his handiwork with verbal comments, explaining each original mountain chain or newly invented valley with a wealth of descriptive detail that would have amazed Münchhausen.

Mitchell laughed in his heart to see how readily the simple-minded mountaineer became his dupe and tool, and watched, with a covert sneer, as Pete joyously contrived his own downfall and undoing.

"I have many questions to ask about your mine—I believe I had almost said our mine." The lawyer smiled cordially. "To begin with, how about water and fuel?"

"Lots of it. A cedar brake, checkerboarded all along the mountain. There's where it gets the name, Ajedrez Mountain—Chess Mountain; kind of laid out in squares that way. Good enough for mine timbers, too. Big spring—big enough so you might almost call it a creek—right close by. It's almost too good to be true—couldn't be handier if I'd dreamed it! But," he added with regretful conscientiousness, "the water's pretty hard, I'm sorry to say. Most generally is, around copper that way. And it'll have to be pumped uphill to the mine. Too bad the spring couldn't have been above the mine, so it could have been piped down."

Prompted by more questions he plunged into a glowing description of Ajedrez Mountain; the marvelous scope of country to be seen from the summit; the beauty of its steep and precipitous cañons; the Indian pottery; the mysterious deposit of oyster shells, high on the mountainside, proving conclusively that Ajedrez Mountain had risen from the depths of some prehistoric sea; ending with a vivid description of the obstacles to be surmounted by each of the alternate projects for the wagon road up to the mine, with estimates of comparative cost.

At length it drew on to the hour for Mitchell's dinner and Pete's supper, and they parted with many expressions of elation and good will.

From his window in the Algonquin, Pete Johnson watched Mitchell picking his way across to the Iroquois House, and smiled grimly.

"There," he confided to his pipe—"there goes a man hotfoot to dig his own grave with his own tongue! The Selden kid has done told Uncle McClintock about Stan being in jail. She told him Stan hadn't written to Cousin Oscar about no jail, and that I wasn't to tell him either. Now goes Cousin Oscar on a bee line to tell Uncle how dreadful Stanley has went and disgraced the family; and Uncle will want to know how he heard of it. 'Why,' says Oscar, 'an old ignoramus from Arizona, named Johnson—friend of Stanley's—he told me about it. He came up here to get me to help Stanley out; wanted me to go out and be his lawyer!'

"And, right there, down goes Cousin Oscar's meat house! He'll never touch a penny of Uncle's money. Selden, she says Uncle Mac was all for blowing him up sky-high; but she made him promise not to, so as not to queer my game. If I get Oscar Mitchell out to the desert I'll almost persuade him to be a Christian. . . . She's got Old McClintock on the run, Mary Selden has! . . .

"Shucks! The minute I heard about the millionaire uncle I knowed where Stan's trouble began. I wonder what makes Stan such a fool! He might 'a' knowed! . . . This Oscar person is pretty soft. . . . Mighty nice kid, little Selden is! Smart too. She's some schemer! . . . Too smart for Oscar! . . . Different complected, and all that; but her ways —— She sort of puts me in mind of Miss Sally."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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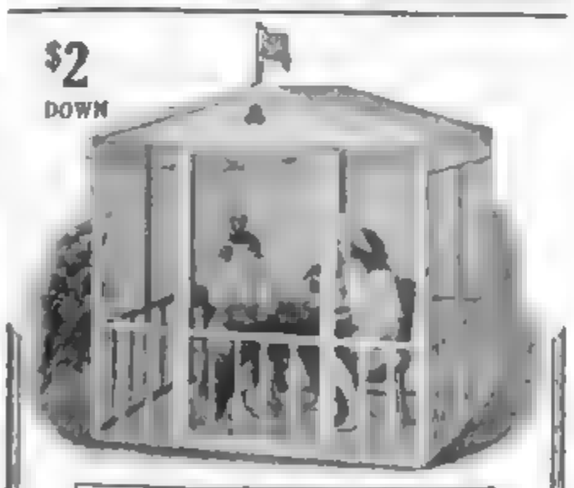

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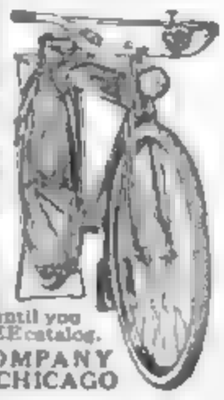

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"John, you're worse than a boy—you think of nothing but your meals now we have this new DETROIT JEWEL 'SPECIAL' GAS RANGE."

This Detroit Jewel "Special" Gas Range Is Captivating Women Everywhere

Housewives are Proud to Own This Labor-Saving Range Which Sells at a Popular Price. They are Delighted with Its Convenience and Its Special Features Which Insure Wonderful Cooking and Baking Results, with Low Gas Bills.

Experienced cooks are able to surpass themselves on this range. Young housewives find that it smooths their way in the gaining of cooking skill. It is a range built to lighten woman's work in the kitchen just as modern appliances lighten man's work in the shop or office.

First of all it is a "cabinet" range, doing away with all bending and stooping. Baking-oven and broiler are up where they are easily accessible. The cooking top is large and the burners well spaced, so that there is ample room without crowding of utensils.

There are five burners in the top—three of regular size, one simmering burner and one giant burner. There are *two* double-line burners in the oven instead of the usual *one*. Each has two rows of jets the width of the oven. Baking and broiling may be done at the same time with these burners.

The valve handles of the two oven and broiler burners are included in the row of valve handles extending along the front of the range,—a great convenience. They are plainly marked, "front oven" and "back oven." These handles are right at hand always and they incidentally act as signals to warn you if the oven burners have been left burning after their work is done.

The oven of this range has the patented Detroit Jewel construction that has made Detroit Jewels famous as "*the ranges that bake better.*" Its exclusive features assure even baking at top and bottom.

NATIONAL GAS RANGE WEEK
May 7th to 12th

You are invited to visit the Special Exhibits of Gas Appliances which will be made by the leading gas companies and dealers in all sections of the country on the above dates.

A feature of many of these exhibits will be the

DETROIT JEWEL "SPECIAL" GAS RANGE

This oven is almost a guarantee of baking success. It is built with double walls, conserving heat, saving gas, and keeping the kitchen cool in summer. After thorough tests this range has been unhesitatingly approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and other authorities in domestic science.

There is never any blacking to be done on this range. All black parts are coated with Ebonite—a black baked-on enamel that can be cleaned with a damp cloth. Ebonite will not chip easily and cannot be dissolved like ordinary enamel paint.

The white porcelain parts include the valve handles, oven and broiler door panels, drip pan under top burners, and broiler pan. Porcelain "splasher" backs to go at back and side of top can be added if desired, as can also oven doors with windows of Pyrex—the heat-resisting glass. Right-hand or left-hand ovens supplied.

It is big quantity production that brings you this completely satisfying range at a reasonable price. This range is in every way "extra value" and its value is backed by the world's largest stove plant—a company that has specialized in the manufacture of gas ranges for twenty years.

Be on the lookout for the newspaper announcements and window display of the dealer in your locality—then go and see the range.

If you want to know more about this range, mail the attached coupon. You will receive a booklet fully describing this range with its exclusive features and showing various styles and sizes of Detroit Jewels.

Detroit Stove Works—*Makers of Over 100 Styles of Gas Ranges*—Detroit

Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges

"They Bake Better"

Detroit Stove Works, Detroit, Mich.

$745 Complete

A Year to Pay

How long will you pay tribute to your storekeeper's worn out delivery methods?

THE Government says your butcher pays more to deliver you a roast of beef from his shop than it costs to deliver him a side of beef from the Chicago Stockyards.

The railroads carry merchandise for six and two-thirds MILLS per ton mile. Yet the Government says the railroads' carrying charges are high.

It costs your storekeeper anywhere from twenty-five to fifty CENTS a ton mile to deliver your goods.

The railroads have paid some of the best brains in the country to scientifically cut transportation costs. And only fifteen per cent. of delivery work is done by railroads and steamships together.

The other eighty-five per cent. —by horse and wagon and automobile—is just beginning to be put on a scientific basis. The pioneer organization in this work is the Vim Motor Truck Company of Philadelphia. It is the first organization to build a delivery car to fit the needs of the majority of merchants and tradesmen, *after a study of those needs.*

The result—the VIM Delivery Car—is a unit so solidly built as to stand up and keep going under all conditions. Light on its feet—its tire mileage is high and its gasoline consumption low.

Its use is cutting storekeepers' delivery costs in half. It is enabling them to serve more customers for a given delivery investment. It is the first scientific answer to the merchandise delivery problem.

Twenty-two thousand farsighted merchants have already equipped their delivery service with the VIM. They recognize the fact that the cost of delivery is not determined by the cost of equipment. The cost of delivery is determined by the expense of maintaining and operating. *An automobile doing work it was not built for is dear, even though its first cost were nothing.*

The Vim Delivery Car has the lowest maintenance cost per ton mile of any delivery truck on the market.

VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO.
PHILADELPHIA

The largest exclusive producers of motor trucks in the world—Concentrated on one chassis only

Sales and Service Stations in 702 Cities of the United States

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for the most efficient chassis for its work in the world—equipped (as illustrated). Fitted with any one of twelve types of body—handsomely designed and strongly built—suitable for a hundred lines of business. Price complete: Open Express, $715; Closed Panel Body, $745. All prices F. O. B. Philadelphia.

Write VIM, Philadelphia, for catalogue.

VIM DELIVERY CAR

WAR PLANS

By Melville Davisson Post

THE most vital part of the United States open to foreign attack lies between Boston and Baltimore. A line running from Boston to Watertown, New York, and from that point—including the manufacturing section of Pennsylvania—to Baltimore, taken with the coast, outlines this area. Within it are the great seacoast cities.

The larger Southern cities, as a rule, are not on the coast; they are inland or at some distance from the mouth of waters extending into the open sea. The manufacturing resources of the nation are not grouped closely behind them. The railroad transportation and the general industries of the country do not make them strategic points of attack by a foreign enemy. Outside of an attempt at the destruction of shipping and desolatory raids, the Southern coast of the United States would not be the objective of an enemy undertaking to invade America from the Atlantic side. Nor is it likely that any swift drive at us would be undertaken from Mexican territory. The railroad facilities in Northern Mexico are inadequate; there are not sufficient highways; and the distance into any vital part of the United States is too great.

It is the opinion of the best military authorities that a European enemy, if he were able to get past the American fleet on the open sea, would strike at our coast somewhere between Portland, Maine, and Chesapeake Bay.

There are one hundred and sixteen places along this coast where a landing might be attempted. The plan of an invading enemy would be to land an army division and obtain a base. He would undertake rapidly to disembark a division and throw it against our coast defenses from the rear. This division, coöperating with the enemy's fleet, would hope to occupy some fortified harbor as a base. With such a base in his hands the enemy could land the remainder of his invading force and enter on his campaign for the occupation of this vital area of the United States.

The accomplishments of Great Britain in the present war have caused military authorities to revise their ideas about the oversea transportation of troops.

It used to be imagined that about twenty thousand men, or a single division, would be the number of such an expeditionary force. But the military authorities are now of the opinion that a force of perhaps four divisions would be the unit of the first invading flotilla if such a war plan were undertaken by a European enemy.

Possibilities of Invasion

The British Navy, with ninety-eight ships, landed one hundred and twenty thousand men on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

This force was landed under perhaps the most difficult conditions ever confronted by an invading army. The peninsula was surrounded by hostile submarines, the sea was mined, and the whole coast water at the point selected was full of barbed wire. And yet, in the face of all these protective measures, the British Navy came, with one hundred and twenty thousand men, and disembarked the whole force with remarkable expedition.

These facts, well known to the military authorities, are seized upon by the sensationalists of this country as though no plans were available to the United States as defensive measures against such an undertaking.

The possibilities open to such an invading enterprise are vividly painted, but the counterplans of the nation against it are taken not to exist. The country has been made to believe that the Government has never contemplated such a possibility, and that no steps have ever been considered looking to the protection of the country against invading forces.

In the face of the present situation the country has the right to know that these impressions are false.

As early as 1900 the Government created a War College, for the purpose of studying our national defense. In 1903 it organized the General Staff and directed it to make plans for the national defense. During 1905 and 1906 a committee of General Staff officers, of which Major-General George W. Goethals was president, made an elaborate study of our coast fortifications and plans for the defense of our important cities against attack by an invading force that might be quickly landed, like the British expeditionary force at Gallipoli.

The War College has made a very careful study of the possibility of invasion by a foreign enemy. It maintains that, control of the Atlantic having been once gained by an adversary, there is nothing to prevent it from dispatching an oversea expedition against us. The War College made an estimate from the size of foreign armies, and the number, size and speed of the vessels of their merchant marine which could be used as transports, at the opening of the European war.

In the case of Germany, at that time, the War College estimated its military strength at five million soldiers. Taking the ship tonnage available to it then, if it could have obtained control of the sea, in its first expeditionary force against America, using but half of its available tonnage—allowing four tons for a man and ten tons for an animal—it could have dispatched in the first expedition 387,000 soldiers and 81,270 animals. This expedition could have been loaded and convoyed across the Atlantic in approximately sixteen days. Germany could have followed this expedition with a second expedition, using seventy-five per cent of her tonnage, and in thirty days put a second expeditionary force on the American coast of 440,000 men and 94,000 animals.

The War College at Work

Some authorities have maintained that if an enemy having the resources of Great Britain or Germany should attack the United States and obtain permanent control of the Atlantic it could land a million men in its first expeditionary force. But our War College is of the opinion that an attempt to convoy across the Atlantic a million men in a single expedition is most improbable, even by a nation in firm possession of the seas and with resources as vast as those of Great Britain.

The War College admits that if the control of the seas were lost to us the accumulation of such hostile forces on our coast would be merely a matter of successive expeditions.

It is not likely, however, even if the German naval forces should secure control of the seas, that expeditionary forces of the size estimated by the War College could be dispatched against the United States. The forces required for the defense of the German Empire, even if the sea were now gained, could not sustain the withdrawal of so great a number of troops. An expeditionary force of perhaps four divisions, or not above one hundred thousand men, would probably be the extent of a first expeditionary force, if such an undertaking were attempted.

On March 18, 1907, the National Land Defense Board was organized. This board undertook to make comprehensive plans for putting the fortified harbors of the United States in fighting trim. It worked out strategic plans to prevent an enemy having temporary or permanent control of the sea from seizing any permanent base on our coast. It also formulated directions for the activities of a mobile army, acting behind the coast fortifications.

After the opening of the European war, and right along up to the present time, the War Department has had the most competent experts in America revising these plans and indicating such corrections as the experiences of the European war have shown to be advisable.

For example, during almost the whole of 1915 a special board was constantly at work in the Boston sector, revising the older defensive plans for that point. They found it necessary to move the lines farther out, because of the longer range of modern field artillery and the greater destructive effect of high-explosive shells. They had to consider an invading force of at least four divisions, bringing with it the latest military equipment. This study of the coast defense, and plans to modernize it, making

The Grove Park Inn
Asheville, N. C.

Varnished with Valspar from cellar to garret !

THERE is more wear and tear in a big hotel than in almost any other institution, and far more than in any home.

People are continually coming and going. Both guests and servants are more or less careless.

Therefore, woodwork, floors and furniture soon become worn and shabby unless special protection can be given. That is where Valspar steps in, and here follows an interesting story:

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Four years ago the management of Grove Park Inn considered all these facts, and as a result the well-known hotel was *Valsparred from cellar to garret*—floors, doors, woodwork, furniture, bathrooms, halls, bedrooms—everywhere that it could be used to advantage.

Valspar is absolutely waterproof and won't turn white in cold or hot water. It resists hot dishes and spilled liquids; is tough, durable and retains its beauty of finish. Because of Valspar's special features, Mr. Seely made his choice of this varnish. *Read his letter:*

Valentine & Company, December 6, 1916
New York City.
Gentlemen:
Our confidence in Valspar is almost unbounded.
When I built Grove Park Inn I specified Valspar on all woodwork, furniture, and practically everything that had to stand hard wear.
I was especially particular about the furniture, to avoid spots where guests get it wet with either hot or cold water. Several thousand pieces of furniture were finished with Valspar four years ago and have been in constant use ever since. Grove Park Inn uses Valspar on all casement windows and has never had any trouble with swelling or warping.
I recently had Valspar used on our pipe organ console. I use it on my boat and I have always found that, when things are properly done with Valspar, there isn't much room for complaint.
Very truly yours,
Vice-President.

Valspar gives unusual service in this big hotel where it receives especially hard wear. In *your* home, where obviously there is *much less wear*, it will please even better—on your floors, woodwork, furniture, and so on.

There's a Valspar dealer in your city.

Special Offer

If you wish to test Valspar send 20c. in stamps to Valentine & Company, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and we will send you a four-ounce can, enough to finish a small table or chair.

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Limp-Kuff is a light-weight, smooth-fitting Grinnell coltskin glove Soft and pliable—wears like rawhide. *Washable*—dries out like new.

Limp-Kuff has a soft, loose cuff which wrinkles naturally over your wrist. May be pulled over coat sleeve—keeping out wind and dust.

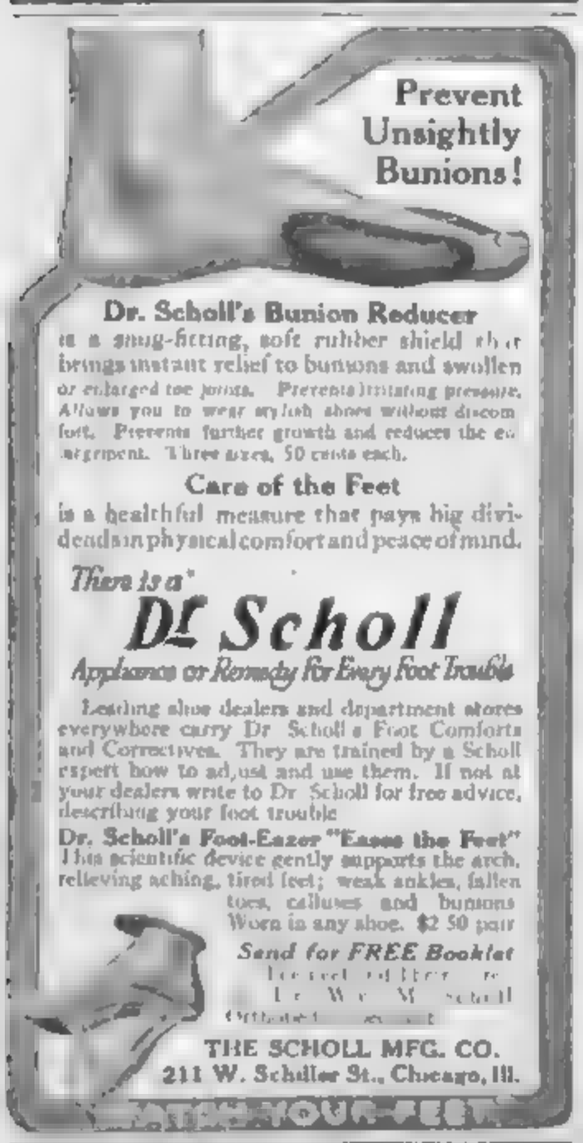
Over 600 styles of Grinnell Gloves, Limp-Kuff," "B Plane," "Rest-Ease," "Grip-Tite," etc.—for sports, automobiling, dress, street wear and work.

Despite the world-wide leather shortage, we maintain the famous Grinnell quality. Insist upon genuine Grinnells. Look for the name Grinnell—it's there for your protection.

Style Book FREE

Write for our new 1917 Style Book. Ask your dealer to show you "Limp-Kuff." If he does not have it in stock send us his name, state size glove you wear and we will send a pair for your approval, charges prepaid.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.
25 Broad St. Grinnell, Iowa



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Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer
is a snug-fitting, soft rubber shield that brings instant relief to bunions and swollen or enlarged toe joints. Prevents irritating pressure. Allows you to wear stylish shoes without discomfort. Prevents further growth and reduces the enlargement. Three sizes, 50 cents each.

Care of the Feet
is a healthful measure that pays big dividends in physical comfort and peace of mind.

There is a
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Appliance or Remedy for Every Foot Trouble

Leading shoe dealers and department stores everywhere carry Dr Scholl's Foot Comforts and Correctives. They are trained by a Scholl expert how to adjust and use them. If not at your dealers write to Dr Scholl for free advice, describing your foot trouble

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer "Eases the Feet" This scientific device gently supports the arch, relieving aching, tired feet; weak ankles, fallen toes, calluses and bunions Worn in any shoe. $2.50 pair

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211 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 139, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

it efficient against any invading forces, has been carried down the whole coast to Baltimore. The War Department has now available detailed working plans for the defense of all the fortified points along the coast.

In addition to this the Government undertook physically to demonstrate how an enemy might be met by naval maneuvers in the vicinity of Boston. The plan of the Black Fleet, which was supposed to represent the enemy, was to land the first invading force of 50,000 men. This practical maneuver gave the War Department an opportunity to test its plans of defense in this sector.

One object of our coast fortifications, assuming that the enemy had command of the sea, would be to force him to land his expeditionary force at some point where he would have to meet the mobile defending force of the United States on a shallow coast. In order for a transport to land troops effectively it must get in close enough to disembark in lighters. This makes the landing of the forces comparatively easy. The object of the long-range gun fortifications is to hold the transports far out at sea, in which case they would seek to land their troops in small boats. These small boats would be at the mercy of a properly equipped mobile army.

The reason the British were able to land their forces so easily at the Dardanelles was that the Turks did not have enough heavy guns to keep the fleet at a distance. The British were able to come right in to shore, and in many instances to beach the ships and to use lighters. They were then able to cover the landing forces with the small guns of the ships.

If we had heavy movable artillery, mounted on railroad trucks or tractors, the enemy fleet would have to stand off at least ten thousand yards from the shore in any sort of water. The big guns of the fleet would be of little advantage, as our movable artillery would be concealed. Ships' gunners would not know where the howitzers were hidden. A ship makes a big target, which cannot be concealed. The gunners of the land force can readily see it; while the ships' gunners cannot locate the land batteries. Competent military authorities would be able to conceal these land batteries so that it would be very difficult for even an efficient air service accurately to locate them for a fleet.

The whole problem of massing our land force has been carefully worked out. Not only the railroad facilities but, in the event that these facilities should not be adequate, elaborate motor transportation has been planned. All the motor vehicles of this Eastern District have been listed and would at once be taken over by the Government.

The Portland-Norfolk Sector

All the plans for mobilization at any point are complete with respect to this sector. It is likely that the body of the regular army would be the backbone of this mobile force to be used against an invader. Our regular army is as good as any in the world, man for man, though without practical experience in the form of fighting developed by the present war; and in the first clash with an invading force it is not to be presumed that the enemy would have a conspicuous advantage.

The plan of defense for this sector, formulated as early as January, 1916, also contemplated the coöperation of submarines with coast fortifications and the mobile army forces. It was then determined that our defenses ought to be additionally strengthened by submarines.

The plan for coöperation between the fortified harbors, mobile armies, and submarines would put this Eastern sector of the United States in more efficient shape to resist an invading force.

It may be consoling to the whole country to be told that the plans for the defense of America have not been confined to this vital Eastern sector. The same detailed plans have been worked out for the Pacific Coast. However, the sector of America we are now concerned to protect is the area on the coast between Portland, Maine, and Norfolk, Virginia.

The problem of securing the force necessary to defend this vital area is not hopeless, as some of our professional critics are accustomed to assert. The body of the regular army would be the mailed fist of this mobile force. The whole of the National Guard, a portion of which has already had some experience of service, would be utilized.

By the enforcement of universal military service the whole citizenry of the nation would be given some knowledge of military affairs.

Military authorities do not agree upon the length of time required to give a raw recruit a competent knowledge of military affairs.

The War College is of the opinion that at least twelve months would be required. Authorities like General Wood believe that by intensive methods the recruit could attain considerable efficiency in six months. The reason a period of six months was fixed by the Committee on Military Affairs is that this would enable the training to be completed during the summer and would not require barracks. It would also be more convenient during that period to assemble the young men in the training districts and necessitate the least loss of time consistent with any universal system of national defense.

It is estimated that by this method the country would always have, each year, an army of at least five hundred thousand men, and in three years one million five hundred thousand reserves having had some experience of military methods.

The professional critics are saying to the country that any effort on our part to mobilize the forces of the United States would result in a status of inextricable confusion. They cite the example of the Spanish-American War.

Improved Transportation

It is true that the conduct of that campaign was little better than the fiasco of the French Empire at the opening of the Franco-Prussian War. The confusion attending the attempted mobilization at Tampa was unparalleled and disclosed an appalling lack of executive ability. Supplies for seventy thousand men had been ordered to Tampa. In the effort of the railroads to put these supplies into that port one thousand freight cars were sidetracked and the whole lines congested up as far as Columbia, South Carolina.

But this fiasco cannot be taken as an example of what would happen to-day. The War Department, in coöperation with the American Railway Association, has formulated a plan to put the railroad facilities of the country at the service of the Government

One of the chief troubles at Tampa, in the Spanish-American War, was that the freight was not labeled. Nobody knew what the cars contained or where any specific supplies were along the line. In order to get rid of this difficulty, the War Department took the question up with the railroads and worked out a plan that was accepted by all the railroads in the country.

A placard will be placed on every freight car, marked United States Army in large letters at the head, stating below the department to which the supplies are consigned, the car initial, the car number, point of shipment, contents, consignee, destination, route, date shipped and consignor. These cars will be put into the fast freight trains and kept, if possible, constantly moving.

When they arrive at the Front they will be at once put into position, unloaded and released without waiting for bills of lading or other railroad papers. The placards placed on the cars will be considered sufficient for all purposes.

It will be a rule of the railroad officials conducting the mobilization that a car thus marked shall never be sidetracked or laid over in a yard. If it is damaged in any manner repairs on it will be given precedence over every other work. If these repairs cannot be immediately made, or are serious in character, then the car will be at once unloaded and another car substituted and sent on through, with the same placard.

As a result of this system, which the War Department has worked out with the railroads, it is believed that any confusion such as was incident to the Spanish-American War will be avoided.

The services of the noncombatant population must also be considered. The people everywhere are moved by patriotic ardor and show themselves anxious to assist in every manner they can. The offer of country houses for hospitals, motor cars for transportation, hospital equipment—all indicate this universal desire to aid the Government in its war plans.

It ought to be pointed out to the people that one of the most efficient methods by

(Concluded on Page 125.)

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Cherry Orchards in Sunny France and Italy Contribute Tender Fruit Meats

Like a Streak
So fast and smooth-running the ground seems to glide under you.

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The Ideal Boy's Wagon
Constructed of the very best materials—steel, ash and maple. Has dust-proof hubs like those on automobiles. The speed's all [illegible] for control why the Auto-Wheel rides like a streak
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It is the Trade Mark of McKESSON & ROBBINS Incorporated, Manufacturing Chemists, Established 1833, and known the world over.

Look for the McK&R Trade Mark when buying.

"Makes Complexion Perfection"

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Albolene Cold Cream

Cleansing and refreshing. Fragrance of Jacqueminot Rose

25 cent Tubes and 35 and 50 cent opal Jars

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The height of the Master Perfumer's Art

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A solid, dry cologne.

Wonderfully cooling and refreshing. Rub it on the forehead; use it as a smelling bottle.

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A comfort to the baby and a help to the mother. Prevents redness and chafing.

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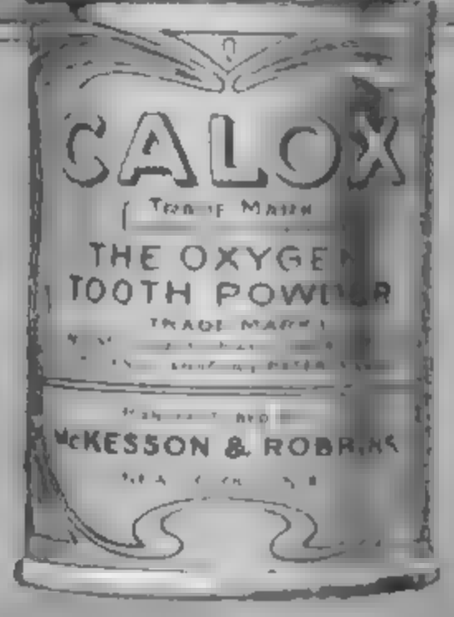

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A new Kissel model—a wonder car in engine ability and chassis sturdiness—a pattern car in beauty, comfort and roominess.

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Kissel's famous light single six—the car of a Hundred Quality Features.

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WITH the ALL-YEAR Top *built in*—not on—and *entirely removable*, ALL-YEAR Car owners are now changing their *luxurious, enclosed winter coaches* into a wide-open, family touring car, *with no roof to limit the pleasures of Summer touring*—a car that is *smart, comfortable* and *speedy* for the road—a car *distinctively appropriate* for the boulevard.

See your KisselKar dealer today—send for ALL-YEAR Car booklet.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Hartford, Wisconsin

Kissel's original idea that changed the motoring habits of a nation

(Concluded from Page 122)

which the noncombatant population can be of service to the country lies in another direction. Like every other efficient service, it entails a good deal of commonplace work.

But service to the country is not all in the waving of flags.

The mobilization of forces of the United States, outside the regular army, should cause every section of the country from which civilian soldiers are taken to organize an association to look after their families or any dependents. These committees should have two prominent objectives: First, to see that the family and dependents of every citizen called to arms from its community are adequately provided for, not only at the opening of the war but so long as the soldier is absent in the service of the country; second, to make sure that the citizen so taken as a soldier, when he returns, shall have the place of employment he left—at the call of the country—and that he shall have it without any loss from his absence.

This work could very well be undertaken by the Conference of American Patriotic Societies.*

The details that ought to be carried out by these civilian organizations are as follows:

Take the section of the country by districts or counties; obtain the names and addresses of every resident entering the service of the United States in any capacity. When this is done a committee ought to be sent at once to visit the homes of these men and learn who are dependent on them, and how much the men have been contributing to the support of those remaining. When the information has been obtained the organization ought to set about raising funds to provide the families and dependents of the citizen soldiers with a sufficient amount each month to make up what they have been accustomed to contribute to their support.

In addition to this the committee ought to find out where the citizen soldier has been employed; and it ought to go to the employer and pledge him, in writing, to take the man back into the same employment upon his return; and that if another should take the soldier's employment it shall be temporarily, to be given up upon the return of the original employee.

This plan of the civilian organization ought to be put on a high patriotic plane. The force of patriotic service to the country ought to be assembled behind it. The demand should be made in the name of service to the nation. The names of those who refuse or decline to assure the employment of the citizen soldier ought to be made known. The pressure of public commendation or public disfavor ought to be used. The country ought to feel that this plan for taking care of the civilian called to the service of the country constitutes a patriotic endeavor as great as any that could be undertaken back of the fighting lines.

One of the scandals connected with the mobilization of the National Guard in the late Mexican difficulty was that the individual thus called to the service of the country came back to find his position occupied by another. He did not neglect his duty to the citizens of his district. But the citizens of his district outrageously neglected their duty to him. The National Guardsman was their representative. He went for them to the national defense. It was the duty of the citizens in the community from which he went to make sure that he suffered no loss by this service.

The citizens of the whole country, and especially its great patriotic orders, are strongly urged to see that this outrageous condition does not continue.

*Representing the American Defense Society, the American Defense Society Women's Branch, the American Security League, Army League of the United States, National Association for Universal Military Training; Daughters of the American Revolution, Naval and Military Order of Spanish-American War, Navy League of the United States; the Woman's Section of the Navy League, Order of Washington, Sons of Veterans, U. S. A.; United States Daughters of 1812, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States; National Security League; General Society, Sons of the Revolution; the American Red Cross; Military Order of the Carabao; Society of American Wars; National Society, Daughters of Founders and Patriots; National Society Colonial Dames; Society of Colonial Dames in America in the District of Columbia; Army Club of America; National Patriotic Education Society; United States Power Squadrons; and Ladies of the United Army of the Republic.

The Poets' Corner

The Candidate

HE RAMBLED into my camp one day and
gave me a mean cigar;
He was James B. Leed, and a candidate for
Assessor of Jackass Bar;
He talked and talked; and it seemed to me,
from all that I heard him tell,
If I didn't swarm over and vote for him the
country would go to hell.

He mentioned the Land of the Free a lot, and
the Home of the Fair and Brave;
He wore a collar as white as snow, and I never
saw such a shave;
He spoke of the Spirit of Seventy-Six till I
swear I could hear the drum,
His form vibratin' with patriotism and
smellin' of pure bay rum.

II

I went across on election day, as proud as a
man could be;
And James B. Leed, all friendly smiles, he
met and welcomed me.
He shook my hand and shed some tears and
gave me a mean cigar;
Then he led me up to the happy crowd that
stood at the Palace Bar.

I sang the songs of my native land and
hollered for James B. Leed;
I made a speech in the afternoon, which no-
body seemed to heed;
And the last I knew, when the sun went down
and two full moons arose,
A half-breed gent from the Tomhead Gulch
was drummin' upon my nose.

III

Election day had come and gone. All Nature
seemed to hush
And hold its breath when I woke up, 'way out
in the high buck brush;
The world went round and round and round;
and up in a scrub-oak tree
A cussed jaybird sat and sang, My Country
'Tis of Thee.

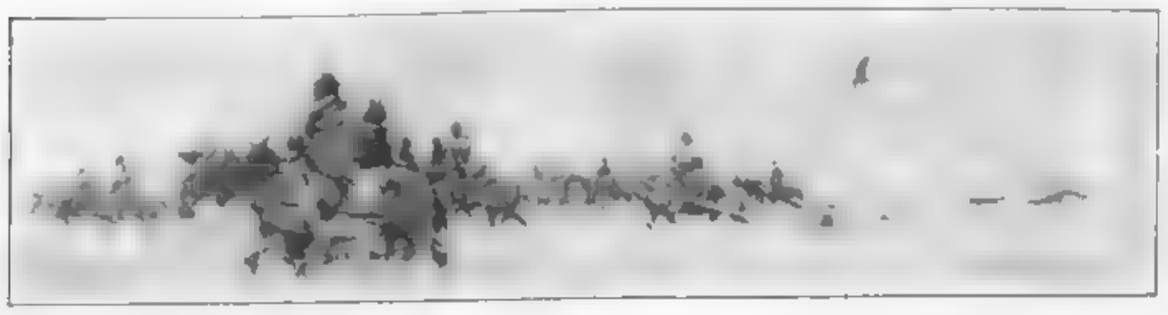
Then I went home. When I staggered in and
looked at the dear old place,
Each battered and rusty old tin can seemed
just like a friendly face;
My jackass sang a Welcome Home that shat-
tered the startled skies;
And I felt so glad when I heard him sing that
the tears filled up my eyes.

IV

Now I've wrote this here: "Dear James B.
Leed, Esquire, of Jackass Bar:
I drank your Crow and I ate your grub and I
rastled with your cigar;
I fought and bled and died for you, and hol-
lered and wrecked my throat;
But the day was short and I worked so hard
that I didn't have time to vote.

"I done the best that I could for you; but I
wish that you'd stay away
And leave me walkin' the paths of peace
another election day;
For I'm not so young as I used to be. I'm
through; but I wish you well,
And I hope you don't blame me too much if
the country has gone to hell."

—Lowell Otus Reese.



Hint to Wives of Tired-Looking Men

6:00 P. M. He saw his hot, tired, discouraged face in the bath-room mirror. His wife saw it, too. She was sorry for him. She was sorry for herself. She decided to give up having some friends come over that evening.

Then she had an idea! Her little wonder-worker—*Pompeian!*

6:01 P. M. He rubbed it in pink. He rubbed it out dark and discolored. My, how the grime, perspiration and dust came out of his pores!

6:02 P. M. What a transformation! Skin clear and clean. Tired lines subdued. Drawn facial muscles eased and soothed by the invigorating massage. He felt refreshed. He looked it. Both were happy.

P. S.—The friends came over that evening—thanks to Pompeian.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

50c, 75c and $1, at the stores

Mary Pickford Miss Pickford has granted the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations permission to offer the FIRST Mary Pickford Art Panel. Size 28 x 7¼ inches, in beautiful colors. Art store value 50c. Our price 10c. A trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream will be included.

Dandruff Dandruff hurts your hair and your looks. Remove it with that pleasant, effective, and clear amber liquid, Pompeian HAIR Massage. In 3 minutes the scalp is cleansed, and thin, flat-looking hair is fluffed up so it looks twice as thick as it is. In a short time Dandruff goes. Applications or bottles at the better barber shops. Bottles at the stores, 25c, 50c and $1. (No samples sent.)

Mail Coupon Today

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The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 40 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for a 1917 Mary Pickford Art Panel and a trial jar of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream.

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are the result of wearing proper shoes. A proper shoe is a shoe that allows perfect freedom to all foot muscles, protects the bony frame work of the arch, helps weak ankles and encourages correct walking.

The Coward Shoe

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This is a Unique Me... but can be done by properly moving and adjusting the parts

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The CASTER'S IDEAL

A reel that is really reliable—Faultless in construction. Sturdy... The GUY-RA-TORY

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LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER TOO

Sense and Nonsense

A Four-Masted Lion

PERCY KNIGHT, an English actor, claims he got this tale from W. W. Jacobs, the English humorist, and Jacobs claimed it was a true tale. According to Knight's rendition, a Bristol sailorman was forced to give up the seafaring life because he fell down a hatchway and broke his leg, and the fractured bone healed with a skew to it. Being set ashore, the victim of the accident decided to turn artist. During his twenty years in the forecastle he had employed his spare time doing startling seascapes in the primary colors on bits of board—usually sailing vessels in trouble with the elements—afterward selling these works of art to his mates for a couple of shillings apiece. Since his land experiences had largely been confined to public houses, he decided to make the painting of signs for such establishments his specialty.

Equipped with brushes and paints, he went limping through Bristol and on into the countryside beyond, seeking customers. Business was poor; in fact, for three days he did not find a single commission.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, as he entered a small town, his heart was gladdened within him to note that the signboard at the door of the village public house had been so faded by sun and rain that the lettering upon it was undecipherable and the object painted upon its surface had become a palish pink blur. At the door a person, plainly the proprietor, lounged in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe.

"You'll pardon me, mate," said the ex-deep-water man, "if I says your sign needs touchin' up a bit."

"That's curious," said the publican, "because it's just wot I was standin' 'ere thinkin' of to meself. Are you in that line of business?"

"That's my purfession," stated the former sailor. "I'm a painter of signs for public 'ouses."

"That bein' the case we might 'it it off," said the prospective patron. "As an expert now, wot would you suggest doin' with that 'ere sign."

"Well," said the artist, "on this side I'd put a picture of a four-master, 'eaded, bow on, in a fair sea with all sail set, and ——"

"'Old on,'old on!" broke in the owner. "You'll put no schooner on this side of me sign. Can't you read—this 'ere is the Red Lion Inn?"

"'Ave it your own way," agreed the other; "but over on the far side I'll do you a spirited picture of a fishin' smack in a storm with the waves all a-dashin' 'igh about 'er, and a rocky coast beyond. How'll that suit you?"

"I told you this 'ere was the Red Lion Inn," stated the tavern keeper firmly. "Can you or can you not paint me a picture of a red lion on this signboard?"

"I can and I will," said the applicant. "But—" he added—"but I warns you now, matey, before I starts, that your bloomin' red lion's goin' to look a balmy sight more like a full-rigged ship."

Talking of Wings

W. G. MASSARENE, a New York architect, who is Irish even if his name doesn't sound so, tells a yarn of a green yokel who wandered into a meeting where a so-called trance-medium was holding a spiritualistic séance. When the operator asked whether anyone present cared to communicate with a loved one in the other world, the youth stated that he would like to have words with his father, who had died a few months before, he said.

Ensued a series of supposed manifestations, and then from the depths of the black cabinet a squeaky voice spoke.

"Is that you, paw?" asked the youth, apparently not recognizing the voice.

"Yes, my son," answered the ghostly parent.

"Are you in heaven, paw?"

"Yes, my son, I am in heaven."

"Are you happy, paw?"

"Very happy, my son."

"Are you an angel, paw?"

"Yes, I am an angel."

"A regular angel with wings and everything?"

"Yes."

A pause followed. It was broken by the countryman. "Say, paw," he asked, "what do you measure from tip to tip?"

Broken Rest

GEORGE BURR is a banker now in New York, but he was born in New England and used to live in a small town in Kansas, a community where, if the proverb means anything practically, all the inhabitants should be healthy, wealthy and wise. Not so very long ago—so Burr alleges—a resident of the village, who had come East on a sight-seeing tour, dropped in to call on his former fellow townsman, and George took the visitor out to lunch.

"Tell me, Henry," he asked, "do they still ring the curfew at nine o'clock at night as they used to?"

"No, we've give up ringin' the curfew," said the other. "It woke everybody up."

Making It Easier

COLONEL HAL CORBETT, formerly of Kentucky but now practicing law in New York, went to an athletic tourney over on Long Island early in the spring. One of the contestants showed tremendous speed and agility, notwithstanding the fact that he was a one-legged man.

"I wonder how that young chap lost his leg?" said a friend to Corbett.

"I figure that he didn't lose it—that he had it cut off purposely," said Corbett.

"In the name of heaven—why?"

"So it wouldn't get in his way and hamper him when he was out winning track events," said Corbett.

Almost a Bird

BOZEMAN BULGER made a trip back to his childhood's happy home in Dadeville, Alabama, and when he returned to New York he brought this one with him:

A negro was on the stand in an Alabama courthouse testifying to the details of a shooting scrape. The witness told how the prisoner at the bar drew a revolver and began firing at one Jim Henry, and how Jim Henry ran to save himself.

"You say Henry ran?" interjected the lawyer for the defense.

"Dat's whut I said."

"You are sure he ran?"

"Sho' is!"

"Well, did he run fast?"

"Did he run fa—— Say, boss, ef dat nigger had 'a' had one feather in his hand he'd 'a' flew."

Share and Share Alike

A SOUTHERN lawyer of prominence recently went to Chicago to become general counsel for a big lumber company. Having been reared in Kentucky, and being an old-fashioned Democrat, he rather prides himself on the fact that he has always lived in a state of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian simplicity.

After the family had moved North and taken a home, it was decided that the household would not be complete without a butler. An advertisement was inserted in the paper inviting applicants to call. Almost the first to answer the advertisement was a dapper colored person. His references proving satisfactory, it seemed probable that he would be engaged.

"Does you 'spect me to wear mah full dress suit ever' night at dinner?" he asked.

"Well, no," answered the lawyer. "On nights when we have company I'd like for you to let me wear it."

Dunne's Interpretation

ONE of the ladies who first introduced interpretative dancing—whatever that is—into this country has fleshened up considerably since the days of her initial terpsichorean triumphs among the society folk along the Eastern seaboard. Nevertheless, she continues to give performances to select audiences of artistic souls.

Not long ago Finley Peter Dunne, the humorist, was lured to one of these entertainments. The lady, wearing very few clothes and as a result of their lack looking even plumper than usual, danced in an effect of moonlight calcium beams.

As Dunne was leaving, one of the patronesses hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Dunne," she twittered, "how did you enjoy the madame's dancing?"

"Immensely," said Dunne. "Made me think of Grant's Tomb in love."

Look! The bit stays up in the screw-head.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

"YANKEE" Tools multiply man's power. This spiral screw-driver—the "YANKEE" *Quick Return*, has a spring that brings the handle back for the next stroke and keeps bit firmly in screw-head. You just push!

Special attachments can be had for drilling, counter-sinking, etc.

"YANKEE" *Quick Return* Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver No. 130. Price, $2.40

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
702 Independence Square, Philadelphia

"Relief for inflamed tissues"—a dentist's testimony (name on request)

"I have received very favorable comments on Senreco Tooth Paste from my patients. The invigorating action of its constituents gives inflamed tissues an immediate relief."

Another dentist's endorsement of Senreco's properties:—

"I wish to congratulate your chemists on the medicinal properties they have used in this preparation. I am prescribing Senreco exclusively and receiving most satisfying results, which is sufficient proof of the value of your tooth paste."

TENDER GUMS. A new treatment to relieve them

When your gums are so tender that cleaning your teeth with even the softest brush is painful, try this treatment:—

Remove all particles of food from the teeth with dental floss, irrigate the mouth with warm water, then *squeeze half an inch* of Senreco Tooth Paste on your forefinger, and work it gently but firmly into the gums. Massage their surfaces thoroughly inside and outside. Then take a sip of warm water, and irrigate the mouth with the mixture formed by the Senreco. Rinse with warm, then with cold water.

You will experience a wonderfully healing and soothing sensation.

Do this twice daily—oftener if your dentist so advises. In a few days you will begin to notice the gradual strengthening and toning up of your gums.

A dentist's prescription for daily use

Senreco Tooth Paste is a dentist's formula. Ask your own dentist about it. He will tell you Senreco contains the very agents that he himself applies to sensitive or unhealthy gums.

Dentists today do more than treat their patients in their offices. They prescribe preventive and remedial agents for the patient to use daily in order to keep the gums and teeth healthy. That is why Senreco Tooth Paste was formulated.

Twice a day, at the same time that you cleanse your teeth, you can, by using Senreco, carry on the treatment begun by your dentist. Senreco is more than a cleanser. It is medicinal and preventive.

So cleanly and wholesome

Senreco gives you such a cleanly, wholesome feeling that you will enjoy using it. You will actually feel it cleaning your teeth as no other tooth paste ever did. This is because Senreco directly attacks the film that causes tartar and because it contains a soluble substance that really polishes the teeth without harming the enamel.

Once you have had your dentist remove the tartar from your teeth, Senreco will keep them free from it.

Senreco costs only 25c the large tube, although it is probably the most expensive tooth paste prepared. Get a tube at your druggist's or toilet counter today. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c direct to "Senreco," Cincinnati, Ohio. Enjoy the healthy, cleanly feeling Senreco gives to the teeth and gums. Notice how brilliantly white Senreco makes your teeth.

Send 6c for a liberal sample

For six cents we will send you a sample tube of Senreco; enough to provide you with treatments twice daily for one week. Simply fill in your name and address on the coupon below, and mail it to us with six cents in stamps or coin. Address "Senreco," 1404 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Experimental Laboratory, Covington, Ky.

Dentists and Physicians: Send your professional card for free samples.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE TOOTHPASTE THAT REALLY CLEANS

"See your dentist twice yearly; use Senreco twice daily."

"Senreco,"
1404 Masonic
Temple,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me liberal sample tube of Senreco to provide me with treatments twice daily for one week. I enclose six cents for it.

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer is _____

Prince Albert's quality hands such a new punch to the joys of smoking

that you'll wonder why you've lingered-in-the-woods and let such sport pass by! For, you'll mighty quick fall-in-step with P. A.'s refreshing flavor and fine fragrance and coolness! It will tone-your-taste to *new* smoking delights without bite or parch or comeback of any kind but joy unlimited! Bite and parch *are cut out* by our exclusive patented process. Prince Albert's quality makes such a dent on your smokeappetite that you smoke away like-a-good-fellow, each fire-up testing cleverer than the last!

So, enlist in the P. A. line as fast as you can travel-to-the-smoke-barracks! Don't put it off, but get your trial-trip-on-record and you'll pry something off your mind that'll be very much past-history when you set-tight-in-the-shade and puff-away, so chock-a-block-cheerful, via

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You let your fancy run-a-race as to how much fun is due you quick as you get into P. A. company! For it's one-best-bet that it will beat-all-to-smithereens the top-notch-wish you ever can figure out! Prince Albert just hands out that little old thing right and left, *it's so good and so friendly to every man* fond of smoking a pipe!

Here's one of many thousands of friendly jimmy pipes made joy'us through constant use with Prince Albert. During its long and cheerful service no tobacco other than P. A. was ever permitted to enter its bowl. As a result, this old jimmy is as-sweet-as-a-nut; in fact, just sort of ripening-up! Its proud owner estimates he has smoked over 40,000 loads of Prince Albert in this pipe and that is a mighty conservative figure!

Figure out how many joy-loads of Prince Albert *you'll* fire-up in the days to come! Make your old jimmy pipe and the tidy red tin of P. A. your pals and get all the fun out of smokes that is certainly due you, *and coming to you* as soon as you set sail for the nearest place that sells tobacco! Stock up with Prince Albert like you have good news on your mind and puff-away *for what ails your tongue and your smoke-appetite!*

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You'll find that P. A. in the toppy red bag sells for 5c; in the tidy red tin for a dime. Then, there are the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition—always!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

"SOMEHOW my punch bowl has become famous. So thoroughly do my friends enjoy the cool drinks I prepare, that when entertaining I'm obliged to keep it flowing. I love to see my girl friends, in their delightfully dainty gowns, gather round it. They remind me of great, beautiful moths hovering over the chalice of a lily to sip its distilled dew and honey.

What is the secret of my punch bowl? Variety, my dear, and Welch's. I always use Welch's Grape Juice for body. It has that rare smoothness, fragrance and delicious goodness that only premium Concord grapes can give. To Welch's, I add different things on different occasions—that's the art of it, and I love it."

Write for "Welch Ways." Ninety-nine ways to serve Welch's. Free for the asking.

Canadian Plant, St. Catharines, Ontario

The Dealer Who Serves You Well, Serves You Welch's.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

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GOLD MEDAL FLOUR IS NOT BLEACHED
But the Grocer has more—Thank Goodness